

THE TUDOR EDITION OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
THE COMPLETE WORKS

WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

THE COMPLETE WORKS

A new edition,
edited with an introduction
and glossary by
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

'All trustworthy restoration of corrupted texts is founded on a study of their history.' This principle, long established in the recension of classical and biblical texts, is implicit in the work of Shakespeare's earlier editors, but its full implications were first made completely explicit in the criticism of A. W. Pollard, R. B. McKerrow and Sir Walter Greg. Their study of Elizabethan books and theatrical documents in the light of collateral evidence hitherto neglected or misinterpreted enabled them to redraw on more probable and intelligible lines the history of the versions in which Shakespeare's work has been transmitted to us. The gap the earlier editors left between Shakespeare and his text, they closed: minutiae—such as the original punctuation—once considered negligible, they have made relevant for the interpretation of the text.

This development in critical method has prompted the present revision of the text of Shakespeare that Messrs. Collins first published nearly ninety years ago. That edition was based on the work of the earlier editors, and their contribution to the elucidation of the text is naturally still invaluable. The lines are now numbered as in the great Cambridge edition of Clark and Wright. They were the first editors to provide so simple but necessary a means of reference; and by this and their authoritative survey of all previous editions, digested in a compendious textual apparatus, they greatly facilitated subsequent work on the text. It is unfortunate that the standard concordance follows the line-numbering of their Globe edition, for there the references no longer always correspond with that of the apparatus, so indispensable to all students of the text, of their major edition.

The range of detail that now confronts a general editor is so extensive that he is necessarily indebted not merely to previous editors but more and more to scholars who have made an intensive study of some aspect or portion of the text. Of the many special contributions that I have found most helpful I must name Dr. Greg's *The Variants in the First Quarto of 'King Lear'*, and its sequel, Professor G. I. Duthie's 'old-spelling' edition of the play; Professor David Patrick's *The Textual History of 'Richard III'*, a study of a text that shares a peculiar history with *Lear*; Professor J. Dover Wilson's *The Manuscript of 'Hamlet'*, and its sequel, the critical study of the play by Professor Thomas Parrott and Professor Hardin Craig, an edition admirably adapted *editorum in usum*. In the interpretation of the punctuation of the early texts—for to reproduce this punctuation would merely confuse and mislead the general reader—I am indebted to Dr. Percy Simpson's *Shakespearian Punctuation* and to the studies of the late Alfred Thielson. To the assistance of Dr. G. I. Duthie and Dr. J. G. G. I am conscious

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Professor C. J. Hill. Lastly I must mention the edition still in progress edited by Professor J. Dover Wilson, although my debt to him is not the least I have to acknowledge; for whenever I have ventured to disagree with him on general principles or their particular application, I have not spared myself the expense of second thoughts.

My personal thanks are due to Mr. George F. Maine, 'the onlie begetter' of this revision, for his constant encouragement and assistance; to Mr. James C. Harrison and the caseroom staff for their courtesy and patience in spite of my many requests; to Mrs. Hilda Bone for all her care and pains in the task; and to Sir Walter Greg and the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press for their generous permission to reproduce the special transcript of Shakespeare's contribution to *Sir Thomas More*.

P. A.

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INTRODUCTION*

IT is still true in the study of Shakespeare that 'the dispersion of error is the first step in the discovery of truth'. The scholarly criticism of his plays, which found but casual expression in his lifetime and took systematic shape only in the eighteenth century when men of letters and scholars found the editing of his works a source of profit or reputation, began by remarking that he ignored the Rules. These rules or laws of the drama were generalizations from the practice of the Greek dramatists; and Renaissance critics and their eighteenth century disciples regarded plays that failed to conform to these Laws as deficient in Art. Shakespeare ignored the Rules so constantly that his critics, however much they admired his natural powers, could not accept him as a great Artist. This opinion is still maintained to-day by men of distinction in letters; but it is an opinion born of a fashion in European thought that has passed away, and it survives only as a prejudice that will no longer bear critical examination.

It is now realised that this demand for the scholarly imitation of the external or accidental features of classical masterpieces is an appeal to the letter not to the spirit of Art. No one to-day will argue that Westminster Abbey is inferior as a work of art to St. Paul's because the Gothic builders were not so familiar as Wren with 'the four regular orders of Greece'. Indeed, the complete revolution wrought by the progress of European criticism is best seen in the attitude of the French, who were the most jealous guardians of what they considered 'classical' form. The French were in this phase of their culture as severe in their

*To spare the reader a succession of footnotes, I mention here some of the studies I should otherwise have to refer him to in passing. J. S. Smart's *Shakespeare: Truth and Tradition*, 'a new landmark in Shakespeare scholarship'

J. Quincy Adams;

A Study of Facts

of the structure of

John C. Adams, of

Shakespeare's Audience by Alfred Harbage's *Shakespeare's Audience*. On dramatic questions Granville-Barker's *Prefaces* are most helpful. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy* is still an important guide in interpretation, and those who fancy that recent 'historical or objective' criticism has outmoded his method should read Alfred Harbage's *As They Liked It*. Dr. Tillyard's *Shakespeare's History Plays* is a valuable study of Shakespeare's attitude to his material and of the implications

Shakespeare'. The views summarized in the introduction now before the reader will be found argued in some detail in the writer's *Shakespeare's Life and Art*.

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denunciations of their own early architecture as they were of the lawless Shakespeare. Now France is proud to reckon the buildings they once despised as Gothic as their greatest and most original contribution to the art of the world. And for the very same reasons the English may now claim that Shakespeare is the greatest artist to whom their race has so far given birth—a dramatist unsurpassed, as all acknowledge, in the gifts that nature alone can bestow, but as unsurpassed for the judgment that gives to work almost as various as nature itself the unity and commanding power found only in the world's supreme masterpieces.

When Rowe in 1709 and Pope in 1725 ventured on the systematic criticism of Shakespeare, so important did the Rules seem to them and their contemporaries that they deduced from Shakespeare's practice three important conclusions that were long accepted as almost self-evident. First: Shakespeare could not have received any instruction worthy of the name of education, and consequently Stratford where he was born and brought up must have been peopled merely by ignorant and unbookish rustics. Second: the form in which Shakespeare cast his dramas, not being prescribed by the Rules of Art, was dictated by the dramatist's desire to gratify, in his pursuit of gain, an ignorant and untaught audience. Third: so little interest, except financial, did Shakespeare and his even more ignorant fellow-actors take in his works that his plays were transmitted to posterity in so sadly mangled a condition, so full of interpolations from hands other than his own, that it was hardly possible to judge in many instances which were and which were not his writings, or to believe that we had them in a form even approximating to that in which he left them.

On the first and third of these issues modern criticism has shown that in general the truth is the very opposite to what was once so confidently maintained; on the second the wiser judgments of the great critics of the past are being gradually confirmed and developed.

STRATFORD

IN Elizabethan England every self-respecting community made careful provision for the education of its children. Measured by this standard the inhabitants of Stratford could claim an honourable place amongst their countrymen. Education had in its beginnings in England been the business of the Church, but, like many other functions of the Church, education had in the course of the Middle Ages been transferred to lay administration; and the school at Stratford had passed from the Church into the keeping of the Guild of the Holy Cross, the organisation in which the social instincts of the locality, according to the fashion of the time, found expression. There has been a long-standing belief that the schools of England were largely the creation of the Reformation, but this serious historical error was exposed by A. F. Leach; and in his

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Social History of England Sir George Trevelyan has summarised the true course of events when he says that it was not the Reformation that made the Schools of England but the schools that made the Reformation. In 1553 the school at Stratford was renamed The King's New School, of Stratford-upon-Avon; but the school owed nothing to Edward VI or his Council, and was not new by some centuries.

This renaming of the school merely marks the change from the old Guild system to a more modern form of administration in which Stratford became by Royal Charter a corporate borough under a Bailiff, Alderman, and Burgesses. The new Common Council, whose original members had all served on the Guild, now paid the Vicar and the Schoolmaster and administered the property and revenues of the Guild. It was during this period of transition that the poet's father, John Shakespeare, came to Stratford.

John Shakespeare must have left his father's home in Snitterfield, some four miles to the north of Stratford—where his father Richard Shakespeare worked as a yeoman farmer—at least seven years before 1552. In that year is found the first mention of him in Stratford records, and he is already in business as a glover in Henley Street; and to become a member of the Craft of Glovers, Whitetawers and Collar-makers, he must have served a seven year apprenticeship. By 1557 John Shakespeare had so prospered in business that he was able to return to the district of his birth to marry the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, the gentleman from whom his father, Richard Shakespeare, rented his land.

Further than Richard Shakespeare no one has yet traced with any certainty the poet's paternal connections. But on his mother's side he was related to one of the great families of the West Country, for Robert Arden came of a younger branch of the Ardens of Park Hall, a family settled in the Arden district of Warwickshire, from which they took their name, from before the Norman Conquest.

Of the marriage of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden there were eight children—four sons and four daughters. William, the third child and first son, was christened on 26th April 1564. The only member of this group to survive the poet was his younger sister Joan, who is mentioned in his will. The other three girls died in infancy, and though his brothers reached manhood they too predeceased him.

In the year of his marriage John Shakespeare was elected to the Common Council and soon took a leading part in its affairs. He acted as Chamberlain for four years—a term of office without precedent in Stratford—presumably because he was specially qualified for keeping the borough accounts. In 1568 he became Bailiff, and by virtue of his office a gentleman entitled to his coat of arms. In 1577, however, after twenty years of continuous service, he suddenly ceased to attend the Council meetings.

It has been conjectured that in his zeal for public affairs he had

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neglected his own business ; and he certainly, at this time, was or wished to be taken for a poor man, mortgaging as he did a valuable property inherited by his wife. The authorities however took a different view of his circumstances : in 1580 he was summoned before the Queen's Bench in Westminster and fined £20 for failing to provide security that he would keep the Queen's peace ; and on the same day he was fined another £20, as he had stood surety for another man in the same position as himself. That this was the outcome of the measures of John Whitgift, the new Bishop of Worcester, who had come to Worcester as he was later to go to Canterbury to restore church discipline, there can be little doubt. John Shakespeare's troubles therefore were probably political not financial, and that he was a 'recusant' there is no doubt, though the grounds of his discontent are unknown.

In 1582 his son William married Ann Hathaway the daughter of an old family friend. The licence was issued in November 1582 ; the first child of the marriage, Susanna, was born in May 1583. All attempts to show from an examination of the Bishop's *Register* and the circumstances of the marriage that it reflects discredit on either party rest on the unhistorical conjecture that the church ceremony was then, as it would be now, the marriage ceremony. The church ceremony, for which the licence was obtained, was in respectable Elizabethan society frequently no more than an after-ceremony to the marriage proper ; the licence is in no respect out of the ordinary. Ann Hathaway may have been eight years older than her husband, but this is not absolutely certain, and even if it were this would be no proof of irregularity. Those who still insist that there was some impropriety in the matter may be asked to produce their evidence. In February 1585, the twins, Hamnet and Judith, were christened at Stratford.

How Shakespeare intended to support a wife and family is a natural question, and fortunately the only tradition about Shakespeare's youth that has any trustworthy pedigree behind it supplies the answer. The group of traditions that gathers round Rowe's account of Shakespeare's deer-stealing and of his prosecution by Sir Thomas Lucy has not only no pedigree but is contradicted by the fact that there was no deer-park at Charlecote at that time, the Lucy family establishing one there only in the next generation. The passage from the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* that is regularly cited as Shakespeare's reminiscence of this adventure is more probably the origin of the story itself ; and, as Professor Hotson has shown, any personal reference in the lines may be directed towards a man very different in character from Sir Thomas Lucy. This and the other popular stories about Shakespeare's youth are the kind of conjecture commonly drawn in to fill the vacuum that biographers naturally abhor. The story however that the youthful Shakespeare was a country schoolmaster rests on a quite different foundation. The antiquary John Aubrey, who made a valuable series of notes on the men of Shakespeare's generation, was advised to visit

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William Beeston, then an old man, but well informed about the history of the stage, for he, like his father, Christopher Beesroo, had been an actor and actor-manager. His father, Christopher, had actually been in the same company as Shakespeare for a number of years. That Aubrey discussed with Beeston the observation by Joonson on Shakespeare's 'small Latin and less Greek' is revealed in Aubrey's note :

' Though as Ben Jonson says of him that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country'.

In the margin Aubrey recorded that his authority was Mr. Beeston.

Shakespeare's next step—his departure to London—is a venture that needs no fanciful embroidery to make it intelligible. Conscious, like a later country schoolmaster, of the genius within him, he naturally sought the field where alone his talents could find their full employment.

LONDON

THOSE who think of Shakespeare as an ignorant youth driven by a wrathful landlord from his careless rustic existence have now to explain how he started on his new and very different career in London. It is not surprising that some look elsewhere, to Bacon or to Lord Oxford, for the author of *Hamlet* or the *Sonnets*; for the explanation usually offered is as improbable as the transformation it attempts to account for. Shakespeare began, we are told, by rewriting the plays of others, among them those of Robert Greene. Why the works of a writer who boasted of a degree from both Universities should have been turned over to an illiterate new-comer is hardly to be understood; and the evidence that was for long advanced by scholars in support of this story is now seen to indicate a different and more natural course of events.

Those, however, who accept Beeston's statement that Shakespeare had been a schoolmaster find no difficulty in understanding his beginnings and progress as a dramatist. No miracle except that of genius, no bidden hand, whether that of Bacon or Lord Oxford, need be invoked. Shakespeare began as any educated young man might have begun by adapting for his purposes the models prescribed by the fashion of his time, the Latin authors familiar to him from his schooling.

Before grouping his plays in the approximate order of their composition one important observation that emerges from such a chronological arrangement as almost self-evident must be considered. Viewed as a whole and as the successive episodes in the life of one creative mind his plays reveal in their creator powers of development and self-criticism found, whether the medium be music, or painting, or literature, only in the greatest masters—those who gave to their art the devotion of a life-time. To suppose that this development could come by chance

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from the mere desire to gain the applause or money of the ignorant is to deny the evidence of experience. Shakespeare had of course to make the major contribution to the fortunes of a large and important Company of actors, and at times this part of his task affected his work, but such plays as *Hamlet* and *Othello* are clearly the creations of a man who had thought long and deeply about his art. A later and in its own opinion better instructed generation did not hesitate to deny to Shakespeare even the rudiments of stage craft. The more carefully, however, this side of Shakespeare's work is examined the more clearly it is seen to be skillfully contrived for his own stage; and, what is more important, the more clearly it is seen that his craft is not an end in itself but the technical mastery inseparable from any powerful manifestation of art.

Beginning then with plays fashioned on the models then approved—plays so little like his masterpieces that they are frequently attributed to other hands—Shakespeare soon developed an original style of his own that commanded the applause of a wide public. In spite, however, of his popularity and success he was not content to repeat himself but from about his thirty-fifth year started on the series of tragic masterpieces, marched, if at all, only by the drama of ancient Athens. Nor do the works of his later years echo in feebler tones these triumphs but bring with their colouring and glow the splendid evening to the noon-day intensity of his genius—a conclusion visionary and apocalyptic.

FIRST PERIOD

From Shakespeare's arrival in London (1584) to his joining the Lord Chamberlain's men (1594)

NO definite date can be given for Shakespeare's arrival in London; but by 1594 he had a body of work to his credit that must have occupied a considerable number of years. Naturally no details survive of his London connections when he was still unknown to the world, but what evidence there is indicates that he was for a time at least a member of Lord Pembroke's Company, and that for them he wrote some of his early plays.

Before the end of this period Shakespeare had established himself as a popular dramatist and as a poet of whom much was expected. The first reference to him in print, from the pen of the poet and dramatist Robert Greene, provides, indirectly, evidence of his success. Greene had failed to find in London the reward he expected for his work, and his irregular life was closing in misery and want. He felt with much bitterness that a writer received but a small return for his plays compared with the drawings taken by the performers; and on his death-bed he wrote for publication a letter to some playwrights with whom he claimed acquaintance, warning them by his own fate against depending on such ungrateful employers as the actors.

APPROXIMATE ORDER OF COMPOSITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

PERIOD	COMEDIES	HISTORIES	TRAGEDIES
1584	Comedy of Errors Taming of the Shrew Two Gentlemen of Verona	1, 2, 3 Henry VI Richard III King John	Titus Andronicus
I 1592	Love's Labour's Lost	Venus and Adonis } poems Rape of Lucrece }	
1594	Midsummer-Night's Dream Merchant of Venice Merry Wives of Windsor Much Ado About Nothing As You Like It	Richard II 1 Henry IV 2 Henry IV Henry V	Roméo and Juliet
1599	Twelfth Night Troilus and Cressida Measure for Measure All's Well		Julius Cæsar Hamlet Othello Timon of Athens Lear Macbeth Antony and Cleopatra Coriolanus
1603	Pericles Cymbeline Winter's Tale Tempest	Henry VIII	
IV 1613			

'Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery you be not warn'd ; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burrs to cleave—those Puppets (I mean) that spake from our mouths, those Antieks garnisht in our colours.'

Greene then, as the allusions indicate, goes on to attack Shakespeare not merely as an actor but also as an actor-dramatist whose success, though undeserved, was making it more difficult for Greene and his friends to gain a living.

'Yes trust them not ; for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you ; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum* is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.'

Soon after Greene's death his friend Chettle printed this letter in a pamphlet entitled *Greene's Groatworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*.

Marlowe, with whom Greene claimed acquaintance, was naturally displeased with the letter, for Greene like many self-confessed sinners found satisfaction in proclaiming the faults of his friends. Shakespeare also was annoyed. Chettle, three months later, in a preface to his own *Kind-Heart's Dream* refused to admit he had wronged Marlowe but made full apology for what he confessed was an unwarranted attack on Shakespeare.

'I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his Art.'

As Chettle's words indicate, Shakespeare was already highly thought of in courtly circles ; and this is confirmed by the publication of his *Venus and Adonis* in 1593 and the *Rape of Lucrece* in 1594, with dedications to Lord Southampton, whose gracious entertainment of the poet is publicly and warmly acknowledged in the dedicatory epistle to *Lucrece*. Further evidence of Shakespeare's familiarity with courtly and learned circles is found in his *Love's Labour's Lost* with its copious allusion to personalities, events, and fashions, then current topics in such society. Shakespeare's poems were no doubt written during the years 1591-93 when the plague and other troubles had closed the London theatres and the Companies had to tour the provinces for a living. Shakespeare can hardly have been on tour during this period of composition, and it was not till the return to London of the leading companies, and after the extensive regrouping that it made necessary, that he joined the Lord Chamberlain's men.

Venus and Adonis, although Shakespeare's first published work, was that of a writer of recognised reputation. His success had been made on the stage ; but actors were very unwilling to publish their pieces,

partly owing to lack of copyright protection, partly owing to their belief that publication would lessen their takings at the theatre. In this policy Shakespeare acquiesced throughout his life-time, never hastening into print with new pieces. The straitened circumstances of the actors however during their enforced absence from London gave the publishers a chance to pick up some of these much desired productions, and versions, good and bad, of certain of Shakespeare's plays now appeared in print.

From this and related evidence one can with some confidence assign to the period before the poems: his first tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*; his comedies, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; his history plays, *Henry VI* (in three parts), and possibly *Richard III*. The assumption that Shakespeare did not begin his work as a dramatist till 1591 rests on the misinterpretation by Malone of Greene's attack on Shakespeare. Malone interpreted it as a charge of plagiarism. Now that this interpretation is rejected the conclusions drawn from it are unsupported, and indeed contradicted not only by the evidence of Greene and Chetile but by the circumstances in which his Poems and early plays were printed. Shakespeare must have been working as a dramatist for some years before 1590. This period of successful work explains how by 1594 he could take a leading place in the first company of the age.

SECOND PERIOD

From Shakespeare's joining the Lord Chamberlain's men in 1594 to the opening of the Globe Theatre in 1599

THE Company which Shakespeare now joined included Richard Burbage, who was to prove himself in the rôles Shakespeare provided for him the greatest tragic actor of his age, Will Kemp the popular comedian, and John Heminge and Henry Condell, who became the Company's managers and later Shakespeare's first editors. Their headquarters were at The Theatre, the first play-house to be built in England for theatrical performances.

During this period Shakespeare was living, as the subsidy rolls indicate, in easy circumstances in London; and there still survives a letter to him from a friend of his father, Richard Quney, who was twice Bailiff of Stratford, that confirms the evidence of the subsidies. In 1596 John Shakespeare obtained from the College of Heralds a grant of arms. He was entitled to this as a former Bailiff of Stratford, but although nearly thirty years before the actual grant he had taken the preliminary steps towards this dignity, he had allowed the matter to lapse. It was no doubt considered proper in view of the poet's position in London to complete the necessary formalities, and the family shield now showed 'in a field of gold upon a bend sable, a spear of the first, the point

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upward, headed argent', and above as crest 'a falcon, with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear, armed, headed, and steeled silver'. The motto was 'NON SANS DROICT'. In 1597 Shakespeare bought New Place at Stratford.

Whatever his interests at this time in his personal and private affairs, Shakespeare's mind must have been unsparingly given to his work in the theatre. In 1598 Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* describes him as 'the most excellent in both kinds [comedy and tragedy] for the stage', and adds 'for comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labours lost*, his *Love labours wome*, his *Midsummer night's dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*: for tragedy his *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry IV*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.' He also mentions his poems and 'his sugred Sonnets among his private friends'.

The period opens with a group of 'poetical plays', *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Richard II*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedy is perfect in its kind and unsurpassed for the marvellous harmony it establishes among so many apparently discordant elements. The tragedy is another of the early masterpieces and anticipates in its spacious design and intensity of handling the works of Shakespeare's full maturity. But for some years to come comedy and prase were the main interest, and this, in the figure of Falstaff, overwhelms even the historical interest in the two parts of *Henry IV*. With Falstaff gone, there is little left for *Henry V* but pageantry; yet this opportunity for costume effects and patriotic verse may have been not unwelcome to Shakespeare as a suitable opening for the new Globe Theatre in 1599.

THIRD PERIOD

*From the opening of the Globe (1599) to the taking over of
the Blackfriars Theatre (1608)*

THE Globe Theatre was opened about May 1599. With the lease of the ground on which the Theatre stood nearing an end, the Burbages bought the old dining-hall of the Blackfriars and furnished it as a theatre, but an influential circle who lived in the vicinity had this project defeated. The Burbages then acquired ground just over London Bridge on the Bankside. To this side, south of the river, they transferred some of the main timbers from the Theatre; force was necessary for the landlord hoped to retain their building for his own profit. To meet this additional expense they took into partnership as 'householders' five of the leading 'sharers' of the company, of whom Shakespeare was one.

The Blackfriars they leased to the Children of the Queen's Revels. The actors were choir boys and their theatre was described as 'private'

to distinguish it from ordinary theatres where the charges were not beyond the vulgar purse.

Near the beginning of this period Shakespeare's father died, in 1601; at the end, his mother, in 1608. His daughter Susanna married the well-known physician John Hall in 1607.

The great public event of the time was the death of Queen Elizabeth and the arrival of James in London in May 1603. The King at once took over the Lord Chamberlain's Company and they were now known as the King's Men. The senior members became Grooms of the Royal Chamber and in that capacity formed part of the entourage of the Spanish Ambassador who came in August 1604, to negotiate a peace between England and Spain.

During part of this period, as Professor Wallace has shown, Shakespeare lodged with a Huguenot family in Silver Street. He was now in a position to make considerable purchases of land at Stratford and investments in the tithes of the parish.

As before, however, Shakespeare must have given unremitting attention to his art, for he was now from his thirty-fifth year to engage in the most sustained and intense effort of his career.

The plays that were to make the name of the Globe for ever famous were very different from *Henry V*. During the next ten years Shakespeare produced there his seven great tragedies: *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*.

Many explanations have been offered for this apparently sudden shift in Shakespeare's interest. Some have blamed the dark lady of the Sonnets and the conduct of the friend for inducing a mood of gloom and misanthropy; others have dwelt on Shakespeare's connections with Essex and Southampton, and the former's death on the block, as the cause of his disillusionment and pessimism; others again see in this tragic mood Shakespeare's infection with the spirit of a new age. The accidents of life undoubtedly provide the material on which the imagination operates; but the relationship between this accidental and the universal element in art is not so simple as cause and effect. The process of transformation is even more complicated and vital than that of digestion. But it is unnecessary to attempt an analysis of this psychological problem here, for the tragedies rightly interpreted do not reveal a spirit of gloom and disillusionment.

Many critics have dwelt on the bitterness and disgust in the works of this period. And it is true that nowhere can one find a fiercer invective and more withering scorn than that poured by these plays on the baser side of our nature. The picture of man dressed in a little brief authority playing his fantastic tricks before high heaven with an effrontery that makes the angels weep has never been drawn with more penetrating irony. And as a background we have the cowardly or malignant complacency in our natures that tolerates such shameless

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wickedness. Passage after passage emphasizes the degradation to which men can sink. It is summed up in one terrible line from *King Lear*

A dog's obey'd in office.

King Lear has been described as a tragedy of ingratitude—an ingratitude that divides parent from child and splits the very core of human existence. And the elements seem to take part in the confusion as the old and cast-off father rages on the heath with a fury that out-tongues the elements. But those who find in this fury the climax of the drama have missed half the vision and the half that is greater than the whole. The design on which the drama is constructed is one familiar to great spirits in all ages, and is perhaps exhibited in its simplest elements in the old story of Elijah fleeing from Jezebel's vengeance and how as he stood at the mouth of a cave

' a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord ; but the Lord was not in the wind ; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake ; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire ; and after the fire a still small voice '.

The heart of Shakespeare's drama is not reached till the storm and tempest are over and we come on the stillness of Lear's reconciliation with Cordelia. Here at last he recognises goodness for what it is in its own right. And the play's real theme is the gratitude of the converted heart at such a revelation. To see the virtues struggling in a world where their very virtue is the cause of their undoing is to be aware of tragedy ; but—and this is the touch of nature that makes the reader kin with the poet—this makes us love the virtues not less but more. Had Shakespeare not seen so clearly the hollowness of the world he could not have created with such passionate brooding those spirits whom his art has made the dwellers for all time in the imaginations of men. He is not confounded by his terrible visions, for he sees in the midst of them what walks unscathed ; and we read his plays because, however unconsciously, we share in that triumph, and have at least a sense, however our intelligence or conduct may later deny it, of what the soul hungers to attain to.

This revelation which is the consummation of his art did not come to Shakespeare suddenly or because a woman was false or a friend disloyal. It is born of the modest and ceaseless years of thought and labour which are not without their intimations of the final triumph of this period. Viewed in retrospect the humour and comedy, which his earlier critics found more natural to his genius, are only another aspect, a partial realisation, of his tragic vision. Philosophers have indeed maintained that tragedy and comedy have another and finer connection than that of contrast ; but, though there have been great tragic artists and great comic artists before and since Shakespeare's time, nowhere are

they found united as in his work, and in such a manner that each but adds a new force to its apparent opposite.

Viewed after the event, the tragic period is seen as the natural development of the previous periods and to be explained only in so far as we can explain to ourselves the growth and nature of Shakespeare's art.

FOURTH PERIOD

From the taking over of the Blackfriars (1608) to the burning of the Globe Theatre (1613)

THE manager of the Children at the Blackfriars theatre was foolish enough to allow indiscreet stage allusions to royalty that led to the suppression of his company. The Bushages and a group of actors as 'householders' that included Shakespeare took over from him his lease, and the King's men now acted at the Blackfriars during the winter months instead of in the open Globe Theatre, to the very substantial increase in their takings. The King's men were now too well established in official favour for the old objections to their presence there to be raised again.

The plays of this period have happy endings; but to distinguish their peculiar colouring from that of his earlier comedies they have been called Romances.

Once again critics have dwelt on the contrasts between this and the previous period and denied any spiritual continuity between them, or have paradoxically asserted that the Romances are the flight into a world of make-believe that alone could save the poet from the madness in which his tragic thoughts would inevitably have engulfed him. Or again the fashion of the time is thought by some to have directed Shakespeare's interest to this type of play.

But the tragedies are the foundation on which the Romances rest. If Shakespeare had found the heart of man wanting in the fiery trial of the tragedies, what would be the hopes and aspirations in which human nature re-clothes itself with every new generation as regularly as the flowers return with the spring—what would these hopes and aspirations be but will-o'-the-wisps to lure mankind to its destruction, or to leave it, should it survive, bogged in disillusion and a dreary materialism?

If fashion had anything to do with Shakespeare's return to comedy, it was because it gave him an opportunity for the expression of something he had now very much at heart, something that came naturally after the struggle of the tragedies, as naturally as Prospero's sympathy with Miranda's hopes and fears.

There can be little doubt that the *Tempest*, considered in conjunction with what we know of Shakespeare's arrangements at this date for taking over his house in Stratford from his cousin Thomas C

INTRODUCTION

the town-clerk, indicates that he intended it to be his farewell to the stage. Persuaded no doubt by the importunity of his old colleagues he returned to take a final bow in *Henry VIII*. During the first performance of the piece, on 29th June 1613, the Globe was burnt to the ground; and this accident, for lack of more precise knowledge, may be taken as marking the conclusion of Shakespeare's work as an actor and dramatist.

STRATFORD

SHAKESPEARE seems to have passed his last days quietly at Stratford, though there is a record of at least one visit to London.

He made his will in January 1615 or 1616, and revised it on 25th March 1616, after the marriage of his second daughter Judith to Thomas Quiney in February 1616. He remembers amongst other friends his old colleagues, Burbage, Heminge and Condell, the last survivors of the group with which he had acted for some twenty years. He makes provision for Judith and for his sister Joan Hart, but the bulk of his estate is settled on his daughter Susanna and her heirs. His wife was obviously going to live with her daughter, who was, if what she put on her mother's grave gives any echo of truth, devoted to her.

Shakespeare died on St. George's day, 23rd April 1616, and was buried, having this right as a tithe-holder, in the Chancel of the Church at Stratford. The monument on the north wall was erected sometime before 1623. In 1623 his wife was buried beside him, and his daughter Susanna not far away in 1649. She left a daughter Elizabeth Hall who had married Thomas Nash and, on his death, Sir John Bernard, but was to die without issue. Judith Shakespeare had three sons who all died childless before her. From his sister only, and that through her second son Thomas, can those living to-day who are related to Shakespeare claim their descent.

THE FIRST FOLIO

IN 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, his old friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, gave the world the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. This is now known as the First Folio, because of its format and to distinguish it from the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, issued in 1632, 1663, and 1685 respectively. Each of these later Folios is in turn based on its predecessor. Heminge and Condell attributed thirty-six plays to Shakespeare, all that are included in the present volume except *Pericles*, for *Pericles*, although its omission by Shakespeare's colleagues is good evidence that it is not wholly his, undoubtedly contains scenes from his pen.

Their long friendship with Shakespeare, their admiration-for his

INTRODUCTION

genius, their position of authority in the company, for they had acted as its managers for many years, made Heminge and Condell in some respects well qualified for their task. They, if anyone did, must have known what was by Shakespeare and what was not; their office in the company had made them familiar with his manuscripts. Yet their edition has presented students with problems for which reasonable solutions have been found only in recent years; problems that may be summarized here in the questions: Why did Shakespeare himself not supervise the printing of his plays; and why, since Heminge and Condell claimed to be Shakespeare's literary executors and to have used his papers, is the First Folio not accepted as the last and final authority for the text of all the plays? Why have there been so many subsequent editors, a line that begins with Rowe in 1709, and includes Pope (1725), Theobald (1733), Johnson (1765), Capell (1768) and Malone (1790), and threatens, like the phantom procession that appalled Macbeth, to stretch out to the crack of doom.

Shakespeare did not print his plays when he produced them because the actors did not favour such a procedure. They feared that publication might affect adversely their takings at the theatre, and the financial return from such publications, at least to the author or actors, was insufficient to overcome this fear. It was not because there was no reading public; publishers were only too ready to print his plays, but there was nothing in the nature of modern copyright to protect the author's interest; and to dispose for a pittance of plays that were drawing good houses did not seem sound policy. Yet in spite of these considerations nineteen of Shakespeare's plays were printed in some form or other during his lifetime, and a twentieth just before 1623.

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print plays that had become well known through frequent performance. In contrast, then, to the seven or eight mutilated or distorted versions stand fourteen authorised or authoritative texts: *Titus Andronicus*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Romco and Juliet*, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, 1 and 2 *Henry IV*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Much Ado*, *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *King Lear*, *Othello*. These are the Good Quartos. Even they, however, were treated as in some measure provisional publications. Shakespeare never revised the proofs for any of them, and the printer, although he was in quite a number working from a manuscript in Shakespeare's own hand, found difficulties (*see p. 1350*) he failed to master. The Good Quartos are therefore in places faulty or corrupt, and Shakespeare died before he cared to mend matters.

The actors, when at last they came to their task, had to provide the publisher with copy that extends in print to nearly 900 pages in double column. Their knowledge that many of the Good Quartos were set up from the author's manuscript or an authorised transcript prompted their use of some printed versions as copy for their own text; they took the precaution, however, of having the printed versions compared with manuscripts in their possession, but too casually to exclude all error. The manuscript copy they had to provide for the other plays was also defective for much the same reasons that the Quarto prints were not faultless: the scribe prepared his draft from material not originally designed for the printer's use, and only careful supervision could have prevented his not infrequent stumblings.

To the printed record of this large body of theatrical copy, often entangled as it were in Quarto and Folio, a modern editor has to address himself in an attempt to remove its corruptions. Heminge and Condell discharged their task honestly and with all the skill that could be expected of them; posterity can never be too grateful for their care and pains; but only those who read their Shakespeare regularly in the early versions can know how much the general reader owes to the subsequent editorial labours of those whom Johnson defined as harmless drudges.

PETER ALEXANDER

The Preliminary Matter to the
FIRST FOLIO (1623)

Heminge and Condell, who edited the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, arranged their contents in three sections: Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. That arrangement as well as the order in which they placed the pieces in each section is preserved in this edition.

To their text the editors prefixed the preliminary matter here reproduced. Opposite the engraved portrait of Shakespeare which stood as frontispiece—now known as the Droeshout engraving after the name of the engraver—they placed Ben Jonson's lines *To the Reader*. Then follow their dedicatory epistle and the address to 'the great variety of readers'. They also included Ben Jonson's famous lines to Shakespeare's memory and short tributes from Leonard Digges and John Mabbe, both of Oxford University, and verses from the sister University of Cambridge by Hugh Holland.

Their 'Catalogue' does not mention *Troilus and Cressida*, for they were able to include this play, in a kind of no man's land, between the Histories and the Tragedies, only at the last moment and after the settlement of a dispute with the publishers who had issued the Quarto version in 1609. Heminge and Condell originally intended to place *Troilus and Cressida* among the Tragedies immediately after *Romeo and Juliet*.

TO THE READER

This Figure, that thou here sceest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was euer writ in brasse
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN,
WILLIAM, EARLE OF PEMBROKE, &c., LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO
THE KINGS MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTY, AND PHILIP, EARLE
OF MONTGOMERY, &c., GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAIESTIES BED-
CHAMBER; BOTH KNIGHTS OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF
THE GARTER, AND OUR SINGULAR GOOD LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHILST we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauours we haue receiued from your L.L. we are false vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the success. For, when we valed the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. haue bene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heceterofore; and haue prosecuted both them, and their Author liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow aliue, as was our *Shakespeare*, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iustly obserued, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, cream, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummies & incense, obtained their requests with a leaued Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remaines of your seruant *Shakespeare*; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

IOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, & you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, hut buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soeuer your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your fiue shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes daile, know, these Playes haue had their triall already, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ourseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of inurious imposters, that expos'd them: euen those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceued them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered

we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN,
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JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOUED, THE AVTHOR
 MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:
 AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT VS.

To draw no enuy (*Shakespeare*) on thy name,
 Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
 While I confesse thy writings to be such,
 As neither *Man*, nor *Muse*, can praise too much.
 'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
 Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise:
 For scellicst Ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but ecclio's right;
 Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
 The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;
 Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
 And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
 These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
 Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
 But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
 About th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
 The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
 My *Shakespeare*, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or *Spenser*, or bid *Beaumont* lye
 A little further, to make thee a roome:
 Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
 And art aliue still, while thy Booke doth liue,
 And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.
 That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
 I meane with great, but disproportion'd *Muses*:
 For, if I thought my judgement were of yceres,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
 And tell, how farre thou didst our *Lily* out-shine,
 Or sporting *Kid*, or *Marlowes* mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small *Latine*, and lesse *Greeke*,
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
 For names; but call forth thund'ring *Aeschilus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles* to vs,
Paccuuius, *Accius*, him of *Cordoua* dead,
 To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
 And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
 Leau thee alone, for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent *Greece*, or haughtie *Rome*
 sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triu'mph, my *Britaine*, thou hast one to showe,
 To whom all Scenes of *Europe* homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the *Muses* still were in their prime,

When like *Apollo* he came forth to warme
 Our eares, or like a *Mercury* to charme !
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designs,
 And ioy'd to weare the dressing of his lines !
 Which were so richly spun, and wouen so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 The merry *Greeke*, tart *Aristophanes*,
 Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not please ;
 But antiquated, and deserted lye
 As they were not of Natures family.
 Yet must I not giue Nature all : Thy Art,
 My gentle *Shakespeare*, must enioy a part.
 For though the *Poets* matter, Nature be,
 His Art doth giue the fashion And, that he,
 Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweat,
 (such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Vpon the *Muses* anuile : turne the same,
 (And himselfe with it) that he thinks to frame ;
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
 For a good *Poet's* made, as well as borne.
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
 Liues in his issue, euen so, the race
 Of *Shakespeares* minde, and manners brightly shunes
 In his well torned, and true-filed lines :
 As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance
 Sweet Swan of *Auon* ! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
 And make those flights vpon the hankes of *Thames*,
 That so did take *Eliza*, and our *James* !
 But stay, I see thee in the *Hemisphere*
 Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there !
 Shine forth, thou Starre of *Poets*, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage ;
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despaires day, hut for thy Volumes light.

BEN : IONSON.

VPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS SCENICKE POET,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Those hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* brauc; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Thespian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phæbus* clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring-house) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went soone about,
The life yet of his lines shall neuer out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

TO THE MEMORIE OF THE DECEASED AUTHOUR
MAISTER W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKE-SPEARE, at length thy pious fellowes giue
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-lieue
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolues thy *Stratford* Monument,
Here we alieue shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritic
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegic
That is not *Shake-speares*; eu'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as *Naso* said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade.
Nor shall I e're beleeue, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) vntill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t' out-do
Passions of Iuliet, and her *Romeo*;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying *Romans* spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our *Shake-speare*, thou canst neuer dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. DIGGES.

TO THE MEMORIE OF
M. W. SHAKE-SPEARE

WEE wondred (*Shake-speare*) that thou went'st so soone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to acte a second part.
That's but an *Exit* of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M. .

THE WORKES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
CONTAINING ALL HIS COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES:
TRUELY SET FORTH, ACCORDING TO THEIR FIRST ORIGINALL.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPALL ACTORS
IN ALL THESE PLAYES.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinson.
John Shancke.
John Rice.

A CATALOGVE
OF THE SEUERALL COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND
TRAGEDIES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

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THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Prospero, Duke of Milan, and Governor of the Island.
Antonio, his brother.
Alonso, King of Naples.
Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor.
Adrian,
Francisco, } *lords.*
Caliban, a savage and deformed slave.
Trinculo, a jester.
Stephano, a drunken butler.

Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy spirit.
IRIS,
CERES,
JUNO, } *spirits.*
Nymphs,
Reapers,
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

THE SCENE: A ship at sea; afterwards an uninhabited island.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. On a ship at sea; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master; what chance?

Master. Good! Speak to th' fellows; fall to 't yarely, or we run aground; bestir, bestir.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heave cheerly, my fellows! the topsail! Blow till the masts are down.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and Others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Alon. Down with the topmast; 'twere best to have the ship planked.

Alon. Use your authority; if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap-

Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast. Yare, yare, to try wif th' malice! A plague upon this howling! 'Tis louder than the

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Seb. Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Ant. A pox o' your throats! You howling, blasphemous, incharitable dogs!

Boats. Work you then! Ant. Hang, cut, half-hung, insolent noise-maker, we'll be afraid to be

Alon. Drowning! Drowning! Down with the topmast! 'Tis better to have the ship planked.

Boats. Down with the topmast! 'Tis better to have the ship planked.

Alon. Use your authority; if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap-

TEMPEST

[Act I]

er case is as theirs.
 We are merely cheated of our lives
 by drunkards.
 wide-chopp'd rascal—would thou
 mightst be drowning
 washing of ten tides!
 He'll be hang'd yet,
 though every drop of water swear against
 it,

Pro.
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my maple garment from me. So,
 [Lays down his mantle.
 Wipe thou thine eyes;
 Lie there my art. have comfort.
 The dreadful spectacle of the wreck, which
 touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely ordered that there is no soul—
 No, not so much perdition as an hair—
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st
 sink. Sit down,

I gape at wid'st to glut him.
 A confused noise within: Mercy on us!
 We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and
 children!
 Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we

For thou must now know farther.
 Mira. You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
 And left me to a hootless inquisition,
 Concluding 'Stay; not yet!'
 Pro. The hour's now come
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou re-
 member
 A time before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think thou canst; for then thou
 wast not
 Out three years old.

Ant. Let's all sink wth th' King.
 Seb. Let's take leave of him.
 [Exeunt Ant. and Seb.
 Gon. Now would I give a thousand fur-
 long heath, brown furze, any thing. The
 wills above be done, but I would fain die a
 dry death.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.
 Pro. By what? By any other house,
 person?
 Of any thing the image, tell me, that
 hath kept with thy remembrance?
 Mira. 'Tis far
 And rather like a dream than an assur-
 That my remembrance warrants. Had
 Four, or five, women once, that tended
 Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Mira:
 But how is't
 That this lives in thy mind? What
 thou else
 In the dark backward and abysm of
 If thou rememb'rest aught, ere thou
 here,
 How thou cam'st here thou may'st
 Mira. But that I
 Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda
 year since,
 Thy father was the Duke of Milan
 A prince of power.
 Mira. Sir, are not you my
 Pro. Thy mother was a piece of
 and
 She said thou wast my daughter
 father
 Was Duke of Milan, and his only
 And princess no worse issued.
 Mira. O, the he
 What foul play had we that we
 thence?
 Or blessed was't we did?
 Pro. Both, bo
 By foul play, as thou say'st, we
 thence;

SCENE II. The Island. Before Prospero's cell.
 Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your net, my dearest father,
 you have
 put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stink-
 ing pitch,
 But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's
 cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
 With those that I saw suffer! A brave
 vessel,
 Who had no doubt some noble creature in
 her,
 Dash'd all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls, they
 perish'd.

Pro. Be collected;
 No more amazement; tell your piteous
 heart
 There's no harm done.
 Mira. No harm.
 Pro. I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,
 who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought
 knowing
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
 And thy no greater father.

The fraighting souls within her.
 Pro. and
 Had I been any God of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd
 and
 The fraighting souls within her.
 Pro. Be collected;
 No more amazement; tell your piteous
 heart
 There's no harm done.
 Mira. No harm.
 Pro. I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,
 who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought
 knowing
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
 And thy no greater father.
 Mira. More to know
 never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of
 and
 She said thou wast my daughter
 father
 Was Duke of Milan, and his only
 And princess no worse issued.
 Mira. O, the he
 What foul play had we that we
 thence?
 Or blessed was't we did?
 Pro. Both, bo
 By foul play, as thou say'st, we
 thence;

But blessedly bold hither.

Mira. O,
To think o' th' teen that
you to,

Which is from my remembrance. Please
you, farther.

Pro. My brother and thy uncle, call'd
Antonio—

I pray thee, mark me that a brother should
Be so perfidious. He, whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put

In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel, those being all my
study—

The government I cast upon my brother;
And to my state grew stranger, being transported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false
uncle—

Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant
suits,

Or else new form'd 'em;
key

brother

But what my power might else exact, like
one

And executing th' outward face of royalty
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition
growing—

That thou hadst

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man—my library
Was dukedom large enough—of temporal
royalties

He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' th' King of
Naples,

To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!
Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event,
then tell me

If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition:
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's
suit;

'th' premises,
ot bow much

Pro. Hear a little further,

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not,

My people bore me, nor
on the business, but
panted their foul ends,
d aboard a bark;

Bore us some leagues to sea, where they
prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd.

Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they
hoist us,
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back
again, 150
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst
smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops
full salt, 155
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in
me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water
that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his cilarity, who being then ap-
pointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and neces-
saries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness, 165
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise.
[Puts on his mantle.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more
profit 172
Than other princess' can, that have more
time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now,
I pray you, sir, 175
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your
reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth:
By accident most strange, bountiful
Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my pre-
science 180
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more
questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good
dullness, 185

And give it way. I know thou canst not
choose.
[Miranda sleep]
Come away, servant; come; I am ready
now.
Approach, my Ariel. Come.
Enter ARIEL.
Ari. All hail, great master! grave s
hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fl
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds. To thy strong bidd
task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spir
Perform'd to point the tempest that I ba
thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the King's ship; now on the bea
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabi
I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd divid
And burn in many places; on the topma
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flar
distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, t
precursors
O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more mor
entary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fl
and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most migh
Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold way
tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spiri
Who was so firm, so constant, that this c
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All b
mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit t
vessel,
Then all afire with me; the King's so
Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, n
hair—
Was the first man that leapt; cried 'H
is empty,
And all the devils are here'.
Pro. Why, that's my spiri
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my mast
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd
On their sustaining garments not a blemis
But fresher than before; and, as the
bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout th
isie.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs

In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' th' fleet?

Arl. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where
once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch
dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's
hid;

The mariners all under batches stow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'ring
labour,

I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th'
fleet,

Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote
Bound sadly home for Naples,

Supposing that they saw the King's ship
wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more
work.

What is the time o' th'

Arl. I
Pro. At least two glas
six and now

Must by us both be spe

Arl. Is there more to
give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast
promis'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now, moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

Arl. My liberty.

To bate me a full year.

tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Arl. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast
thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and
envy

Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot
her?

Arl. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast. Where was she
born? Speak; tell me.

Arl. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast
been,

Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries
terrible

To enter human bearing, from Argier
Thou know'st was banish'd; for one thing
she did

They would not take her life. Is not this
true?

Arl. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither
brought with child,

And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my
slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her
servant;

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine
thee,

And left thee there, where thou didst vent
thy groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
island—

Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckl'd whelp, hag-born—not honour'd
with

breasts

gape

The pine, and let thee out.

Arl. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend
an oak

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters

Arl. Pardon, master;

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my springing gently

Pro. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Arl. That's my noble master!

at shall I do? Say what. What shall I do? 300

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea; be subject

no sight but thine and mine, invisible every eyeball else. Go take this shape, and hither come in 't. Go, hence with diligence! [Exit Ariel.

Wake, dear heart, awake; thou hast slept well; 305

Wake.
Mira. The strangeness of your story put saviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off. Come on, I'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never holds us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir, do not love to look on.

Pro. But as 'tis, 310
I cannot miss him: he does make our fire,

which in our wood, and serves in offices at profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban! Thou earth, thou! Speak.

Cal. [Within] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee. 315

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

My apparition! My quaint Ariel, work in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd

with raven's feather from unwholesome fen

drop on you both! A south-west blow upon ye

and blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps, 325

stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins

shall, for that vast of night that they may work,

exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd like thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging 329

than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner. This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,

thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me

water with berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger light, and how the less,

That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, 334

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle, The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.

Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! 340

For I am all the subjects that you have, Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me

The rest o' th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave, Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee, 345

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate

The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! Would 't had been done. Thou didst prevent me; I had peopl'd else This isle with Calibans.

Mira. Abhorred slave, 351
Which any print of goodness wilt not take, Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage, 355

Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes

With words that made them known. But thy vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou 360

Deservedly confin'd into this rock, who hadst

Deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you

For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence! Fetch us in fuel. And be quick, thou 'rt best, 366

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, mallice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,

Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar, 370

That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.

[Aside] I must obey. His art is of such pow'r, It would control my dam's god, Setebos,

And make a vassal of him.
Pro. So, slave; hence!
 [Exit Caliban.]
Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands, 375
 And then take hands;
 Curtsied when you have and kiss'd,
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark!
Burden dispersedly. Bow-wow.
 The watch dogs bark.
Burden dispersedly. Bow-wow.
 Hark, bark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer 385
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? I' th'
 air or th' earth?

it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
 No, it begins again. 395

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 'Tis six fathom deep, but underneath
 That dwells our friend the soft-shell swin;
 'Tis five fathom deep, and there
 Underneath is his grave, yet he
 Will not set foot of clay,
 'Tis three fathom deep, but here
 Comes the tide, and washeth
 As though their scabbards were
 That underneath them did lie
 He being dead, his corse will wash
 As clean as the froth upon the waves,
 And the bubble will bequeath
 His life, and so it is, and so it is.

Fer. The ditty does remember my
 drown'd father. 405
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owes. I hear it now above
 me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye
 advance,

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou
 mightst call him 415
 A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
 And strays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
 A thing divine; for nothing natural
 I ever saw so noble.
Pro. [Aside] It goes on, I see,
 As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit!
 I'll free thee 420

May know if you remain upon this island;
 And that you will some good instruction
 give
 How I may hear me here. My prime
 request, 425
 Which I do last pronounce, is, O you
 wonder!
 If you be maid or no?
Mira. No wonder, sir;
 But certainly a maid.

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that
 wonders
 To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear
 me;
 And that he does I weep. Myself am
 Naples,
 Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb,
 beheld 435
 The King my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords, the
 Duke of Milan
 And his brave son being twain.

Pro. [Aside] The Duke of Milan
 And his more braver daughter could
 control thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
 They have chang'd eyes. Delicate Ariel,
 I'll set thee free for this. [To *Fer.*] A word,
 good sir; 445
 I fear you have done yourself some wrong;
 a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so un-
 gently? This

TEMPEST

uneasy make, lest too light winning
 the prize light. [To Fer.] One word
 more; I charge thee
 thou attend me; thou dost here usurp
 name thou ow'st not; and hast put
 thyself
 this island as a spy, to win it 455
 me, the lord on't.
 No, as I am a man.
 There's nothing ill can dwell in
 such a temple.
 The ill spirit have so fair a house,
 and things will strive to dwell with't.
 Follow me.
 Pro. not you for him; he's a traitor. 460
 Come;
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.
 Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
 the fresh-brook mussels, witlier'd roots,
 and husks
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow. 465
 Fer.
 I will resist such entertainment till
 Mine enemy has more power.
 [He draws, and is charmed from moving.]
 Mira.
 Make not too rash a trial of him, for
 He's gentle, and not fearful.
 Pro. What, I say,
 My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up,
 traitor;
 Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, 470
 thy conscience
 Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy
 ward;
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick
 And make thy weapon drop.
 Mira. Beseech you, father I
 Pro. Hence! Hang not on my garments.
 Mira. Sir, have pity;
 I'll be his surety.
 Pro. Silence! One word more
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate
 thee. What!
 An advocate for an impostor! hush!
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes
 as he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish
 wench!
 To th' most of men this is a Caliban, 480
 And they to him are angels.
 Mira. My affections
 Are then most humble; I have no ambition
 To see a goodlier man.
 Pro. Come on; obey.
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
 And have no vigour in them.
 Fer.
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's
 threats 485
 To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid. All corners else o' th'
 earth
 Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I in such a prison.
 Pro. [Aside] It works. [To Fer.] Come
 on.—
 Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To Fer.]
 Follow me.
 [To Ariel] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
 Mira.
 My father's of a better nature, sir, 490
 Than he appears by speech; this is un-
 wanted
 Which now came from him.
 Pro. [To Ariel] Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain winds; but then exactly do
 All points of my command.
 Ari.
 Pro. [To Fer.] Come, follow. [To Mira.]
 Speak not for him. [Exit]

ACT TWO

SCENE I. Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO,
 GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and Others
 Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you
 have cause,
 So have we all, of joy; for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of
 Is common; every day, some sailor's
 The masters of some merchant, and
 merchant,
 Have just our theme of woe; but for
 miracle,
 I mean our preservation, few in mill
 Can speak like us. Then wisely, good
 weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.
 Alon.
 Seb. He receives comfort like
 porridge.
 Ant. The visitor will not give him
 Seb. Look, he's winding up the
 his wit; by and by it will strike.
 Gon. Sir—
 Seb. One—Tell.
 Gon. When every grief is
 that's offer'd,
 Comes to th' entertainer—
 Seb. A dollar.
 Gon. Dolour comes to him, in
 have spoken truer than you put
 Seb. You have taken it wise
 meant you should.
 Gon. Therefore, my lord—
 Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift
 tongue!
 Alon. I prithee, spare.
 Gon. Well, I have done; but
 Seb. He will be talking.
 Ant. Which, of he or Adrian
 wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.		Gon. I assure you, Carthage.	83
Ant. The cock'rel.	30	Ant. His word is more than the miracu- lous harp.	
Seb. Done. The wager?		Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.	
Ant. A laughter.		Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?	
Seb. A match!		Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.	85
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert—		Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.	
Ant. Ha, ha, ha!		Gon. Ay.	
Seb. So, you're paid.	35	Ant. Why, in good time.	89
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inacces- sible—			
Seb. Yet—			
Adr. Yet—			
Ant. He could not miss't.			

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.		the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.	
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.	47	Ant. That 'sort' was well fish'd for.	93
		Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?	

		these words into mine	
		it	100
		sense. Would I had	
		er there; for, coming	

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.		'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared	
Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.	66	Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,	
Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.		As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt	115
Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with		He came alive to land.	
		Alon. No, no, he's gone.	
		Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss.	
		That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,	

me study of that.
of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis
Adr. Carthage?

[By all of us; and the fair soul herself

Welgh'd between loathness and obedience
at
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We
have lost your son, 125
I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
Moe widows in them of this business'
making,
Than we bring men to comfort them ;
The fault's your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st o' th' loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian, 130
The truth you speak doth lack some
gentleness,
And time to speak it in ; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chlrurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Fowl weather ?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my
lord— 137
Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on't, what would
I do ?
Seb. Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' th' commonwealth I would by
contraries 141
Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; riches,
poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract,
succession, 143
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard,
none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
And women too, but innocent and pure ;
No sovereignty—
Seb. Yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth
forgets the beginning. 150
Gon. All things in common nature should
produce
Without sweat or endeavour. Treason,
felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any
engine, 155
Would I not have ; but nature should
bring forth,
Of it own kind, all folsen, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?
Ant. None, man ; all idle ; whores and
knaves. 160
Gon. I would with such perfection govern,
sir,
T' excel the golden age.
Seb. Save his Majesty !
Ant. Long live Gonzalo !
Gon. And—do you mark me, sir ?

Alon. Prithce, no more ; thou dost ta
nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your Highnes
and did it to minister occasion to the
gentlemen, who are of such sensible a
nimble lungs that they always use to lau
at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fool
am nothing to you ; so you may contin
and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given !
Seb. An it had not fall'n flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mett
you would lift the moon out of her sphe
if she would continue in it five weeks wh
out changing.
Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn mus
Seb. We would so, and then go a-b
fowling.
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
Gon. No, I warrant you ; I will n
adventure my discretion so weakly. W
you laugh me asleep, for I am very heav
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[All sleep but Alon., Seb. and A
Alon. What, all so soon asleep ! I w
mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up r
thoughts ; I find
They are inclin'd to do so.
Seb. Please you, s
Do not omit the heavy offer of it :
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take yo
rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you—wondrous heav
[Alonso sleeps. Exit ARIEL
Seb. What a strange drowsiness posses
them !
Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.
Seb. W
Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I fi
not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I ; my spirits are nimble
They fell together all, as by consent ;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stro
What might,
Worthy Sebastian ? O, what might I
more !
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be ; th' occas
speaks thee ; and
My strong Imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou wakin
Ant. Do you not hear me speak ?
Seb. I do ; and sur
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak

Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking,
moving, 203
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant.
Thou let'st thy
wink'st
Whiles thou art

Seb. I
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom ;
you 210

Seb. Do so ; to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose
cherish, 215

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir :
Although this lord of weak remembrance,
this
Whn shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath bere almost
persuaded— 225

As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that ' no hope '
What great hope have you ! No hope that
way is 231

Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant
with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples ?

Seb. Claribel. 236
Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis ; she
that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some
cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to
come

regions
There is some space.

Than now they are. There be that can rule
Naples
As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can

stand me ? 259

Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True.
And look how well my garments sit upon
me,

what better than before. My brother's

now they are my
265

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? If 'twere
a kibe,

'Twould put me to my slipper ; but I feel
not

This delty in my bosom ; twenty con-
sciences

That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied
be they 270

And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your
brother,

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like—
that's dead ;

Whom I with this obedient steel, three
inches of it,

Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing
thus, 275

They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st
Milan, ²⁸²

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One
stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
payest;

And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. ²⁸⁷
[They talk apart.]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, with music and
song.

Arl. My master through his art foresees
the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me
forth—

For else his project dies—to keep them
living. ²⁹⁰

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.]

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd conspracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware. ²⁹⁵

Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gen. Now, good angels

Preserve the King! [They wake.]

Alon. Why, how now?—Ho, awake!—

Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gen. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your

repose, ³⁰²

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of

bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake

you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's

ear, ³⁰⁵

To make an earthquake! Sure it was the roar

Of a whole herd of llons.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gen. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a

humming,

And that a strange one too, which did

awake me;

I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes

open'd, ³¹⁰

I saw their weapons drawn—there was a

noise,

That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our

guard,

Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our

weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let
make further search

For my poor son.

Gen. Heavens keep him from these beasts

For he is, sure, I' th' island.

Alon.

Lead away.

Art. Prospero my lord shall know what

have done;

So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.

[Exit]

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks

up

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, a

make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hurt

me,

And yet I needs must curse. But they

nor pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me

th' mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, 'in the dark

Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but

For every trifle are they set upon me;

Sometime like apes that mow and chat

at me,

And after bite me; then like hedgehogs

which

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, a

mount

Their pricks at my footfall; sometimes

am I

All wound with adders, who with cloven

tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment

me

For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat

Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub

bear off any weather at all, and another

storm brewing; I hear it sing i' th' wind

Yond same black cloud, yond huge one

looks like a foul bombard that would shatter

his liquor. If it should thunder as it

before, I know not where to hide my head

Yond same cloud cannot choose but fall

painful. What have we here? a man or

fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like

a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell

a kind of not-of-the-newest Poor-John.

strange fish! Were I in England now,

once I was, and had but this fish painted

not a holiday fool there but would give

piece of silver. There would this monster

make a man; any strange beast that

makes a man; when they will not give

Enter STEPHANO singing; a bottle in his hand

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral; well, here's my comfort. [Drinks

The master, the swabber, the boat-
swain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and
Margery,

But none of us ear'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor 'Go hang!
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor
of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scra
where'er she did itc
Then to sea, boys, and
hang!

This is a scurvy tune too;
comfort.

so again, while Stephano breathes at
nostrils.

are devils. O, defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most
delicate monster! His forward voice, now,
is to speak well of his friend; his backward
voice is to utter foul speeches and to de-
tract. If all the wine in my bottle will
recover him, I will help his ague. Come—
Amen! I will pour some in thy other
mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me?
Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no
monster; I will leave him; I have no long
spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano,
touch me, and speak to me; for I am
Trinculo—be not afraid—thy good friend
Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come hither;

en'd,
net
I hid
rdine
ving,
itans
103
my

stomach is not constant
Cal. [Aside] These be fine things, an if

...ssing the bottle] Here, kiss the
 ough thou canst swim like a
 art made like a goose. ¹²²
 Stephano, hast any more of this?
 e whole butt, man; my cellar is
 by th' seaside, where my wine is
 v now, moon-calf! How does thine ¹²⁶

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?
 out o' th' moon, I do assure thee; I
 Man i' th' Moon, when time was.
 I have seen thee in her, and I do
 thee. My mistress show'd me thee, ¹³¹
 y dog and thy bush.
 Come, swear to that; kiss the book.
 furnish it anon with new contents.

[Caliban drinks.]
 r.
 in. By this good light, this is a very
 ow monster! I afeard of him! A very
 k monster! The Man i' th' Moon! A
 t poor credulous monster! Well drawn, ¹³⁷
 nster, in good sooth!
 Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o'
 island; and I will kiss thy foot.

prithe be my god.
 Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and
 runken monster! When 's god's asleep ¹⁴¹
 e'll rob his bottle.
 Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself
 thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.
 Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this
 puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy
 monster! I could find in my heart to beat ¹⁴⁶
 him—

Ste. Come, kiss.
 Trin. But that the poor monster's in
 drink. An abominable monster!
 Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll ¹⁵⁰
 pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
 Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make
 a wonder of a poor drunkard!
 Cal. I prithee let me bring thee where ¹⁵⁶
 crabs grow;
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-
 nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee
 how
 To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring ¹⁶⁰
 thee
 To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll
 get thee
 Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go
 with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without
 any more talking. Trinculo, the King and
 all our company else being drown'd, we will
 inherit here. Here, bear my bottle.
 Follow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by
 again. ¹⁶⁶

Cal. [Sings drunkenly] Farewell, master;
 farewell, farewell!
 Trin. A howling monster; a drunken
 monster!
 Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
 Nor fetch in firing ¹⁷⁰
 At requiring,
 Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
 'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
 Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom!
 freedom, high-day, freedom! ¹⁷⁶
 Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. ¹⁷⁶
 [Exeunt.]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Before Prospero's cell.
 Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful,
 and their labour
 Delight in them sets off; some kinds of
 baseness
 Are nobly undergone, and most poor
 matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task
 Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
 The mistress which I serve quickens what's
 dead,
 And makes my labours pleasures. O, she
 Ten times more gentle than her father's
 crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must
 remove
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them
 up,
 Upon a sore injunction; my sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and
 such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget;
 But these sweet thoughts do even reach
 my labours,
 Most busy, least when I do it.
 Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO
 distance, unseen.

Mira. Alas, now; pray
 Work not so hard; I would the li
 had
 Burnt up those logs that you are
 to pile.

Pray, set it down and rest you; v
 burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied
 father
 Is hard at study; pray, now, rest
 He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear
 The sun will set before I shall
 What I must strive to do.
 Mira. If you'll
 I'll bear your logs the while; I
 that;

It to the pile.

rather crack my sinews, break my
hack,
you should such dishonour undergo,
I sit lazy by.

It would become me
as it does you; and I should do it
much more ease; for my good will
is to it,

yours it is against.
[Aside] Poor worm, thou art in-
fected!

visitation shows it.
You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morn-
ing with me

when you are by at night. I do beseech
you,

chastely that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Miranda—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a
lady

I have ey'd with best regard; and many a
time

Th' harmony of their tongues hath into
bondage

Brought my too diligent ear; for several
virtues

Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she
ow'd,

And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Miranda. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have
I seen

More that I may call men than you, good
friend,
And my dear father. How features are
abroad,

I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;

Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's
precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king—
I would not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer

The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my
soul speak;

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides

To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Miranda. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to
this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! If hollowly, invert

What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else I th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Miranda. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. [Aside] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain
grace

On that which breeds between 'em!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Miranda. At mine unworthiness, that dare
not offer

What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is
trifling;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
cunning!

And prompt me plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your
servant,

Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Miranda. My husband, then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my
hand.

Miranda. And mine, with my heart in't. And
now farewell

Tell half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!
[Exeunt Fer. and Miranda, severally]

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book
For yet ere supper time must I perform
Much business appertaining

[Exit Pro.]

SCENE II. Another part of the island

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO

Ste. Tell not me—when the butt is
we will drink water, not a drop bef
therefore bear up, and board 'em. Serv
monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! The folly of
island! They say there's but five upon
isle; we are three of them, if th' othe
be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when
thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy
Trin. Where should they be set?

Ife were a brave monster indeed,
were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard. 15

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf. 21

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.

I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster? 28

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural! 31

Cal. Lo, lo again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity. 35

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. 39

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;

I would my valiant master would destroy thee.

I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth. 46

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him—for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not— 52

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party? 56

Cal. Yea, yea my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! The scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blow And take his bottle from him. When thou art gone

He shall drink nought but brine; for I will not show him

Where the quלק freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger, interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that. [Beats him] As you like this, give me the same another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottles! This can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithce stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him

I' th' afternoon to sleep; there thou mayst

brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a

stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. First

to possess his books; for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command; they all do him

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books. He has

brave utensils—for so he calls them—

Which, when he has a house, he'll destroy

withal. And that most deeply to consider is

The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman

But only Sycorax my dam and she; But she as far surpasseth Sycorax As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy brother's

I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

monster, I will kill this man; his
and I will be King and Queen—
Graces!—and Trinculo and thyself
viceroy. Dost thou like the plot,
203

Excellent.
Give me thy hand; I am sorry I
thee; but while thou liv'st, keep a
tongue in thy head.
Within this half hour will he be
asleep.

Will you destroy him then?
Ay, on mine honour.
This will I tell my master.
Thou mak'st me merry; I am full
of pleasure.

Let us be jocund; will you troll the catch
you taught me but while-ere?
At thy request, monster, I will do
reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let
[Sings.]

Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.
[Ariel] plays the tune on a labor and pipe.
Ste. What is this same?
Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd
by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in
thy likeness; if thou beest a devil, take't
as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!
Ste. He that dies pays all debts. I defy
thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?
Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afraid. The isle is full of
noises,

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight,
and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instru-
ments

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime
voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in
dreaming,

The clouds methought would open and
show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I
wak'd,

I cried to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to
me, where I shall have my music for
nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd,
Ste. That shall be by and by; I remem-
ber the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's
follow it, and after do our work.
Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would
I could see this taberner; he lays it on.

Trin. Will come? I'll follow, Stephano.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Another part of the island.
Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO,
GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and Others.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache. Here's a maze trod,
Indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By
your patience,

I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee.
Who am myself attach'd with weariness
To th' dulling of my spirits; sit down and
rest.

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer; he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea
mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let
him go
Ant. [Aside to Seb.] I am right glad that
he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.
Seb. [Aside to Ant.] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [Aside to Seb.] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel,
they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] I say, to-night; no
more.
Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO
on the top, invisible. Enter several strange
Shapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance
about it with gentle actions of salutation
and inviting the King, &c., to eat, &c.
depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? My
friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heav'n!
What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will
That there are unicorns; that in Arica
There is one tree, the phoenix' thro'

phoenix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. And what does else want credit,
me.

And I'll be sworn 'tis true; travel
did lie.
Though fools at home condemn'd
Gon. I should report this now, would't
me?

If I should say, I saw such isle
For certes these are people of

ugh they are of monstrous shape
 yct, note,
 anners are more gentle-kind than of
 man generation you shall find
 ay, almost any. Honest lord,
 [Aside] For some of you there

present
 orse than devils.
 I cannot too much muse

shapes, such gesture, and such sound,
 expressing,
 ough they want the use of tongue, a kind
 excellent dumb discourse.

ro. [Aside] Praise in departing.
 Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
 they have left their viands behind; for we
 have stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?
 Alon. Not I. When

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When
 we were boys,
 Who would believe that there were

Dewlapp'd like bulls, whose throats had
 hanging at 'em
 Wallets of flesh? or that there were such

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which
 now we find
 Each putter-out of five for one will bring us

Good warrant of.
 Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
 Although my last; no matter, since I feel
 The best is past. Brother, my lord the

Duke,
 Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a
 harpy; claps his wings upon the table;
 and, with a quaint device, the banquet
 vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom
 Destiny,
 That hath to instrument this lower world
 And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this

island
 Where man doth not inhabit—you 'mongst
 men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you

mad;
 And even with such-like valour men hang
 and drown
 Their proper selves.

[Alon., Seb. &c., draw their swords.
 You fools! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of Fate; the elements
 Of whom your swords are temper'd may as

well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-
 at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

One dowle that's in my plume,
 ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your
 strengths

And will not be uplifted. But remember—
 For that's my business to you—that you

three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him, and his innocent child; for which

foul deed
 The pow'rs, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the
 creatures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son,
 Alonso,

They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
 Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wraths to

guard you from—
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else
 falls

Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-
 sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music
 enter the Shapes again, and dance, with
 mocks and mows, and carrying out the table

Pro. Bravely the figure of this ha-
 hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it
 devouring.

Of my instruction hast thou nothing
 In what thou hadst to say; so, with good
 And observation strange, my

ministers
 Their several kinds have done. My

charms work,
 And these mine enemies are all kni-
 In their distractions. They now are

pow'r;
 And in these fits I leave them, whil-
 Young Ferdinand, whom they su-
 drown'd,

And his and mine lov'd darling.
 [F]

Gon. I' th' name of something
 why stand you

In this strange stare?
 Alon. O, it is monstrous, and
 Methought the billows spoke, and

of it;
 The winds did sing it to me
 thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ
 nounc'd
 The name of Prosper; it
 trespass.
 Therefore my son i' th' ooze is
 I'll seek him deeper than
 sounded,

with him there lie mudded. [Exit.
 But one fiend at a time,
 ght their legions o'er.
 I'll be thy second.
 [Exeunt Seb. and Ant.
 on. All three of them are desperate;
 their great guilt,
 e poison given to work a great time
 after.
 w gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech
 you,
 at are of suppler joints, follow them
 swiftly,
 nd hinder them from what this ecstasy
 ay now provoke them to.
 Adr, Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt

ACT FOUR

SCENE I Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and
 MIRANDA

Pro If I have too austere punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends; for I
 Have given you here a third of mine own life,
 Or that for which I live, who once again
 I tender to thy hand All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test, here, afore
 heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all
 praise,

And make it halt behind her
 Fer. I do believe it

Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own
 acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may

With full and holy rite be ministr'd,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barren
 hate,

Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall
 bestrew

The union of your bed with weeds so
 loathly

That you shall hate it both. Therefore
 take heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
 Fer. As I hope

Fer quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest
 den,

The most opportune place, the strong'st
 suggestion

Our worse genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration.

When I shall think or Phoebus' steeds are
 founder'd

Or Night kept chain'd below.
 Pro.

Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine
 own.
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant,
 Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master?
 Here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your
 last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee pow'r, here to this
 place.

Ari. Ay, with a trick.

Pro. Before you can say 'come' and
 'go'.

And breathe twice, and cry 'so, so',
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me, master? No?
 Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not
 approach

Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well! I conceive. [Exit.

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give
 dalliance

Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are
 straw

To th' fire i'th' blood. Bemoore abstemious,
 Or else good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir,
 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well!
 Now come, my Ariel, bring a corollary,
 Rather than want a spirit; appear, and
 perty.

No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.
 [Soft music]

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy
 rich leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and
 pease;

Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbly
 sheep,

And flat meads thatch'd with stover, thy
 to keep;

Thy banks with pioned and twilled br
 Which spongy April at thy best betrun
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns;

thy broom groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor
 Being lass-lorn; thy peck'd vine

And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky

EMPEST

Thou thyself dost air—the Queen o'
 h' sky,
 wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
 ee leave these; and with her
 sovereign grace,
 n this grass-plot, in this very place,
 e and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.

JUNO descends in her car.
 ach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. 75
 Enter CERES.

r. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that
 ne'er
 t disobey the wife of Juplter;
 o, with thy saffron wings, upon my flow'rs
 fustest honey drops, refreshing show'rs;
 d with each end of thy blue bow dost
 crown

y bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
 ich scarf to my proud earth—why hath
 thy Queen
 Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd
 green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
 And some donatlon freely to estate
 On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
 If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
 Do now attend the Queen? Since they did
 plot

The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
 Be not afraid. I met her Deity
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and
 her son

Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they
 to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and
 mald,

Whose vows are that no bed-rites shall be paid
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain.
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his
 arrows,

Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
 sparrows,
 And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queen of state,
 Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.
 Jimo. How does my bounteous sister? Go
 with me

To bless this twain, that they may prosper-
 ous be,
 And honour'd in their issue.

They sing.
 Jimo. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hourly joys be still upon you!
 Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
 Barns and garner's never empty;
 Vines with clust'ring bunches grow-
 ing,
 Plants with goodly burden bowing;
 Spring come to you at the farthest,
 In the very end of harvest!
 Scarcity and want shall shun you,
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
 To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
 So rare a wond' red father and a wise
 Makes this place Paradise.
 [Juno and Ceres whisper, and
 send Iris on employment.
 Sweet now, silence;

Pro. Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.
 There's something else to do; hush, and be
 mute,
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Nalads, of the
 wind'ring brooks,
 With your sedg'd crowns and ever harmle
 looks,

Leave your crisp channels, and on t
 green land
 Answer your summons; Juno does c
 mand.

Come, temperate nymphs, and help
 celebrate
 A contract of true love; be not too la

Enter certain Nymphs.
 You sun-burnt sicklemen, of A
 weary,

Come hither from the furrow, and be
 Make holiday; your rye-straw hats
 And these fresh nymphs encounte
 one

In country footing.
 Enter certain Reapers, properly
 they join with the Nymphs in
 dance; towards the end whereof
 starts suddenly, and speaks; a
 to a strange, hollow, and conf
 they heavily vanish.

Pro. [Aside] I had forgot the
 spiracy
 Of the beast Caliban and his
 Against my life; the minute
 Is almost come. [To the Spirits
 avoid; no more!

Fer. This is strange; you
 some passion
 That works him strongly.
 Mira.

I him touch'd with anger so dis-
temper'd.
You do look, my son, in a mov'd
sort,
If you were dismay'd; be cheerful, sir.
My revels now are ended. These our actors,
I foretold you, were all spirits, and
are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
like the cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
Or solemn temples, the great globe itself,
of which all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is
troubled;
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.
Fer., Mira. We wish your peace.

Pro. Come, with a thought. I thank thee,
Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's
thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander. When I pre-
sented 'Ceres',
I thought to have told thee of it; but I
fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave
these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot
with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the
ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always
bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my
tabor,
At which like unback'd colts they pruck'd
their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their
noses
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their
ears,
like they my lowing follow'd

O'erstunk their feet.
Pro. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
The trumpery in my house, go bring it
hither
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose
nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my
pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening
apparel, &c.

Come, bang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible. Enter
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,
all wet.

Cal Pray you, tread softly, that the
blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.
Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is
a harmless fairy, has done little better than
play'd the Jack with us
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss at
which my nose is in great indignation.
Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster?
If I should take a displeasure against you,
look you—
Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.
Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour
still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee
Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore
speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.
Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the
pool I
Ste. There is not only disgrace and
honour in that, monster, but an infinite
Trin. That's more to me than my
ting; yet this is your harmless fa-
monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though
o'er ears for my labour.
Cal. Prithce, my king, be quiet.
thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noise
enter.
Do that good mischief which may
this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
thy foot-licker.
Give me thy hand. I do be-
body thoughts.
O King Stephano! O
worthy Stephano! Look what a
here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash. 223

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano! Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this and, I'll have that gown. 227

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.
Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean

o dote thus on such luggage? Let't alone,

and do the murder first. If he awake, 231
from toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;

Take us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line; now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin. 237

Trin. Do, do. We steal by line and level, n't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't. Wilt shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon our fingers, and away with the rest. 245

Cal. I will have none on't. We shall lose our time,

and all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hog'shead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go, carry this. 251

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver! 255

Pro. Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there!
Hark, hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour 261

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou shalt have the air at freedom; for a little

Follow, and do me service.

[Exeunt.]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head;

My charms crack not, my spirits obey; and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time my lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so. When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the King and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together in the same fashion as you gave in charge

Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir, in the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;

They cannot budge till your release. The King,

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,

And the remainder mourning over them, Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him you term'd, sir, 'the good old lord Gonzalo';

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em

That if you now beheld them your affections would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall. Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply

Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury Do I take part; the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further. Go release them.

Ariel;

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.]

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him

When he comes back; you demi-puppets
that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets
make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you
whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that
rejoice
To hear the soleran curfew; by whose
aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have be-
dium'd

mand
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em
forth,
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music—which even now I
do—

Here enters ARIEL before; then ALONSO,
with a *tragic action attended by GON-
ZALO*;
manner
CRISCO.
Prospero
charm'd
speaks.

A solemn
To an un
Now useless, bod'd within thy skull! There
stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes are not so sociable to the show of
thine,

That dearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Hence both in word and deed. Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my
daughter;
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.
Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd
ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with
Sebastian—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most
strong—
Would here have kill'd your king, I do

ARIEL, on returning, sings and helps to
attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry. ♫
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I
shall miss thee; ♫

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, amazement,
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide
us
Out of this fearful country!
Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The Duke of Milan, Prospero,
living prince
I embrace thy
any I bid

Alon. Woe er thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. Thy
pulse

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash. 223

Trin. O, bo, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano! Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown. 227

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.
Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let't alone,

And do the murder first. If he awake, 231
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;

Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line; now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin. 237

Trin. Do, do. We steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest. 245

Cal. I will have none on't. We shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this. 251

Trin. And this.
Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver I there it goes, Silver I 255

Pro. Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there!

Hark, bark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour 261

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little

Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to head;

My charms crack not, my spirits obey; and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's this day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time my lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so. When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the King and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together in the same fashion as you gave in charge. Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,

In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;

They cannot budge till your release. The King,

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,

And the remainder mourning over them, Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him you term'd, sir, 'the good old lord Gonzalo';

His tears run down his beard, like winter drops

From eaves of reeds. Your charm strongly works 'em

That if you now beheld them your affection Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall. Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relleth all as sharp

Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury Do I take part; the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further. Go release them.

Ariel;

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit]

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do f

When he comes back; you demi-puppets
that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets
make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you
whose pastime
is to make midnight mushrooms, that
rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose
ald—⁴⁰
Weak masters though ye be—I have be-
dimin'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my
daughter;
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.
Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd
ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with
Sebastian—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most
strong—
Would here have kill'd your king, I do
forgive thee.

mand

ARIEL, on returning, sings and helps to
attire him.

do—

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry. 90
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

Here enters ARIEL before; then ALONSO,
with a frantic gesture, attended by CON-

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I
shall miss thee; 95

stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the show of
thine,

amazement,

Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide
us 100
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,

Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I
saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with
which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must
crave—

As if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how
should Prospero

Be living and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour
cannot

Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gov. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let
you

Believe things certain. Welcome, my
friends all!

[Aside to Seb. and Ant.] But you, my brace
of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon
you,

And justify you traitors; at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside] The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call
brother

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault—all of them; and
require

My dukedom of thee, which perforce I
know

Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;

How thou hast met us here, whom three
hours since

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I
have lost—

How sharp the point of this remembrance
is!

My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and
patience

Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose
soft grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pro. As great to me as late; and,
supportable

To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter!

O heavens, that they were living both
Naples,

The King and Queen there! That they
were, I wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceived
these lords

At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce
think

Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoever you
have

Been justled from your senses, know I
certain

That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who
most strangely

Upon this shore, where you were wrecked,
was landed

To be the lord on't. No more yet
this;

For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Besitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir!

This cell's my court; here have I
attendants,

And subjects none abroad; pray you, look
My dukedom since you have given me
again,

I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and
MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you
should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful;

I have curs'd them without cause. [Kneels]

Alon. Now all the blessing
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new
world

That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou
wast at play?

Your eldest acquaintance cannot be three
hours;

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;

But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers. 156

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, sta-

you gods,

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came
you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well
awake,

't were to tell you. We were dead of
sleep,

And—how, we know not—all clapp'd under
hatches;

Where, but even now, with strange and
several noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling
chains,

aster

Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please

om

il-

441

'er

ian

dukedom

In a poor isle; and all of us o
When no man was his own.

Alon. [To Fer. and Mir.] Give me your
hands.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy.

Gon. Be it so. Amen! 215

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boat-
swain amazedly following.

O look! O look! Here is more of us!

on shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the
news?

Boats. The best news is that we have

leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve
you,

Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be
cheerful

And think of each thing well. [Aside to
Ari.] Come hither, spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN,
STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen
apparel.

THE TEMPEST

[A

What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ans. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men,
my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen

knave—
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows

and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her
power.

These three have robb'd me; and this
demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with

them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of dark-

ness I
acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken
butler?
Seb. He is drunk now; where had he

line?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where
should they

and this grand liquor that hath gilded
'em?
Why cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since
saw you last that, I fear me, will never
of my bones. I shall not fear fly-

ing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?
Alon. O, touch me not; I am not Steph-

o. You'd be king 'o the isle, sirrah?
Alon. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. [Pointing to Caliban] This is as
strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.
Alon. He is as disproportion'd in his

manners
his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
with you your companions; as you

look
I'll give you my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Alon. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise

hereafter,
ask for grace. What a thrice-double
ass
do take this drunkard for a god,
and worship this dull fool!

Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage
where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.
[Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.]

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness and your
train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your
rest

For this one night; which, part of it, I
waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall
make it

Go quick away—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle. And in the morning

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized,

And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious
gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [Aside to Ari.] My

Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you,
draw near.
[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my ban'd
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

20

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, father to Silvia.

VALENTINE, } the two gentlemen.
 PROTEUS, }

Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.

Outlaws, with Valentine.

JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved of Proteus.

SILVIA, the Duke's daughter, beloved of Valentine.

LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.

PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.

Servants.

Musicians.

THE SCENE: Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. Verona. An open place.

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving

Val. To be in love—where scorn is bought
 with groans.

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs, one fading
 moment's mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious
 nights;

therein,

Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
 adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply
 seest

Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters
 you;

And he that is so yoked by a fool,
 Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest
 bud

If ever danger do environ thee,
 Go

Go

H. That's a deep story of a deeper love,
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for
 love.

And yet you never sw
 Pro. Over the boots

the boots.

Val. No, I will not,
 Pro.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take
 our leave.

Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell! [Exit Valentine.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love; he leaves his friends to dignify them more: leave myself, my friends, and all for love. Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphis'd me, made me neglect my studies, lose my time, far with good counsel, set the world at nought; made wit with musing weak, heart sleek with thought. 69

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,

I I have play'd the sheep in losing him. Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, if the shepherd be awhile away. 75

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I rake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and sitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep. Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by my wit.

Pro. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore, I am no sheep. 56

Speed. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master for wages follows thee. Therefore, thou art a sheep. 99

Pro. Such another proof will make me a sheep.

Speed. But dost thou hear? Gav'st thou a pound to Julia?

Pro. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave a pound to her, a lac'd mutton; and she, a lost mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, or my labour. 96

Speed. Here's too small a pasture for such muttons.

Pro. If the ground be overcharg'd, you stick her. 99

Speed. Y, in that you are astray: 'twere a pound to you.

Pro. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall I give you for carrying your letter. 102

Speed. I mistake; I mean the pound—

Pro. From a pound to a pin? Fold it up and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [Nodding] Ay.

Pro. Nod-ay. Why, that's 'noddy'.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod; and I say 'Ay'. 111

Pro. And that set together is 'noddy'.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you. 115

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Pro. Deshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse. 120

Pro. Come, come, open the matter; in brief, what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she? 125

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a dueat for delivering your letter; and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel. 133

Pro. What said she? Nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains'. To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself; and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master. 137

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

[Exit Speed.

I must go send some better messenger. 141

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[Exit.

SCENE II. Verona. The garden of Julia's house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

JUL. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unherdfully,
 Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen That every day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
 Luc. Please you, repeat their names; I'll show my mind
 According to my shallow simple skill.
 Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
 Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine;
 But, were I you, he never should be mine.
 Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
 Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
 Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
 Luc. Lord, Lord I to see what folly reigns in us!
 Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?
 Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame
 That I unworthy body as I am, should censure thus on lovely gentlemen
 Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
 Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.
 Jul. Your reason?
 Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
 I think him so, because I think him so.
 Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
 Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away,
 Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.
 Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
 Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
 Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all,
 They do not love that do not show their love.
 Jul. O, they love least that let men know their love.
 Luc. How would I knew his mind.
 Jul. Peruse this paper, madam.
 Luc. To Julia?—Say, from whom?
 Jul. That the contents will show.
 Luc. Ay, say, who gave it thee?
 Jul. Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
 Luc. Have given it you; but I, being the way,
 Jul. My name receive it; pardon the
 Luc. It, I pray,
 Jul. Ay, by my modesty, a goodly
 Luc. I

Dare you presume to harbour wanton
 To whisper and conspire against my you
 Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
 And you an officer fit for the place.
 There, take the paper; see it be return'd
 Or else return no more into my sight,
 Luc. To plead for love deserves more than hate.
 Jul. Will ye be gone?
 Luc. That you may ruminat. [Exit
 Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
 It were a shame to call her back again,
 And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
 What fool is she, that knows I am a maid
 And would not force the letter to my view!
 Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that
 Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay'.
 Fie, fie, bow wayward is this foolish love,
 That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
 And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
 How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
 When willingly I would have had her here!
 How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile
 My penance is to call Lucetta back
 And ask remission for my folly past,
 What ho! Lucetta!
 Re-enter LUCETTA.
 Luc. What would your ladyship?
 Jul. Is 't near dinner time?
 Luc. I would it were, that you might kill your stomach on your meat
 And not upon your mail.
 Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?
 Luc. Nothing.
 Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?
 Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
 Jul. And is that paper nothing?
 Luc. Nothing concerning me.
 Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
 Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
 Unless it have a false interpreter.
 Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
 Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
 Give me a note; your ladyship can set.
 Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
 Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' Love'.
 Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
 Jul. Heavy I belike it hath some burden then.
 Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you ?
 Luc. I cannot reach so high.
 Jul. Let's see your song. [*Lucetta withholds the letter*] How now, minion !
 Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out. 89
 And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
 Jul. You do not !
 Luc. No, madam ; 'tis too sharp.
 Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
 Luc. Nay, now you are too flat
 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant ; 94
 There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
 Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
 Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
 Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
 Here is a coil with protestation ! 99
 [*Tears the letter.*]
 Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lie. You would be fing'ring them, to anger me.
 Luc. She makes it strange ; but she would be best pleas'd
 To be so ang'r'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]
 Jul. Nay, would I were so ang'r'd with the same ! 104
 O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !
 Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
 And kill the bees that yield it with your stings !
 I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
 Look, here is writ 'kind Julia'. Unkind Julia,
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
 And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus'. Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ; 115
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
 Till I have found each letter in the letter—
 Except mine own name ; that some whirlwind bear 120
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea.
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ :
 'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
 To the sweet Julia'. That I'll tear away ;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily 126
 He couples it to his complaining names.
 Thus will I fold them one upon another ;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
 Jul. Well, let us go.
 Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?
 Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
 Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down ;
 Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.
 Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
 Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ; 131
 I see things too, although you judge I will not.
 Jul. Come, come ; will't please you go ?
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Verona. Antonio's house.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad tale was that
 Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?
 Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
 Ant. Why, what of him ?
 Pan. He wond'ring that your lordship would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
 While other men, of slender reputation,
 Put forth their sons to seek preferment
 Some to the wars, to try their fortune there ;
 Some to discover islands far away ;
 Some to the studious universities.
 For any, or for all these exercises,
 He said that Proteus, your son, was meet
 And did request me to importune you
 To let him spend his time no more at home
 Which would be great impeachment to his age,
 In having known no travel in his youth.
 Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
 Whereon this month I have been hammering.
 I have consider'd well his loss of time,
 And how he cannot be a perfect man,
 Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.
 Experience is by industry achiev'd,
 And perfected by the swift course of time.
 Then tell me whither were I best to send him.
 Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
 How his companion, youthful Valentine,
 Attends the Emperor in his royal court.
 Ant. I know it well.
 Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither :
 There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
 Hear sweet discourse, converse with noble men,
 And be in eye of every exercise

Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd;

And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make known:

Pro. With the speediest expedition

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Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, so

Lest he should take exceptions to my love;

And with the message of mine own devise

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Proteus go,

Enter PROTEUS.

And—in good time!—now will we break with him,

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life! Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

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Re-enter PANTHUINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;

He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto;

And yet a thousand times it answers 'No'.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT TWO

SCENE I. Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine: my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then, this may be yours; for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see; ay, give it me, it's mine;

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah, Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. [*Calling*] Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward. *Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to

wreath your arms like a malcontent; to

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when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money. And now you are metamorphis'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, can hardly think you my master. 28

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? They cannot. 31

Speed. Without you! Nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would; but you are so without these follies that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urnal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady. 36

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? Even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not. 40

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough. 45

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count. 51

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty. 55

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful. 60

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungarther'd! 65

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose. 69

Val. Well, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes. 71

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swing'd me for my love; which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.

Enter SILVIA.

Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [Aside] O excellent motion! exceeding puppet! Now will he interpose to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. [Aside] O, give ye good ev'n! Here's a millon of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [Aside] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter

unto the secret nameless friend of yours which I was much unwilling to proceed in. But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant, 'Tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it can hardly off;

for, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of it, much palus?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,

please you command, a thousand times as much;

and yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;

and yet I will not name it—and yet I cannot.

And yet take this again—and yet I than you—

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [Aside] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet'!

Val. What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;

but, since unwillingly, take them again. Nay, take them. [Gives back the letter.]

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;

but I will none of them; they are for you. I would have had them writ more warily.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;

And if it please you, so: if not, why, so. 120

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.

And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit Silvia]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her sutor,

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself; why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me. 140

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

SCENE II. Verona. Julia's house.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. [Giving a ring.]

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange. Here, take you this. 6

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy:

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come. 20

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Verona. A street.

maid ; I am the dog ; no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—O, the dog is me, and I am myself ; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father : ' Father, your blessing '. Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping ; now should I kiss my father ; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. O that she could speak now like a wood woman ! Well, I kiss her—why there ' tis ; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister ; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word ; but see how I lay the dust with my tears. 29

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away aboard ! Thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter ? Why weep'st thou, man ? Away, ass ! You'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer. 33

Laun. It is no matter if the tied were lost ; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied. 35

Pan. What's the unkindest tide ?

Laun. Why, lie that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service—Why dost thou stop my mouth ? 41

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue ?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail ! 45

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied ! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears ; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man ; I was sent to call thee. 50

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go ?

Laun. Well, I will go. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant !

Val. Mistress ?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you. 5

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him. [Exit.]

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not ? 10

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeit.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not ?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary ?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly ?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How ?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio ! Do you change colour ?

Val. Give him leave, madam ; he is kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir ; you always ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam ; we thank giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant ?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady ; for you give the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir ; you have exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers ; for they appear by their bare liveries that they by your bare words.

Enter DUKE.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more. Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father is in good health. What say you to a letter from your friend ? Of much good news ?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful to any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman ?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know him gentleman

To be of worth and worthy estimation And not without desert so well reputed

Duke. Hath he not a son ?

Val. Ay, my good lord ; a son that deserves

The honour and regard of such a father

Duke. You know him well ?

Val. I knew him as myself ; for from infancy

We have convers'd and spent our hours together ;

And though myself have been an idle
truant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like per-
fection,

ripe;

this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an empress' counsellor

awhile.

I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had
been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to
his worth—

Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir
Thurio;

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.
I will send him hither to you presently.

(Exit Duke)
Val. This is the gentleman I told your
ladyship

Had come along with me but that his
mistress

Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal
looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfran-
chis'd them

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them
prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and,
being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair
of eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye
at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as
yourself;

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes
the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress,
I beseech you

Confirm his welcome with some special
favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome
hither,

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear
from.

Val. Mistress, it is; sweet lady, entertain
him

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a
servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a
servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability;

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his
need.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless
mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but
yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless,

Re-enter THURIO.

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would
speak with you

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir
Thurio,

Go with me. Once more, new servant,
welcome.

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done we look to hear from
you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your lady-
ship. [Exit Silvia and Thurio.]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from
whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them
much commended.

you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd
now;

I have done penance for contemning
Love.

Whose high imperious thoughts have
punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

And made them watchers of mine own
heart's sorrow.

O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me as I confess

There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.

Now no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye. 139

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises!

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills, 145

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,

Yet let her be a principality,

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any; 150

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour— 154

To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss

And, of so great a favour growing proud, Disdain to root the summer-swelling flow'r

And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this? 160

Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can is nothing

To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;

She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world! Why, man, she is mine own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel 165

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,

Because thou seest me dote upon my love.

My foolish rival, that her father likes 170

Only for his possessions are so huge,

Is gone with her along; and I must after,

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage-hour, 175

With all the cunning manner of our flight, Determin'd of—how I must climb her window, 177

The ladder made of cords, and all the means

Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,

In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire forth;

I must unto the road to disembark Some necessaries that I needs must use

And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [Exit Valentine]

Even as one heat another heat expels

Or as one nail by strength drives out other,

So the remembrance of my former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Is it my mind, or Valentinus' praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,

That makes me reasonless to reason thus

She is fair; and so is Julia that I love

That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd

Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire

Bears no impression of the thing it was

Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,

And that I love him not as I was wont.

O! but I love his lady too too much,

And that's the reason I love him so little

How shall I dote on her with more advantage

That thus without advice begin to love her

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,

And that hath dazzled my reason's light

But when I look on her perfections,

There is no reason but I shall be blind.

If I can check my erring love, I will;

If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [E

SCENE V. Milan. A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally.

Speed. Launce! by mine honest welcome to Padua.

Launc. Forswear not thyself, sweet you for I am not welcome. I reckon this always

that a man is never undone till he hang'd,

nor never welcome to a place some certain shot be paid, and the host

say 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap; I'll to alehouse with you presently; where,

one shot of five pence, thou shalt have thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how

thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launc. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launc. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launc. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launc. No, they are both as whole as fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launc. Marry, thus: when it stands with him, it stands well with her.

sta
ca

I'll but lean, and my staff understands me. | love.
Speed, It stands under thee, indeed. 27 | Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose;

Speed, I tell thee my master is become a | daughter;
hot lover. | But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly

Speed, Why? | As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift. [Exit.]

Laun. Because thou hast not so much | SCENE VII. Verona. Julia's house.
charity in thee as to go to the ale with a | Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.
Christian. Wilt thou go? 49 | Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist
Speed. At thy service. [Exeunt.] | me;

SCENE VI. Milan. The Duke's palace. | A journey to my loving Proteus. 7
Enter PROTEUS. | Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I | Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
sworn; | To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn | Much less shall she that hath Love's wings
To wrong my friend, I shall be | to fly, 11

And ev'n that pow'r which gave me first | And when the flight is made to one so dear,
my oath | Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Provokes me to this threefold perjury: 5 | Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me |

forswear. |
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd, |
Teath me, thy tempted subject, to excuse |
it! |

You wouldst as soon go kindle fire with
 snow
 seek to quench the fire of love with
 words.
 Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's
 hot fire.
 at qually the fire's extreme rage,
 est it should burn above the bounds of
 reason.
 Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the
 more it burns.
 he current that with gentle murmur
 glides,
 thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently
 doth rage;
 ut when his fair course is not hindered,
 e makes sweet music with th' enamell'd
 stones,
 yling a gentle kiss to every sedge
 overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
 nd so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
 hen let me go, and hinder not my course.
 ll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 nd make a pastime of each weary step,
 'll the last step have brought me to my
 love;
 nd there I'll rest as, after much turmoil,
 a blessed soul doth in Elysium.
 Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
 Jul. Not like a woman, for I would
 prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men;
 Gentle Lucretia, fit me with such weeds
 As may beseech some well-reputed page.
 Luc. Why then, your ladyship must cut
 your hair.
 Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken
 strings
 With twenty odd-concelted true-love
 knots—
 To be fantastic may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall show to be.
 Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make
 your breeches?
 Jul. That fits us well as 'Tell me, good
 my lord,
 What compass will you wear your farth-
 ingale?
 Why ev'n what fashion thou best likes,
 Lucretia.
 Luc. You must needs have them with a
 codpiece, madam.
 Jul. Oul, out, Lucretia, that will be ill-
 favour'd.
 Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not
 worth a pin,
 Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
 Jul. Lucretia, as thou lov'st me, let me
 have
 What thou think'st meet, and is most
 mannerly,
 But tell me, wench, how will the world
 repute me

For undertaking, so unsta'd a journey?
 I fear me it will make me scandall'd.
 Luc. If you think so, then stay at home
 and go not.
 Jul. Nay, that I will not.
 Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but
 go.
 If Proteus like your journey when you
 come,
 No matter who's displeas'd when you are
 gone.
 I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
 Jul. That is the least, Lucretia, of my fear.
 A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
 And instances of infinite of love,
 Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
 Luc. All these are servants to deceitful
 men.
 Jul. Base men that use them to so base
 effect!
 But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth,
 His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
 His tears pure messengers sent from his
 heart,
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from
 earth.
 Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you
 come to him.
 Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him no
 that wrong
 To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
 Only deserve my love by loving him.
 And presently go with me to my chamber
 To take a note of what I stand in need of
 To furnish me upon my longing journey.
 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my lands, my reputation;
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
 Come, answer not, but to it presently;
 I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exit]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, THURLO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurlo, give us leave, I pray
 awhile;

We have some secrets to confer about.

[Exit Thurlo]

Now tell me, Proteus, what's your wish
 with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would
 discover

The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
 But, when I call to mind your gracious
 favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,
 My duty pricks me on to utter that
 Which else no worldly good should draw
 from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my
 friend,

This night intends to steal away your daughter;

Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;

you,

daughter.

A pack of sorrows which would press you down,

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care

Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.

Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him? Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish,

And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid Sir Valentine her company and my court.

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her; And, where I thought the remnant of mine

I nightly lodge her in an upper tow'r, The key whereof myself have ever kept; And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Duke. There is a lady, in Verona here, Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy, And nought esteems my aged eloquence.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor—

him. But, good my lord, do it so cunningly That my discovery be not aimed at; For love of you, not hate unto my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her

That I had any light from thee of this.

Val. A woman sometime scorps what hath contents her

Pro. Adieu, coming

En

Duke. Sir V. last?

Val. Please messen!

That stays to hear my request to my messen;

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;

And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but signify My health and happy being at your court.

Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no
man,
with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her
friends 106

to a youthful gentleman of worth ;
and kept severely from resort of men,
that no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by
night. 110

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and
keys kept safe,

that no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her
window ?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the
ground,

and built so shelving that one cannot
climb it 115

without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder, quaintly made
of cords,

to cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
would serve to scale another Hero's tow'r,
so bold Leander would adventure it. 120

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of
blood,

advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it ? Pray, sir,
tell me that.

Duke. This very night ; for Love is like a
child,

that longs for everything that he can come
by. 125

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a
ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee ; I will go to her
alone ;

how shall I best convey the ladder thither ?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you
may bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length. 130

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve
the turn ?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak.
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn,
my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a
cloak ? 135

Val. pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

What letter is this same ? What's here ?
'To Silvia !'

And here an engine fit for my proceeding !
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[Reads.]

'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia
nightly, 140

And slaves they are to me, that send
them flying.

O, could their master come and go as
lightly,

Himself would lodge where, senseless,
they are lying !

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom
rest them,

While I, their king, that thither then
importune, 145

Do curse the grace that with such grace
hath blest them,

Because myself do want my servants
fortune.

I curse myself, for they are sent by me
That they should harbour where their
lord should be.'

What's here ? 150

'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.
'Tis so ; and here's the ladder for thy
purpose.

Why, Phaedon—for thou art Merops
son—

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly
car,

And with thy darling folly burn the world ?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on
thee ? 155

Go, base intruder, over-weening slave,
Bestow thy sawning smiles on equal
mates ;

And think my patience, more than thy
desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence. 160

Thank me for this more than for all thy
favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on
thee.

But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal
court, 165

By heaven ! my wrath shall far exceed thy
love

I ever bore my daughter or thyself.

Be gone ; I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed
from hence. [Exit Duke]

Val. And why not death rather than
living torment ? 170

To die is to be banish'd from myself,
And Silvia is myself ; banish'd from her
is self from self, a deadly banishment.

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ? 175

Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale ;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon. 180

She is my essence, and I leave to be
If I be not by her fair influence

Foster'd, bluntn'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom : 185

Tarry I here, I but attend on death ;
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lau. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike? 200

Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Lau. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing. I pray you—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. Here if thou stay thou canst not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that, 245

And manage it against despairing thoughts. Thy letters may be here, though thou art

So mine,

Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.

And see I meet with thee yonder gate; 251

my boy, 257
Bid him make haste and meet me at the Northgate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come,

up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, 230
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire—

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! What news with your mastership?

run. With my master's ship? Why, it is
2.
ped. Well, your old vice still: mistake
word. What news, then, in your
er? 250
run. The black'st news that ever thou
d'st.
ped. Why, man? how black?
run. Why, as black as ink.
ped. Let me read them.
run. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst
read. 255
ped. Thou liest; I can.
run. I will try thee. Tell me this: Who
of thee?
ped. Marry, the son of my grandfather.
run. O illiterate loiterer. It was the son
of grandmother. This proves that thou
it not read. 260
ped. Come, fool, come; try me in thy
er.
run. [Handing over the paper] There;
Saint Nicholas be thy speed.
ped. [Reads] 'Inprimis: She can milk.'
run. Ay, that she can.
ped. 'Item: She brews good ale.' 265
run. And thereof comes the proverb:
using of your heart, you brew good ale.
ped. 'Item: She can sew.'
run. That's as much as to say 'Can she
'
ped. 'Item: She can knit.' 300
run. What need a man care for a stock
h a wench, when she can knit him a
k.
ped. 'Item: She can wash and scour.'
run. A special virtue; for then she'd
not be wash'd and scour'd. 305
ped. 'Item: She can spin.'
run. Then may I set the world on
heels, when she can spin for her living.
ped. 'Item: She hath many nameless
tues.' 309
run. That's as much as to say 'bastard
tues'; that indeed know not their
hers, and therefore have no names. 312
ped. 'Here follow her vices.'
run. Close at the heels of her virtues.
ped. 'Item: She is not to be kiss'd
ting, in respect of her breath.' 316
run. Well, that fault may be mended
h a breakfast. Read on.
ped. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'
run. That makes amends for her sour
teth. 320
ped. 'Item: She doth talk in her
ep.'
run. It's no matter for that, so she
ep not in her talk. 323
ped. 'Item: She is slow in words.'
run. O villain, that set this down
long her vices! To be slow in words is a
man's only virtue. I pray thee, out
th't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. 'Item: She is proud.'
Lain. Out with that too; it was Eve's
legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her. 330
Speed. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'
Lain. I care not for that neither, because
I love crusts.
Speed. 'Item: She is curst.'
Lain. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth
to bite. 335
Speed. 'Item: She will often praise her
liquor.'
Lain. If her liquor be good, she shall;
if she will not, I will; for good things
should be praised.
Speed. 'Item: She is too liberal.' 339
Lain. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's
writ down she is slow of; of her purse she
shall not, for that I'll keep shut. Now of
another thing she may, and that cannot I
help. Well, proceed. 343
Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than
wit, and more faults than hairs, and more
wealth than faults.' 345
Lain. Stop there; I'll have her; she
was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in
that last article. Rehearse that once more.
Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than
wit'— 349
Lain. More hair than wit. It may be;
I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the
salt, and therefore it is more than the salt;
the hair that covers the wit is more than
the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's
next? 353
Speed. 'And more faults than hairs'—
Lain. That's monstrous. O that that
were out! 355
Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'
Lain. Why, that word makes the faults
gracious. Well, I'll have her; an if it be a
match, as nothing is impossible—
Speed. What then? 360
Lain. Why, then will I tell thee—that
thy master stays for thee at the Northgate.
Speed. For me?
Lain. For thee! ay, who art thou? He
hath stay'd for a better man than thee.
Speed. And must I go to him? 366
Lain. Thou must run to him, for thou
hast stay'd so long that going will scarce
serve the turn. 368
Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner?
Pox of your love letters! [Exit.]
Lain. Now will he be swing'd for reading
my letter. An unmannerly slave that will
thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to
rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Milan. The Duke's palace.
Enter DUKE and THURIO.
DUKE. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she
will love you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your country-
man,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going
grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that
grief.

much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine. 33
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in
this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary
And cannot soon revolt and change your
mind. 39

desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your
Grace
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly
would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and
daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not
ignorant 35
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine
was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres
so.

you—
Where you may temper her by your
persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my
friend. 39

rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable
vows. 70
Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her
beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your

with your
73
some feeling

descent—
Three things that women highly hold in
hate. 32

line
That may discover such integrity;
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets'
change

spoken

Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

Thou. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;
 Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
 Lead us into the city presently
 And sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
 Have a sonnet that will serve the turn
 To give the onset to thy good advice.
 Duke. About it, gentlemen! 95
 Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,
 And afterward determine our proceedings.
 Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [Exit.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye;

not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villanus

that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends—

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace! we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose;

but a man I am cross'd with adversity;

and my riches are these poor habiliments,

of which if you should here dishonour me, you take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,

if crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,

Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

1 Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 Out. Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth thrust from the company of awful men;

Myself was from Verona banish'd

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the Duke.

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman

Who, in my mood, I stab'd into the heart.

1 Out. And I for such-like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose—for we cite our faults that they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;

And, partly, seeing you are beautified with goodly shape, and by your own report

A hugulst, and a man of such perfection

As we do in our quality much want—

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man.

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.

Are you content to be our general—

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live as we do in this wilderness?

3 Out. What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?

Say 'ay' and be the captain of us all.

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy thou dost.

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women or poor passengers.

3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews,

And show thee all the treasure we have got.

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy disposal.

SCENE II. Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's window.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,

hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love

The more it grows and fawneth on her still.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,

And give some evening music to her ear.

Thur. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thur. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thur. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia—for your sake.

Thur. I thank you for your own gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter at a distance, Host, and J boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest, you're allycholly; I pray you, why

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness;

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling.

To her let us garlands bring.

Are you sadder than you

do you, man? The

the musician likes me

not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

But, Host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk of,

parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead

[Exit Thurio and Musicians.

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good ev'n to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

He would quickly learn to know him by
his voice. 85

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your
servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even
this.

That presently you hie you home to bed. 90
You are untruthful, perjur'd, false, disloyal man,
but that thou art so shallow, so con-
fessless,

So he reduced by thy flattery 91

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

Or me, by this pale queen of night I swear,

Am so far from granting thy request

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,

And by and by intend to chide myself

Even for this time I spend in talking to

thee. 100

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a

lady;

But she is dead.

Jud. [Aside] 'Twere false, if I should

speak it;

Or I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy

friend,

Involved, to whom, thyself art witness, 105

Am betray'd; and art thou not ashamed

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is

dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave

I assure myself my love is buried. 110

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the

earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers

thence;

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jud. [Aside] He heard not that. 114

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Touchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your

chamber;

So that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;

For, since the substance of your perfect self

is else devoted, I am but a shadow; 120

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jud. [Aside] If 'twere a substance, you

would, sure, deceive it

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;

But since your falsehood shall become you

well 125

To worship shadows and adore false images,

Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it;

And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night

That wait for execution in the morn.

[Exeunt Proteus and Silvia.]

Jud. Host, will you go? 130

Host. By my halldom, I was fast asleep

Jud. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I

think 'tis almost day.

Jud. Not so; but it hath been the longest

night 135

That e'er I watch'd, and the most heavies

[Exeunt]

SCENE III. Under Silvia's window.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia

Entreated me to call and know her mind

'There's some great matter she'd employ me

in.

Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend

One that attends your ladyship's command

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good

morrow!

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself

According to your ladyship's impose,

I am thus early come to know what service

It is your pleasure to command me in. 140

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—

Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—

Vallant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd

Thou art not ignorant what dear good will

I bear unto the handsh'd Valentine; 145

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Valentinus, whom my very soul abhors.

Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say

No grief did ever come so near thy heart

As when thy lady and thy true love died, 150

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pur-

chastly.

Sil. Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.

Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,

But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,

And on the justice of my flying hence

To keep me from a most unholy match,

Which heaven and fortune still reward 155

with plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart

As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,

To bear me company and go with me;

If not, to hide what I have said to thee, 160

That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievous

grief;

Which since I know they virtuously are

plac'd,

I give consent to go along with you,

Reckling as little what hettleth me

As much I wish all good befortune you.

When will you go?

Sil.	This evening coming.	And will employ thee in some service presently.
Egl.	Where shall I meet you?	Jul. In what you please; I'll do what I can.
Sil.	At Friar Patrick's cell,	Pro. I hope thou wilt. [To Launce] How now, you whoreson peasant!
	"	Where have you been these two days loitering?
	"	Laun. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.
	"	Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

SCENE IV. Under Silvia's window.

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I	me	39
	Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was	

goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs.	thee.	
--	-------	--

the	her token.	70
-----	------------	----

Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?	love	
---	------	--

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA in boy's clothes

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,

This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber, 81
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit Proteus.]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me? 90

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger, 95

To plead for that which I would not obtain,

To carry that which I would have refus'd,
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master

Unless I prove false traitor to myself. 101

Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you be my mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia. 105

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam. 110

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go, give your master this. Tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget, 115

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not. This is the letter to your ladyship. 120

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines.

I know they are stuff'd with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break 126

As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure. 131

Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou? 135

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.

Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself.

To think upon her woes, I do protest 140
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is. 145

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I. 152

Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd, 155

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,

And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,

As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.

And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part. 162

Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;

Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.

Alas, poor lady, desolate and left i 170
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell.

[Exit Silvia with attendants.]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er
you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so
much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture; let me see. I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd perwig,
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are
mine;

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as
high.

What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respect in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded
god?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow
up.

For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and
ador'd!

And were there sense in his idolatry
My substance should be statue in thy
stead.

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing
eyes.

To make my master out of love with thee.
[Exit.]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Milan. An abbey

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western
sky,
Now it is about the very hour
at Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should
meet me.
Will not fail, for lovers break not hours
less it be to come before their time,
much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

Where she comes. Lady, a happy
evening!
Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
at the postern by the abbey wall;
I am attended by some spies.
Fear not. The forest is not three
leagues off;
discover that, we are sure enough.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Milan. The Duke's palace

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA
Sebastian.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to
suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she
And yet she takes exceptions at your
son.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No! that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it some
what rounder.

Jul. [Aside] But love will not be spur'd
to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then, the wanton lies; my
face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old
saying is;

Black men are pearls in beautiful ladies'
eyes.

Jul. [Aside] 'Tis true, such pearls as put
nut ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well when I discourse of love
and peace?

Jul. [Aside] But better, indeed, when you
hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [Aside] She needs not, when she
knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [Aside] True; from a gentleman to
a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [Aside] That such an ass should owe
them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now,
Thurio!

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke.

Pro. Saw you my daughter?

Duke. Why then, Neither.

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true, for Friar Lawrence met them
both
As he in penance wander'd through the
forest;

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

[Act

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
 But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it ;
 Besides, she did intend confession 41
 At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not.
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence ;
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently, and meet with me 45
 Upon the rising of the mountain foot
 That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[Exit.]
 Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl
 That flies her fortune when it follows her.
 I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.]
 Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love

Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.
 [Exit.]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love 55
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.
 [Exit.]

SCENE III. The frontiers of Mantua.
 The forest.

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.

1 Out. Come, come,
 Be patient ; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away. 5

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her ?

2 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,

But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
 Go thou with her to the west end of the wood ;

There is our captain ; we'll follow him that's fled. 10

The thicket is beset ; he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave ;

Fear not ; he bears an honourable mind,
 And will not use a woman lawlessly. 14

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee !
 [Exit out.]

SCENE IV. Another part of the forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man !

This shadowy desert, unfrequented wood
 I better brook than flourishing people's towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining note
 Tune my distresses and record my woes.
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
 And leave no memory of what it was !
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

What halloing and what stir is this to-day
 These are my mates, that make their will their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
 They love me well ; yet I have much to do
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, Valentine. Who's that comes here ? [Steps aside]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA as Sebastian.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,

Though you respect not aught your servants doth,

To hazard life, and rescue you from him
 That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one favour to look ;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. [Aside] How like a dream is this to see and hear !

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile
 Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere you came ;

But by my coming I have made you happy
 Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [Aside] And me, when he approaches to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast
 Rather than have false Proteus rescue me
 O, heaven be judge how I love Valentine
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul is
 And full as much, for more there cannot be
 I do detest false, perjur'd Proteus.
 Therefore be gone ; solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it near to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look ?
 O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved
 When women cannot love where they are lov'd !

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he is lov'd !

which,

is is the

ve mis-

have none

Than plural faith, which is too much by
one.

Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving
words

took;

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy
oaths,

Pro. I'll force thee

Val. Ruffian! let go
touch;

Thou friend of an ill fas

Pro.

Val. Thou common friend, that's without
faith or love—
For such is a friend now; treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but
mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not
say
I have one friend alive: thou
disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when on
right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus
I am sorry I must never trust thee
But count the world a stranger for thy sake,
The private wound is deepest. O time
most accurst!

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the
worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are
pleas'd;

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's ap-
peas'd.
And, that my love may appear plain and
free,

their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O
heaven, were man
But constant, be were perfect! That one
error
Fills him with faults; makes him run

foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my
wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and
THURLO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say: it is my
lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banish'd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thur. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurlo, give back, or else embrace
thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine: if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands
Take her possession of her with a such.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

[Ac

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
 To make such means for her as thou hast done
 And leave her on such slight conditions.
 Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
 I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
 And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
 Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
 Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
 Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
 To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
 Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
 Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd
 her
 Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath
 made me happy.
 I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
 Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er
 it be.
 Val. These banish'd men, that I have
 kept withal,
 Are men endr'd with worthy qualities;
 Forgive them what they have committed
 here,
 and let them be recall'd from their exile:

They are reformed, civil, full of good,
 And fit for great employment, worthy to
 Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon
 them and thee;
 Dispose of them as thou know'st thine
 deserts.
 Come, let us go; we will include all jars
 With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnities.
 Val. And, as we walk along, I dare I
 bold
 With our discourse to make your Grace
 smile.
 What think you of this page, my lord?
 Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him
 he blushes.
 Val. I warrant you, my lord—more grace
 than boy.
 Duke. What mean you by that saying?
 Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass
 along.
 That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
 Come, Proteus, 'tis your penance but to
 hear,
 The story of your loves discovered.
 That done, our day of marriage shall be
 yours;
 One feast, one house, one mutual happiness!
 [Exeunt.]

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 136
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 Come, Proteus, 'tis your penance but to
 hear, 170
 The story of your loves discovered.
 That done, our day of marriage shall be
 yours ;
 One feast, one house, one mutual happiness!
 [Exeunt.]

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, a young gentleman.
SHALLOW, a country justice.
SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.
FORD, } gentlemen of Windsor.
PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, } followers of Falstaff.
PISTOL, }
NYM, }

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, servant to Slender.
REGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

THE SCENE: Windsor, and the neighbourhood.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. Windsor. Before Page's house.

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER and
SIR HUGH EVANS.

of the church, and will be glad to do my
benevolence, to make atonements and com-
promises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a
riot.

lorum.

Slender, Ay, and Ratolorum too; and a
gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes
himself 'Armigero' in any bill, warrant,
quittance, or obligation—'Armigero'.

sword and end it; and there is also an-
other device in my prain, which perad-
venture prings goot discretions with it.
There is Anne Page, which is daughter to
Master Georg: Page, which is pretty

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise
 liar as I do despise one that is false; or
 I despise one that is not true. The
 night Sir John is there; and, I beseech
 you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will
 eat the door for Master Page. [Knocks]
 What, ho! Got pless your house here!
 Page. [Within] Who's there? 65

Enter PAGE.

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your
 friend, and Justice Shallow; and here
 young Master Slender, that peradventures
 shall tell you another tale, if matters grow
 to your likings. 69

Page. I am glad to see your worships well.
 Thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.
 Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you;
 such good do it your good heart! I wish'd
 our venison better; it was ill kill'd. How
 doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank
 you always with my heart, la! with my
 heart. 75

Page. Sir, I thank you.
 Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no,
 do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master
 Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound,
 sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir. 81

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not con-
 fess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault;
 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir. 85

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog.
 Can there be more said? He is good, and
 fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I
 could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought
 to speak. 90

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not re-
 dressed; is not that so, Master Page? He
 hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; at a
 word, he hath, believe me; Robert Shallow,
 esquire, saith he is wronged. 96

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH,
 NYM and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll com-
 plain of me to the King? 99

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men,
 kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's
 daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight: I have
 done all this. That is now answer'd. 105

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were
 known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage! Slender,
 I broke your head; what matter have you
 against me? 111

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my
 head against you; and against your cony-
 catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and
 Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and
 made me drunk, and afterward pick'd my
 pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese! 115

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephistophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca; slice!
 That's my humour. 120

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? Can you
 tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us
 understand. There is three umpires in this
 matter, as I understand: that is, Master
 Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is
 myself, fidelicet myself; and the three
 party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the
 Garter. 127

Page. We three to hear it and end it
 between them.

Evans. Fery goot. I will make a prief of
 it in my note-book; and we will afterwards
 work upon the cause with as great discreetly
 as we can. 131

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! What
 phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? Why,
 it is affectations. 135

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's
 purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he—or I
 would I might never come in mine own
 great chamber again else!—of seven groats
 in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-
 boards that cost me two shilling and two
 pence apiece of Yead Miller, by these
 gloves. 141

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No, it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir
 John, and master mine, 145

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.

Word of denial in thy labras here!

Word of denial! Froth and scum, thou
 liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he. 149

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good
 humours; I will say 'marry trap' with
 you, if you run the nuthook's humour on
 me; that is the very note of it. 152

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face
 had it; for though I cannot remember
 what I did when you made me drunk, yet
 I am not altogether an ass. 155

but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk. Let us command to know that of your

MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE, *her own desires towards her.* 217
following. *Shal.* That you must. Will you, upon

Enter SHALLOW

save the fall is in the ord' 'discolutely'; the

you? *Shal.* *Book of Riddles!* Why, did you not 218

lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry,

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne. Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne! 219

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my your worships' company. wait on him, fair Mistress

pleased will I I will not be grace. 220

[Exit SHALLOW and EANS.]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir? 221

Shal. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; 222

you. 223

Sir. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shall

Sir. I pray you pardon me; he's e my

reason. *Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

Sir. So I do, sir. 224

EANS. Give ear to his motions; Master

Sender. I will description the matter

yes, if you be capacity of it.

Sir. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shall

Sir. I pray you pardon me; he's

man, go walk upon my cousin Shallow. [Exit Simple] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead. But what though? Yet I live like a poor gentleman horn. 251

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit till you come. Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did. 255

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in. Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruis'd my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence—three veney's for a dish of stew'd prunes—and, I with my ward defending my head, he hot my shin, and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? Be there bears I th' town? 262

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as my man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir. 267

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it that it pass'd; but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things. 272

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir. 275

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! Come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first. 280

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir. 284

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong indeed, sir! [Exit.]

SCENE II. Before Page's house.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Calus' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir,

Evans. Nay, it is better yet. Give her this

letter; for it is a man that altogether acquainted with Mistress Anne Page and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you be gone, I will make an end of my dinner; there's pipkins and cheese to come. [Exit.]

SCENE III. The Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter I
Host. What says my bully rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor—Cesar, Kelsey and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [To Bardolph] Let me see thee froth and lather I am at a word; follow. [Exit Host]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; mellen.

Hard. It is a life that I have desir'd; will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! Wilt thou the spigot wield? [Exit Bardolph]

Nym. He was gotten in drink. Is not thy humour cancelled?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of thy tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his stealing was like an unskillful slinger—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. 'Convey' the wise it call. 'Steal' fool! A fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kilbes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must convey; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quilps now, Pistol. Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about the self. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer o'

st. With wit or steel?
 Nym. With both the humours, I. 99
 I'll discuss the humour of this love to

humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the
 rule of her husband's purse; he hath a
 legion of angels. 45

be.
 hu
 and here another to Page's wife, who even

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
 How Falstaff, varlet vile,
 His dove will prove, his gold will
 hold,

And his soft couch defile. 95
 Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will
 Incense Page to deal with poison; I will

SCENE IV. Doctor Caius's house.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE and
 RUGBY.

take the humour-letter; I will

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head 85
 which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.
 Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in
 here, good young man; go into this closet.
 [Shuts Simple in the closet] He will not

stay long. What, John Rugby! John!
 what John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for
 my master; I doubt he be not well that he
 comes not home. [Singing]

And down, down, adown-a, etc. 38

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like
 des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in
 my closet un boitier vert—a box, a green-a
 box. Do intend vat I speak? A green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.
 [Aside] I am glad he went not in liimself;
 if he had found the young man, he would
 have been horn-mad. 44

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort
 chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour—la grande
 affaire. 46

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket:
 dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave,
 Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John! 50
 Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are
 Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier,
 and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch. 51

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's
 me! Qu'al j' oublé? Dere is some simples
 in my closet dat I vill not for the varid I
 shall leave behind.

Quick. Ay me, he'll find the young man
 there, and be mad! 60

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my
 closet? Villainy! larron! [Pulling Simple
 out] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content. 63

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in
 my closet? Dere is no honest man dat
 shall come in my closet. 67

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phleg-
 matic; hear the truth of it. He came of an
 errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell? 70

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a
 your tale. 73

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman,
 your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress
 Anne Page for my master, in the way of
 marriage. 76

Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I'll
 ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby,
 baillez me some paper. Tarry you a little-
 a while. [Writes.]

Quick. [Aside to Simple] I am glad he is
 so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved,
 you should have heard him so loud and so

melancholy. But notwithstanding, man,
 I'll do you your master what good I can;
 and the very yea and the no is, the French
 doctor, my master—I may call him my
 master, look you, for I keep his house; and
 I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress
 meat and drink, make the beds, and do all
 myself— 88

Sim. [Aside to Quickly] 'Tis a great charge
 to come under one body's hand. 90

Quick. [Aside to Simple] Are you avis'd
 o' that? You shall find it a great charge;
 and to be up early and down late; but
 notwithstanding—to tell you in your ear,
 I would have no words of it—my master
 himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page;
 but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's
 mind—that's neitler here nor there. 96

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a this letter
 to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge; I
 will cut his troat in de park; and I will
 teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle
 or make. You may be gone; it is not good
 you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his
 two stones; by gar, he shall not have a
 stone to throw at his dog. [Exit Simple.]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat. Do not
 you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page
 for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack
 priest; and I have appointed mine host of
 de Jarter to measure our weapon. By gar,
 I will myself have Anne Page. 108

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all
 shall be well. We must give folks leave to
 prate. What the good-year! 110

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with
 me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I
 shall turn your head out of my door.
 Follow my heels, Rugby. 113

[Exeunt Caius and Rugby.]

Quick. You shall have—An fool's-head of
 your own. No, I know Anne's mind for
 that; never a woman in Windsor knows
 more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do
 more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near
 the house, I pray you. 120

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost
 thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your
 good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? How does pretty
 Mistress Anne? 124

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty,
 and honest, and gentle; and one that is
 your friend, I can tell you that by the way;
 I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou?
 Shall I not lose my suit? 129

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands

above; but notwithstanding, Master Fen-pany! What should I say to him? I was

allicholy and musing; but
go to.

Fen. Well, I shall see h
there's money for thee;
voice in my behalf. If tho
me, commend me

Quick. Will I? I'faith, that we will; and

mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say,

Fenion) Truly, an honest gentleman; but
Anne loves him not: for I know Anne's
mind as well as another does. Out upon 't,
what have I forgot? |Exit.

ACT TWO

SCENE I. Before Page's house.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What I have I scap'd love-
letters in the holiday-time of my beauty,
and am I now a subject for them? Let me
see. |Reads.

Ask me no reason why I love you; for

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take
the honour. What is it? Dispense with
trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for
an eternal moment or so, I could be
knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? Thou liest. Sir Alice
Ford! These knights will hack; and so
thou shouldst not alter the article of thy
gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight. Here,
read, read; perceive how I might be
knighted. I shall think the worse of fat
men as long as I have an eye to make
difference of men's liking. And let be

With all his might,
For thee to fight.

JOHN FALSTAFF. 25

like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the
name of Page and Ford suffers. To thy
name comfort in this mystery of ill opinions,
thy letter; but
I protest, mine
with a thousand
blank space for
me!—and these
He will print

27, he hath not been thrice in my com- | them, out of doubt: for we cares not what

he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a glantess and lie under Mount Pellon. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. 'Boarding' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O that my husband saw this letter! It would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.
Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.

[They retire.]

Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.
Pist. Hope is a curial dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;

He loves the gallmaufry. Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Acteon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night;

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.
Away, Sir Corporal Nym.

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.

[Exit Pistol.]

Ford. [Aside] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [To Page] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours; I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long.

My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch;

'Tis true. My name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.

Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it.

Adieu. [Exit Nym.]

Page. 'The humour of it' quoth 'a! Here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian though the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow. Well.
[Mistress Page and Mistress Ford come forward.]

Page. How now, Meg!

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home; go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, Mistress Page?

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George? [Aside to Mrs. Ford] Look who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [Aside to Mrs. Page] Trust me, I thought on her; she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exit Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Mistress Quickly.]

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it; but these that more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not

Page. I look where my ranting host of the

Justice, I say.

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.
Ten and twenty, good Master
Master Page, will you go with us
are sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, Cavaliero Justice; tell
him, bully rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be
between Sir Hugh the Welsh prie
st and the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' th' Ga
rd with you.

SCENE II. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. I will retort the sum in equip-
age.

Fal. What a penny

three reprieves for you and your coach-
fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd

thou hadst it not.

But not thou share? Hadst thou
fifteen pence?

Yes, you rogue, reason. Think'st
danger my soul gratis? At a
no more about me, I am no
you. Go— a short knife and a
your manor of Pickt-hatch;
not bear a letter for me, you
to stand upon your honour!

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife. 30

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn;

as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me? 35

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir—pray, come a little nearer this ways. I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius. 41

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford you say—

Quick. Your worship says very true. I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee nobody hears—mine own people, mine own people. 46

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well; Mistress Ford, what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray. 52

Fal. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty; and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her. 70

Fal. But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven. 76

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of. Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! He's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampoid life with him, good heart. 82

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her. 84

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely I think you have charms, la! Yes, in truth. 94

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms. 96

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me? 99

Quick. That were a jest indeed! They have not so little grace, I hope—that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves. Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy. 110

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world. 117

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [Exeunt Quickly and Robin] This news distracts me. 122

Nurse. Marry, that I think be young
Petruchio.

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to
bed.

way, and leapt this
L

'ay, I'll conjure too.
I madman! passion!

Montague:

T

Too early seen unknown, and known too
late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a leath'd enemy.

Nurse. What's this? What's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learnt even now
Of one I danc'd withal.

{One calls within 'Juliet'.

Nurse. Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are
gone. {Exeunt

ACT TWO
PROLOGUE
Enter CHORUS.

And she as much in love, her means much
less

To meet her new beloved any where.

But passion lends them power, time means
to meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
{Exit.

SCENE I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's
orchard.

{He climbs the wall and leaps down
within it

Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin, Romeo!

Mer. He is wise,

Speak to my gossip Venus one fast word,
One nickname for her purblind son and
heir.

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetus lov'd the beggar-
maid!

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth
not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering
thigh.

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger
him

Ben. Would

circle
no it there

To be consort'd with the humorous night;
Blind is his love, and best befits the
dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the
mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of
fruit

As maids call medlars when they laugh
alone.

O Romeo, that she were, O that she were

found. {Exeunt.

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard

Enter ROMEO

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a
wound.

consent to you ; if any man may, you may
as soon as any. 213

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy ? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly of my soul dares not present itself ; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves ; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattl'd against me. What say you to 't, Sir John ? 225

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money ; next, give me your hand ; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir !

Fal. I say you shall. 230

Ford. Want no money, Sir John ; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook ; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment ; even as you came in to me her assistant, or go-between, parted from me ; I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven ; for at that time lie fralously rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night ; you shall know how I speed. 238

Ford. I am blent in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir ? 240

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave ! I know him not ; yet I wrong him to call him poor ; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money ; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer ; and there's my harvest-home. 245

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him. 247

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue ! I will stare him out of his wits ; I will awe him with my cudgel ; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style ; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [Exit. 255

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this ! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy ? My wife hath sent to him ; the

hour is fix'd ; the match is made. Would any man have thought this ? See the hell of having a false woman ! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at ; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, nam'd by him that does me this wrong. Terms ! names ! Amalmon sounds well. Lucifer, well ; Barbason, well ; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends. But cuckold ! Witold ! Cuckold ! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass ; he will trust his wife ; he will not be jealous ; I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises ; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be prais'd for my jealousy ! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it ; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. He, he, he ! cuckold ! cuckold ! cuckold ! [Exit. 270

SCENE III. A field near Windsor.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby !

Rug. Sir ?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack ?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul dat he is no come ; he has pray his Bible well dat he is no come ; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir ; he knew your worship would kill him if he came. 10

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack ; I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence !

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier. 15

Rug. Forbear ; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER and PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor !

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius !

Page. Now, good Master Doctor !

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir. 20

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for ?

Host. To see thee tight, to see thee foine, to see thee traverse ; to see thee here, to see thee there ; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian ? Is he

Pist. [Aside] This punk is one of Cupid's carriers;

Clap on

Give fir

Fal.

ways;

I have c

Will th

money, be now a gainer? Good body, I

thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done;

so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Wishing a blessing's draught of wine.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [Exit Bardolph.]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours—not to charge you; for I must let you

discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfec-

tion.

town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her;

followed her with a dotting observance;

given largely to many to know what she

love pursues;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what

pursues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my

mistaking the place where I

that purpose have you unfolded

ten I have told you that, I have

ll. Some say that though she

st to me, yet in other places she

man, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way. 31

Evans. Pray you give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms. [Takes out a book.]

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, Master Parson! Good-morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful. 36

Sten. [Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you! 39

Shal. What, the sword and the word! Do you study them both, Master Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day! 43

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, Master Parson. 46

Evans. Fery well; what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw. 50

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he? 54

Page. I think you know him: Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why? 59

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and he is a knave besides—a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal. 62

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Sten. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page! 65

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Master Doctor. 69

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English. 71

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verefore vlll you not meet-a me?

Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you use your patience; in good time. 75

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you, let us

not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [Aloud] I will knog your urnalns about your knave's cogscorb for missing your meetings and appointments. 82

Caius. Diab!e! Jack Rugby—mine Host de Jarteer—have I not stay for him to kill him? Have I-not; at de place I did appoint? 85

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say; Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer. 90

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say. Hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? No; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? No; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the Issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow. 102

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Sten. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page! 105

[Exemut all but Caius and Evans.]

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? Have you

make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our pralns together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvey, cogging companlon, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page by gar, he deceive me too. 113

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you follow. [Exemut.]

SCENE II. The street in Windsor.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf. 5

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

dead, my Francisco? Ha, bully! What says my Asculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? Ha! Is he dead, bully stale? Is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two tree ho him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Doctor; he is a curer of souls, and a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are old, still we are young.

Host. Pardon, Guest Justice. A word, Mounseur Mockwater.

Caius. Mock-water! Vat is dat?

Host. Mockwater, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mockwater as de Englishman. Scurvy Jack-dog priest! By gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! Vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully—but first: [Aside to the others] Master Guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

Page. [Aside] Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. [Aside] He is there. See what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about.

he speak for a Jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried game! Said I well?

ACT THREE

SCENE I. A field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMON

his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the work. Pless my soul!

Mercy on me! I have a great disposition to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon—
And a thousand vagram posties,
To shallow, etc.

Re-enter SIMON.

Sim. Yonder he is, coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—
"n prosper the right! What weapons

t. No weapons, sir. There comes my t, Master Shallow, and another gentl-

Mrs. Page. You will do it ?
 Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.
 [Exit Servants.]
 Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket, what news with you ?
 Rob. My master Sir John is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us ?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threat'ned to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I member you your cue.
 [Exit Robin] Mistress Page,

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not tell it, hiss me.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then; we'll use this wholesome humidity, this gross wat'ry snpion; we'll teach him to know turtles in jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel ?

Mrs. Ford. Now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition. Is this blessed hour !

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John !

Mrs. Ford. I cannot cog, I cannot cog, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my peak it before the best lord, I would thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John ? Alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Mrs. Ford. Let the court of France show me another. I see how thine eye would be the diamond; thou hast the right beauty of the brow that becomes a p-tire, the fire-valiant, or auy tire of an admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John; I would become nothing else, nor that other.

Mrs. Ford. By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to thou wouldst make an absolute and the firm fixture of thy foot have an excellent motion to thy semi-circled farthingale. I see thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were, a true, thy friend. Come, thou canst not.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee ? Let th persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, say thou art this and that, like a man of these lispng hawthorn-buds that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deserv'st it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [Within] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.
 [Falstaff hides himself.]

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter ? How now !

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done ? You're sham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page ?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion !

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion ?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion ? Out upon you, how am I mistook in you !

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter ?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do ? There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not

istemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page; I suffer for it. ¹⁹⁴

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience. Your wife is as honest a woman as I will find among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman. ¹⁹⁸

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife, come, Mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me. ²⁰³

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so? ²⁰⁷

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company. ²¹⁰

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart. ²¹⁵

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [Exit.]

SCENE IV. Before Page's house.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love; therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth;

And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, ⁵

I seek to heal it only by his wealth. Besides these, other bars he lays before me.

My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee but as a property. ¹⁰

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne;

Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value ¹⁵

Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir.

If opportunity and humblest suit ²⁰

Cannot attain it, why then—hark you hither. [They converse apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't; 'slid, 'tis but venturing. ²⁵

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me. I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye, Master Slender would speak a word with you. ³⁰

Anne. I come to him. [Aside] This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you. ³⁵

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle. ⁴¹

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentleman. ⁴⁵

Slen. Ay, that I will come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself. ⁵⁰

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz; I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne—

Anne. What is your will? ⁵⁵

Slen. My will! 'Od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me? ⁶⁰

Slen. Truly, for mine own part I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole!

They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father; here he comes. ⁶⁵

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender! Love him, daughter Anne—

Why, how now, what does Master Fenton here?

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [Exit.]

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir! 54

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir? 60

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir; did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love. 70

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket? 79

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket! Ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins, that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there? 84

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cram'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane; they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quak'd for fear lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I

for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook—I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck, hit to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease. Think of that—a man of my kidney. Think of that—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw. It was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half-stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that—hissing hot. Think of that, Master Brook. 108

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more. 111

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding; I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir. 117

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.] 122

Ford. Hum! ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, Master Ford. There's a hoie made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am; I will now take the lecher; he is at my house. He cannot scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halpenny purse nor into a pepper box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me—I'll be horn mad. [Exit.] 134

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. Windsor. A street.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this; or will be

is in his old limes again. He so takes on yonder with my husband ; so ralls against all married mankind ; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever ; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying ' Peer-out, peer-out ! ' that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him ? 25

Mrs. Page. Of none but him ; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket ; protests to my husband he is now here ; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here ; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page ? 32

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street end ; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone : the knight is here. 31

Mrs. Page. Why, then, you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you ! Away with him, away with him ; better shame than murder. 37

Mrs. Ford. Whence way should he go ? How should I bestow him ? Shall I put him into the basket again ?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more I' th' basket. May I not go out ere he come ? 41

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out ; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. Out what make you here ? 45

Fal. What shall I do ? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their blinding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the key-hole.

Fal. Where is it ? 49

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note. There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then. 54

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised.

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him ?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not ! There is no woman's gown big enough for him ; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muller, and a kerchief, and so escape. 60

Fal. Good hearts, devise something ; any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him ; she's as big as he is ; and there's a thrum'd hat, and her muller too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John ! Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick ; we'll cover dress you straight. Put on the gown this while. [Exit Falstaff.]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape ; he cannot abate the old woman of Brainford ; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threat'ned to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to his husband's end ; and the devil guide his end ! afterwards !

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming ?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he ; and talks of the basket too, howsoever hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that ; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again to meet him at the door with it as they do last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently ; let's go dress him like the wife of Brainford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up ; I'll bring linen for him straight. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet ! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry and yet honest to us. We do not act that often jest and laugh.

'Tis old but true : Still swine eats all that's draff. [Exit.]

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders ; your master is hard at the door ; if he bid you set it down, obey him quickly, dispatch. [Exit.]

1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2 Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not ; I had lief as bear much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again ? Set down the basket, vllal ! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a haste ! O you pand'ring rascals, there's a knot, pling, a pack, a conspiracy against me. No shall the devil be sham'd. What, wife, say ! Does some farther what ?

would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd. 195

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it. I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English? 6

Bard. Ay, s'r; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them; they have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests. They must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. 11 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Ford's house.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant? 4

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth, do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic, 9 As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. Be not as extreme in submission as in offence:

But let our plot go forward. Let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him and disgrace him for it. 16

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? To send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come! 19

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten as an old oman; methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd; he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, 25

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the Hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner. You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed elder Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age, This tale of Herne the Hunter for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak. 3

But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device— That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us Disguis'd, like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,

And in this shape. When you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus: 4

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son And three or four more of their growth

we'll dress Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden

As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met, 5

Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once With some diffused song; upon their sighs

We two in great amazedness will fly. Then let them all encircle him about, 5

And fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel

In their so sacred paths he dares to tread In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound

And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,

And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must be practis'd well to this or they'll never do't. 6

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my tapers.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards. 6

that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma. 78

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Jamany. By my trot, dere is no duke that the court is know to come; I tell you for good will. Adieu. [Exit.]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, knight; I am undone. Fly, run, hue and cry, villain; I am undone. 85

[Exeunt Host and Bardolph.]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fall'n as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. 95

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party and his dam the other! And so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear. 101

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her. 105

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford. But that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch. 112

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd. 117

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. The Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss. 5

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you 8

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter

That neither, singly, can be manifested 15 Without the show of both. Fat Falstaff Hath a great scene. The image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen— 20

The purpose why is here—in which disguise,

While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry; she hath consented. 25

Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match

And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away

While other sports are tasking of their minds, 30

And at the dean'ry, where a priest attends, Straight marry her. To this her mother's plot

She seemingly obedient likewise hath Made promise to the doctor. Now thus it rests:

Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time 36

To take her by the hand and bid her go, She shall go with him; her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor— For they must all be mask'd and vizarded— That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd, 41

With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;

And when the doctor spies his vantage time,

the watch-ords, do as I bid you. Come, come; trib, trib. (Exeunt.)

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man; in some other a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda. O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl—think on't, Jove, a foul fault! When gods have hot backs what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, I' th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe? 14

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! Art thou there, my deer, my male deer. 16

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Greensleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoos; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [Embracing her.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart. 21

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [A noise of horns.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be? 30

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [They run off.]

Mrs. Page. }
Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus. 34

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS like a satyr, ANNE PAGE as a fairy, and Others as the Fairy Queen, fairies, and Hobgoblin; all with tapers.

Fairy Queen. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, 35

You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,

80

Attend your office and your quality. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy eyes.

Puck. Elves, list your names; silence you airy toys. 4

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap;

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as-bilberry. Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die. 4

I'll wink and couch; no man their work must eye. [Lies down upon his face.]

Evans. Where's Pede? Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayer said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy, Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But those as sleep and think not on their sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Fairy Queen. About, about; Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out;

Strew good luck, ouches, on every sacred room, 5

That it may stand till the perpetual doomsday. In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,

Worthy the owner and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour. With juice of balm and every precious flower; 6

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,

With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing. Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring;

Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be. More fertile-fresh than all the field to see

And 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write 6

In em'rald tufts, flow'rs purple, blue and white;

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery. Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee. 7

Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery. Away, disperse; but till 'tis one o'clock,

Our dance of custom round about the oak. Of Herne the Hunter let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand yourselves in order set; 7

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,

To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay. I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese! 80

Puck. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,

The maid hath given consent to go with him. 45

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me.

And here it rests—that you'll procure the vicar

To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,

And in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll the vicar.

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound thee;

Besides, I'll make a present recompense. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. The Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithce, no more prat I'll hold. This is the third tim

SCENE II. Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' th' Castle ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Sic. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget'; and by that we know one another.

SCENE III. A street leading to the Park.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.

Master Brook, that ever govern'd irenry. I will tell you—he beat me grievously in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of

we mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely. 20

things of this knave Ford, on whom tonight I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow. 25

(Exeunt.)

Others as fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts. Be bold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give

the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come,
come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man; in some other a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda. O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl—think on't, Jove, a fowl fault! When gods have hot backs what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe? 14

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Fal. Divide me like a brib'd buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [A noise of horns.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

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Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [They run off.]

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Fairy Queen. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, 35
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You

Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Puck. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys. 40

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap;

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry; Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery.

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I'll wink and cough; no man their works must eye. [Lies down upon his face.]

Evans. Where's Pede? Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy, Sleep she as sound as careless infancy; 50

But those as sleep and think not on their sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Fairy Queen. About, about; Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out;

Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room, 55

That it may stand till the perpetual doom In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,

Worthy the owner and the owner it. The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm and every precious flower; 60

Each fair instalment, coat, and sev'ral crest,

With loyal blazon, evermore be blest! And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,

Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring; Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,

More fertile-fresh than all the field to see; And 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write 67

In em'rald tufts, flow'rs purple, blue and white;

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood's bending

knee. 70

Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery. Away, disperse; but till 'tis one o'clock,

Our dance of custom round about the oak Of Herne the Hunter let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set; 75

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,

To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay. I smell a man of middle earth. Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh

fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese! 80

Puck. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd!

Ford. O, how I wish I had not touch'd you! For my love again; but I will always respect

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and
higher.

you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies
too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again,
till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brim in the sun, and

use me

157

you to

that you

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you

have cozen'd of money, to whom you
should have been a pander. Over and

8r

above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight; thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [Aside] Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is; by this, Doctor Caius' wife. 168

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho, ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! Have you dispatch'd? 171

Slen. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else!

Page. Of what, son? 174

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong. 180

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him. 183

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments? 185

Slen. I went to her in white and cried 'mum' and she cried 'hudget' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy. 188

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry. I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the dean'ry, and there married. 192

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened. 195

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit Caius.]

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Master Fenton. 201

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father. Good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, Mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender? 205

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, 210

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

Th' offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of d'sobedience, or unduteous title, Since therein she doth evitate and shun 215 A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy.

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate. 220

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd. 225

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John, 230 To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistress Ford. [Exeunt.]

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THOMAS, } two friars.
PETER, }
A JUSTICE.
ELBOW, a simple constable.
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.

POMPEY, a clown and servant to Mistress Overdone.

ABHORSON, an executioner.

BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.

JULIET, beloved of Claudio.

FRANCISCA, a nun.

MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

THE SCENE: Vienna.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. The Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus!

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold

Would seem in me to affect speech

discourse,
Since I am put to know that your

science

worth is able

And let them work. The nature of

people,

mission,

From which we would

Call hither,

I say, bid come before

What figure of us this

For you must know

soul

Elect

Of our own power. What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO

Duke. Look where he comes. ³⁵

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,

I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life

That is the character of a

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50

We have with a heaven'd and prepared

choice

Proceeded to you; therefore take your

honours.

Our haste from hence is of so quick
condition
That it prefers itself, and leaves un-
question'd 55
Matters of needful value. We shall write
to you,
As time and our concernings shall im-
portune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you
well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you 60
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the
way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine
own, 65

So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your
hand;

I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you
well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your
purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in
happiness! 75

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Escal. I sha'l desire you, sir, to give me
leave

To have free speech with you; and it con-
cerns me

To look into the bottom of my place:
A pow'r I have, but of what strength and
nature 80

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw
together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.
[Exit.]

SCENE II. A street.

Enter LUCIO and two other Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes,
come not to composition with the King of
Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon
the King.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but
not the King of Hungary's! 5

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sancti-
monious pirate that went to sea with the
Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out
of the table.

84

2 Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal' ?
Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to
command the captain and all the rest from
their functions: they put forth to steal
There's not a soldier of us all that, in the
thanksgiving before meat, do relish the
petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.
Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou
never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? A dozen times at least.
1 Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any
language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.
Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace
despite of all controversy; as, for example,
thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of
all grace. 2

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of
shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may be between
the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet; thou art
good velvet; thou 'rt a three-pil'd piece
I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an
English kersey as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd
for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly
now? 3

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed
with most painful feeling of thy speech.
will, out of thine own confession, learn to
begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forge
to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong
have I not? 4

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou
art tainted or free.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam
Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd a
many diseases under her roof as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.
2 Gent. To three thousand do'ours a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.
Lucio. A French crown more. 5

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases
in me, but thou art full of error; I am
sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say
healthy; but so sound as things that are
hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety
has made a feast of thee. 5

1 Gent. How now! which of your hips has
the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well! there's one yonder
arrested and carried to prison was worth
five thousand of you all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee? 6
Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio
Signior Claudio.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
 ANGELO, *the Deputy.*
 ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*

 PROVOST,
 THOMAS, } *two friars.*
 PETER, }
 A JUSTICE,
 ELBOW, *a simple constable.*
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Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

THE SCENE: VIENNA.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus!

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties unfold

Would seem in me to affect speech discourse,

Since I am put to know that your science

Exceeds in that the Vote of all the Judges

And let them work. The nature of our people,

Our city's institutions, and the terms

For common justice, y'are as pregnant in

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember. There is our com-

Elected him our absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,

And given his deputation all the organs

Of our own power. What think you of it ?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO

Duke. Look where he comes. 25

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,

I come to know your pleasure. Angelo,

Duke. There is a kind of character in this life

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in. But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung
by th' wall
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone
round

And none of them been worn; and, for a
name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name. 164
Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head
stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a
milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.
Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be
found. 168
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation;
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make
friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him.
I have great hope in that; for in her
youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect 176
Such as move men; beside, she hath
prosperous art
When she will play with reason and dis-
course,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the 179
encouragement of the like, which else would
stand under grievous imposition, as for the
enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry
should be thus foolishly lost at a game of
tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio. 186
Lucio. Within two hours.
Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A monastery.

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that
thought;
believe not that the dribbling dart of love
can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire
thee
give me secret harbour hath a purpose
more grave and wrinkled than the aims and
ends
of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?
Duke. My holy sir, none better knows
than you
I have ever lov'd the life removed,
held in idle price to haunt assemblies
of youth, and cost, a witless bravery
keeps.
I deliver'd to Lord Angelo, 10
in of stricture and firm abstinence,

My absolute power and place in
Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Pe
For so I have strew'd it in the co
ear,

And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this
Fri. Gladly, my lord.
Duke. We have strict statutes and
biting laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headst
steeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have
slip;

Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fo
fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs
birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so o
decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quit
athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you
pleas'd;
And it in you more dreadful would have
seem'd

Than in Lord Angelo.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall
them 36

For what I bid them do; for we bid this
be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass.
And not the punishment. Therefore, in-
deed, my father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office; 40
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike
home,
And yet my nature never in the fight.
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people. Therefore, I

prithee, 45
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this
action

At our more leisure shall I render you.
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; so
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce
confesses

That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall
we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers
be.

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and
Officers; LUCIO following.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me
thus to th' world? 110

Enter POMPEY.

How now! what's the news with you? 81

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well, what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what's his offence? 85

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar
river.

Mrs. Ov. What! is there a maid with
child by him?

Pom. No; but there's a woman with
maid by him. You have not heard of the
proclamation, have you?

arrest, I would send for certain of my
creditors; and yet, to say the truth, I had
as lief have the foppery of freedom as the
morality of imprisonment. What's thy
offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend
again.

Lucio. What, is't murder? 130

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. O, my dear friend, I have a
word to say to you.

139
140

... of outward order: this we came not to.

Pom. Come, fear not you! good coun- | ... ment,

Men give like gods; but when they weep
and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight; 85
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu. 90
[Exit.]

ACT TWO

SCENE I. A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a JUSTICE, PROVOST, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of
the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom
make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little 5
Than fall and bruise to death. Alas! this
gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble
father.
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with
wishing, 11
Or that the resolute acting of our blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own
purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your
life
Err'd in this point which now you censure
him, 15
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or
two 20
Guiltier than him they try. What's open
made to justice,
That justice seizes. What knows the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very
pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it. 26
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell
me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my
death, 30
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must
die.
Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the Provost?
Prov. Here, if it like your honour.
Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning;
Bring him his confessor; let him be
prepar'd; 35
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[Exit Provost.]
Escal. [Aside] Well, heaven forgive him!
and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from breaks of ice, and answer
none,
And some condemned for a fault alone. 40
Enter ELBOW and Officers with FROTH
and POMPEY.
Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be
good people in a commonweal that do
nothing but use their abuses in common
houses, I know no law; bring them
away.
Ang. How now, sir! What's your name,
and what's the matter? 45
Elb. If it please your honour, I am the
poor Duke's constable, and my name is
Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do
bring in here before your good honour two
notorious benefactors.
Ang. Benefactors! Well—what bene-
factors are they? Are they not male-
factors? 51
Elb. If it please your honour, I know not
well what they are; but precise-villains
they are, that I am sure of, and void of all
profanation in the world that good Chris-
tians ought to have. 55
Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise
officer.
Ang. Go to; what quality are they of?
Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not
speak, Elbow?
Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.
Ang. What are you, sir? 60
Elb. He, sir? A tapster, sir; parcel-
bawd; one that serves a bad woman;
whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd
down in the suburbs; and now she pro-
fesses a hot-house, which, I think, is a very
ill house too.
Escal. How know you that? 65
Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before
heaven and your honour—
Escal. How! thy wife!
Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is
an honest woman— 70
Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?
Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also,
as well as she, that this house, if it be not

SCENE IV. A nunnery.

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA**Isab.* And have you nuns no privileges?*Fran.* Are not these large enough?*Isab.* Yes, truly I speak not as desiring more.*Isab.* place 1*Fra*

Turn

You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn;

He calls again; I pray you answer him.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?*Enter LUCI**Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if your cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.*Lucio.* It is true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin; with maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?

maids change

She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!*Lucio.* This is the point.

His givings-out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his place,

He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,

our fair

pith of
70*Lucio.* Has censur'd him
Already, and, as I hear, the Provost hath
A warrant for his execution.*Isab.* Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good? 75

or I'll have mine action of batt'ry on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too. 173

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff? 176

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are. 179

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year? 185

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone. 190

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you. 196

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse but I am drawn in. 199

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth; farewell. [Exit Froth] Come you hither to me, Master Tapster; what's your name, Master Tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir. 205

Escal. Froth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you. 210

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey—by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir. 215

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey. 220

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they

will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There is pretty orders beginning. I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging. 222

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads; if this law hold in Vienna ten year I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so. 231

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever—no not for dwelling where you do; if I do Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So for this time, Pompey, fare you well. 231

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel; [Aside] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. 241

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [Exit]

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow. Come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir. 245

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say seven years together? 250

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it? 254

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir? 260

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [Exit Elbow] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you. 261

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;

But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful;

Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe. 270

But yet, poor Claudio! There is no remedy. Come, sir. [Exit Just.]

a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit,

because it is an open winter.

well then; I hope here

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, that is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there; I'll take my leave,

that was done to

ere was nothing

dish, sir,

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this

Fr
Po
Ex
the p
wife

Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. N

Pom. S

your hono

look into

fourscore,

at Hallor

Master Fr

Froth. An

or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [To *Isabella*] Ay, touch him ;
there's the vein. 70

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas ! alas !
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit
once ;

And He that might the vantage best have
took 74

Found out the remedy. How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? O, think on
that ; 77

And mercy then will breathe within your
lips,

Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid.
It is the law, not I condemn your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him. He must die
to-morrow. 82

Isab. To-morrow ! O, that's sudden !
Spare him, spare him.

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our
kitchens

We kill the fowl of season ; shall we serve
heaven 85

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord,
bethink you.

Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [Aside] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though
it hath slept. 90

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil
If the first that did th' edict infringe

Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a
prophet,

Looks in a glass that shows what future
evils— 95

Either now or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and
born—

Are now to have no successive degrees,
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show
justice ; 100

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,

And do him right that, answering one foul
wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ; 103

Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives
this sentence,

And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ! But it is
tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [To *Isabella*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder 110

As Jove himself does, Jove would never be
quiet,

For every pelting petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder,

Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous
bolt, 115

Splits the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle. But man, proud
man,

Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120

Plays such fantastic tricks before high
heaven

As makes the angels weep ; who, with our
spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [To *Isabella*] O, to him, to him,
wench ! He will relent ; 124

He's coming ; I perceive 't.

Prov. [Aside] Pray heaven she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with
ourselves.

Great men may jest with 'saints : 'tis wit
in them ;

But in the less foul profanation:

Lucio. [To *Isabella*] Thou'rt i' th' right,
girl ; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric
word 130

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [To *Isabella*] Art avis'd o' that ?
More on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon
me ?

Isab. Because authority, though it err
like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your
bosom, 136

Knock there, and ask your heart what it
doth know

That's like my brother's fault. If it con-
fess

A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your
tongue 140

Against my brother's life.

Ang. [Aside] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds wit' it.—
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me. Come again
to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you ; good, my
lord, turn back.

Ang. How, bribe me ? 146

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall
share with you.

Lucio. [To *Isabella*] You had marr'd all
else.

SCENE II. Another room in Angelo's house.

Enter PROVOST and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [Exit Servant]

I'll know

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter,

Provost?

Prov. Is t your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash; Under your good correction, I have seen 10 When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine. Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? 15

She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; maid,

And to be shortly of a siste

If not already.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

For which I must not plead, but that I am At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;

I do beseech you, let it be his fault, 15 And not my brother.

Prov. [Aside] Heaven give thee moving graces!

g. Condemn the fault and not the actor of it!

every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done;

Mine were the very cipher of a function, To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, 20

And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!

I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour!

Lucia. [To Isabella] Give't not o'er so; to him again, entreat him,

Kneel down before him, bang upon his gown; 25

You are too cold; if you should need a pun, You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.

To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy. 30

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse

ate.

56

do

thus;

uted

62

The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe.

Would not have been so stern

Ang. Pray you be up

Isab. I would to heaven I had potency.

And you were Isabel? Should it then thus?

But as we stand in fear—

Juliet. I do repent me as it is an evil, 35
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,

And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious law, 40

That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Angelo's house.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I
think and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my
empty words,

Whilst my invention, hearing not my
tongue,

Throws anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name, 5

And in my heart the strong and swelling
evil

Of my conception. The state whereon I
studied

Is, like a good thing being often read,
Grown sere and tedious; yea, my
gravity,

Wherein—let no man hear me—I take
pride, 10

Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O
form,

How often dost thou with thy case, thy
habit,

Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser
souls

To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art
blood. 15

Let's write 'good angel' on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access
to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Servant]
O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my
heart, 20

Making both it unable for itself
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that
swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air 25
By which he should revive; and even so

The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious
fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught
love

Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure

Ang. That you might know it would
much better please me

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother
cannot live.

Isab. Even so! Heaven keep your
honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile, and, it may
be,

As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When? I beseech you; that in
reprieve,

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices!
were as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stol'
A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's
image

In stamps that are forbid; 'tis all as eas'
Falsely to take away a life true made

As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not
in earth.

Ang. Say you so? Then I shall pose you
quickly.

Which had you rather—that the most just
law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem
him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness

As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this:
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our count
pell'd sins

Stand more for number than for accomp'
Isab. How say you

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for
can speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this
I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's
life;

Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do
I'll take it as a peril to my soul

It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your
soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

Isab. Not with fond sides of the tesfed gold,
 Or stones, whose rate are either rich or poor
 As faocy values them; but with true prayers²³⁷
 That shall be up at heaven and enter there
 Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
 From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
 To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucia. [To *Isabella*] Go to; 'tis well;
 away.²³⁸

SCENE III. A prison.

Enter, severally, DUKE, disguised as a Friar, and PROVOST.

Duke. Hall to you, Provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison. Do me the common right⁵
 To let me see them, and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may

LIET.

a gentlewoman of

What's this, what's this? Is this her fault
 or mine?
 The tempter or the tempted, who sins
 most?
Ha!
 Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
 That, lying by the violet in the sun,¹⁶⁵
 Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
 That modesty may more betray our sense
 Than woman's lightness? Having waste
 ground enough,¹⁷⁰
 Shall we desire to reap the constant

And he that got it, sentenc'd—a young
 man
 More fit to do another such offence
 Than die for this.²⁵
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
 [To *Juliet*] I have provided for you; stay
 awhile
 And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin
 you carry?
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most
 not worthy²⁰
 shall

live!¹⁷⁵
 Thieves for their robbery have authority
 When judges steal themselves. What, do I
 love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upoo her eyes? What is't I
 dream on?
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,¹⁸⁰
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most
 dangerous
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue. Never could the
 strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art and
 nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous
 maid¹⁸⁵
 Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd and wond'red
 bow.
 [Exit.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd
 you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that
 wrong'd him.²⁵
Duke. So then, it seems, your most
 offenceful act
 Was mutually committed.
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind
 than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it,
 father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but lest
 you do repent³⁰
 As that the sin hath brought you to this
 shame,
 Which sorrow is always toward ourselves,
 not heaven,
 Showing we would not spare heaven as we
 love it,

Heaven let me bear it! You granting of my suit, 70	And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother 115
	118
	of
	120
good 76	Isab. Else let my brother die, If not a sedary but only he
But graciously to know I am no better.	Owe and succeed thy weakness.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright	Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks	Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves, 125
Proclaim an ensheided beauty ten times louder 80	Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me?	Women, help heaven! Men their creation mar
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross—	In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
Your brother is to die.	For we are soft as our complexions are, And credulous to false prints
Isab. So, 84	Ang. I think it well; 130
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears, Accountant to the law upon that pain.	And from this testimony of your own sex,
Isab. True.	Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life, As I subscribe not that, nor any other, But, in the loss of question, that you, his sister, 90	Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,	I do arrest your words. Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none; 135
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My vouch against you, and my place i' th'
state,

Will so your accusation overweigh
That you shall stife in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein :
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ; 161
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy
brother

By yielding up thy body to my will ;
Or else he must not only die the death, 165
But thy unkindness shall his death draw
out

To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-
morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me
most,

I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can : my false o'erweighs
your true. [Exit.

Isab. To whom should I complain ? Did
I tell this, 171

Who would believe me ? O perilous
mouths

That bear in them one and the self-same
tongue

Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will ;
Hooking both right and wrong to th'
appetite, 176

To follow as it draws ! I'll to my brother.
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the
blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them
up 181

Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
More than our brother is our chastity. 185

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.
[Exit.

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. The prison.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before, CLAUDIO,
and PROVOST.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from
Lord Angelo ?

Claud. The miserable have no other
medicine

But only hope :

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death ; either
death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
with life.

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep. A breath
thou art,

Servile to all the skyeey influences,
That dost this habitation where thou
keep'st 10

Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's
fool ;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to
shun

And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art
not noble ;

For all th' accommodations that thou
bear'st

Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou 'rt by no
means valiant ; 15

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly
fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art
not thyself ;

For thou exists on many a thousand
grains 20

That issue out of dust. Happy thou art
not ;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st
to get,

And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art
not certain ;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt

poor ; 25

For, like an ass whose back with ingots
bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a
journey,

And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou
none ;

For thine own bowels which do call thee
sire,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor
youth nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed
youth

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms 35
Of palsied old ; and when thou art old and
rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet
in this

That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lie hid mee thousand deaths ; yet death
we fear, 40

That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die ;

And, seeking death, find life. Let it come
on.

Isab. [Within] What, ho ! Peace here ;
grace and good company !

Prov. Who's there ? Come in ; the wish
deserves a welcome. 45

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word Nips youth i' th' head, and folies doth enew

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil; His filth within being cast, he would appear A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The precise Angelo!
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell

good, indeed
Lord Angelo, having a
Intends you for his sw
Where you shall be an
Therefore, your best
with speed;
To-morrow you set on

Claud.
Isab. None, hut such remedy as, to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your

life,

But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a

restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity

To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what

Isab. In such a one as, you cc

to't,

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabe..

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him That thus can make him hate the law by th' nose

When he would force it? Sure it is no sin; Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,

or to be worse than

Isab. O you beast !
O faithless coward ! O dishonest wretch !
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame ? What
should I think ?

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father
fair !

For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my
defiance ;

Die ; perish. Might but my bending down
Reprive thee from thy fate, it should
proceed.

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O fie, fie, fie !
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd ;
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister,
but one word.

Isab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your
leisure, I would by and by have some
speech with you ; the satisfaction I would
require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my
stay must be stolen out of other affairs ;
but I will attend you awhile. [Walks apart.]

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath
pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo
had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only
he hath made an assay of her virtue to
practise his judgment with the disposition
of natures. She, having the truth of honour
in her, hath made him that gracious denial
which he is most glad to receive. I am
confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be
true ; therefore prepare yourself to death.
Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes
that are fallible ; to-morrow you must die ;
go to your knees and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I
am so out of love with life that I will sue
to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there. Farewell. [Exit
Claudio] Provost, a word with you.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Pro. What's your will, father ?

Duke. That, now you are come, you will
be gone. Leave me a while with the maid ;
my mind promises with my habit no loss
shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [Exit Provost.]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair
hath made you good ; the goodness that is
cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in good-
ness ; but grace, being the soul of your

complexion, shall keep the body of it ever
fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to
you, fortune hath convey'd to my under-
standing ; and, but that frailty hath ex-
amples for his falling, I should wonder at
Angelo. How will you do to content this
substitute, and to save your brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him ; I
had rather my brother die by the law than
my son should be unlawfully born. But, O,
how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in
Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak
to him, I will open my lips in vain, or
discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss,
yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid
your accusation : he made trial of you only.
Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings ;
to the love I have in doing good, a remedy
presents itself. I do make myself believe
that you may most uprightly do a poor
wronged lady a merited benefit ; redeem
your brother from the angry law ; do not
stain to your own gracious person ; and
much please the absent Duke, if perad-
venture he shall ever return to have hearing
of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther ; I
have spirit to do anything that appears not
foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never
fearful. Have you not heard speak of
Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great
soldier who miscarried at sea ?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good
words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have
married ; was affianced to her by oath, and
the nuptial appointed ; between which
time of the contract and limit of the
solemnity her brother Frederick was
wreck'd at sea, having in that perished
vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark
how heavily this befell to the poor gentle-
woman : there she lost a noble and re-
nowned brother, in his love toward her ever
most kind and natural ; with him the
portion and sinew of her fortune, her
marriage-dowry ; with both, her combinate
husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so ? Did Angelo so
leave her ?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not
one of them with his comfort ; swallowed
his vows whole, pretending in her dis-
coveries of dishonour ; in few, bestow'd her
on her own lamentation, which she yet
wears for his sake ; and he, a marble to her
tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to
take this poor maid from the world ! What
corruption in this life that it will let this
man live ! But how out of this can she
avail ?

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with

In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enew

good, indeed

rank offence,

101

To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live: 65

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint, 69

Though all the world's impieties may lead

to't,

Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,

And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio: 70

I fear that a forewarning I do give

I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabe.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose 110

wise,

Why would he for the momentary trick 115 Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

or to be worse than

And the poor beetle that we tread upon so
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great

worst

Of those that languish and to certain the salt

Isab. Here spake my brother; there my father's grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die: Thou art too noble to conserve a life

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live. What can you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far 136 That it becomes a virtue.

Though angel on the outward side !
 How may likeness, made in crimes, 255
 Make a practice on the times,
 To draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most ponderous and substantial things !
 Craft against vice I must apply.
 With Angelo to-night shall lie 260
 His old betrothed but despised ;
 So disguise shall, by th' disguised,
 Pay with falsehood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting. [Exit.]

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *The moated grange at Saint Luke's.*

Enter MARIANA ; and Boy singing.

Song

Take, O, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn ;
 But my kisses bring again, bring again ; 5
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in
 vain.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee
 quick away ;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.]

I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish
 You had not found me here so musical. 11
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd
 my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good ; though music oft hath
 such a charm

To make bad good and good provoke to
 harm. 15

I pray you tell me hath anybody inquir'd
 for me here to-day. Much upon this time
 have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquir'd after ;
 I have sat here all day. 19

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The
 time is come even now. I shall crave your
 forbearance a little. May be I will call
 upon you anon, for some advantage to
 yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.]

Duke. Very well met, and well come. 24
 What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd
 with brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard
 back'd ;

And to that vineyard is a planced gate
 That makes his opening with this bigger
 key ;

This other doth command a little door . 30
 Which from the vineyard to the garden
 leads.

There have I made my promise
 Upon the heavy middle of the night
 To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge
 find this way ?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note
 upon't ;

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
 In action all of precept, he did show me
 The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
 Between you 'greed concerning her observ-
 ance ? 40

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' th'
 dark ;

And that I have possess'd him my most stay
 Can be but brief ; for I have made him
 know

I have a servant comes with me along, 44
 That stays upon me ; whose persuasion is
 I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
 I have not yet made known to Mariana.

A word of this. What ho, within ! come
 forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this ma'd ;
 She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I
 respect you ? 51

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and
 have found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion
 by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear. 54
 I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;
 The vaporeous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside ?

[Exit Mariana and Isabella.]

Duke. O place and greatness ! Millions
 of false eyes

Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
 Run with these false, and most contrarious
 quest 60

Upon thy doings. Thousand escapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dream,
 And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed ?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her,
 father,

If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent, 65
 But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
 When you depart from him, but, soft and
 low,

'Remember now my brother'.

deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this.
Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or
no?

Duke. Not of this country, though my
chance is now

Can'te the gall up in the slanderous
tongue?

But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and OFFICERS

prosperous; and let me desire to know
how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made
to understand that you have lent him
visitation.

177
178

Enter A band of soldiers

Marl. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not
at all.

your true man thinks it big enough; if it
be too big for your thief, your thief thinks
it little enough; so every true man's

Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut
off a man's head?

ness. 46
Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and
your axe to-morrow four o'clock.
Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct
thee in my trade; follow. 50

partner.
Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's
Abhorson there? 16

When it lies stak'd up in sleep as
guiltless labour
He will not wake.

Abhor.
Prov. E

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits
Provost! Who call'd

the curfew rung 20
Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

What, your occupation a mystery? 30

be long.

thing to say to me, come to my ward; for
thence will not I to-day. [Exit.]

Duke. Unfit to live or die. O gravel
heart!

After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[Exit Abhorson and Pompey.]

Enter PROVOST.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the
prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for
death;

And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and
head

Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven
provides!

Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father,
presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might
come

If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine
and Claudio.

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal
greeting

To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head
to Angelo. [Exit Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo—
The Provost, he shall bear them—whose
contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly. Him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,

A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it
myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift
return;

For I would commune with you of such
things

That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit]

Isab. [Within] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come
to know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hithe
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despai
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave

Duke. Good morning to you, fair an
gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy
man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother
pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, fro
the world.

His head is off and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your clo
patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out h
eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to h
sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretch
Isabel!

Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits yo
a jot;

Forbear it, therefore; give your cause
heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow. Na
dry your eyes.

One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he ha
carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at t
gates,

There to give up their pow'r. If you ca
pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it g
And you shall have your bosom on th
wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your hear
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by yo

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Pet
give;

'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's retur
Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cau
and yours

I'll perfect him wthal; and he shall bri
you

Before the Duke; and to the head
Angelo

you may add to it. Show the head and the neck of the Duke.

the deputy ?

Prov. To him and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made offence if the Duke avouch the justice your dealing ?

is a thing that Angelo knows not ; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour, perchance of the Duke's death,

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah ?

SCENE III. *The prison.*

Enter POMPEY.

next day.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your

beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you—

Barnar. Not a word ; if yo

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon. My gentle Varrius!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. A street near the city gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath; I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part. Yet I am advis'd to do it;

He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would friar Peter—

Enter FRIAR PETER.

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Here you may have such vantage on the Duke

That shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;

Be generous and gravest citizens
Have heat the gates, and very near upon

The Duke is ent'ring; therefore, hence, away.
[Exeunt.]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. The city gate.

Enter at several doors DUKE, VARRIUS, ANGUS, ESCALUS, LUCIO, ROYAL, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met! old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Isab. } Happy return be to your royal
cal. } Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you, and we hear of your goodness of your justice that our souls

But yield you forth to public thanks,

Desiring more requital.

You make my bonds still greater.

O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it

to hide it in the wards of covert bosom, so

It deserves, with characters of brass, residence 'gainst the tooth of time
To cure of oblivion. Give me your hand,

And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain prove
claim

Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Enter FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail you regard
Upon a wrong'd—I would fain have said
a maid!

O worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,

And given me justice, justice, justice,
justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs. In what? By whom? Be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil!
Hear me yourself; for that which I must
speak

Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O,
hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not
firm;

She hath been a suitor to me for her
brother,

Cut off by course of justice—

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly
and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly,
will I speak.

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,

Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo

Than this is all as true as it is strange; 44
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth

To th' end of reck'ning.

Duke. Away with her. Poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince! I conjure thee, as thou
believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness. Make
not impossible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not
impossible

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as
absolute,

Accuse him home and home. For my poor
 self
 an hour before his ent'ring that, if any
 person witness of his justice, shall see

With a light heart; trust not my holy
 order.
 If I pervert your course, Who's here? 145

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even *Friar*, where's the
 Provost?
Duke. Not within, sir. 147
Lucio. O pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at
 mine heart to see thine eyes so red. Thou
 must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup
 with water and bran; I dare not for my
 head
 us. 12
Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be pro-
 claim'd;
 Betimes I' th' morn I'll call you at your
 house;
 Give notice to such men of sort and suit
 As are to meet him. 15
Escal. I shall, sir; fare you well.
Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*]
 This deed unshapes me quite, makes me
 unpregnant
 And dull to all proceedings. A deflow'rd
 that enforc'd 20
 t that her tender

Duke of dark corners had been at home, he
 had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*]
Duke, Sir, the Duke is marvellous little
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me! Yet reason
 dares her no;

Duke. 164
Duke. You have told me too many of him
 already, sir, if they be true; if not true,
 none were enough.
 With ransom of such shame. Would yet he
 had liv'd! 30
 Alack when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right; we would, and we
 would not. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Fields without the town.*

DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR
 PETER.

married me to the rotten medlar.
Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than
 honest. Rest you well. 170

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
 [*Giving letters.*]
 Provost knows our purpose and our
 plot.
 matter being afoot, keep your in-
 struction
 And hold you ever to our special drift;
 Though sometimes you do blench from this
 to that 5
 As cause doth minister. Go, call at *Flavius'*
 house,
 And tell him where I stay; give the like

SCENE IV. *Angelo's house.*

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and
— that friar,

I saw them at the prison; a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow. 136

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this
woman 139

Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soll with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she
speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and
holy;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler, 145
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously;
believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to
clear himself; 150

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request—
Belug come to knowledge that there was
complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo—came I
hither

To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth
know 155

Is true and false; and what he, with his
oath

And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's converted. First, for this
woman—

To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd— 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[Exit Isabella guarded.]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge 166
Of your own cause.

Enter MARIANA veiled.

Is this the witness, friar?
First let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show
my face

Until my husband bid me. 170

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord. 175

Duke. Why, you are nothing then;
neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for

many of them are neither maid, widow, nor
wife. 180

Duke. Silence that fellow. I would he had
some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was
married,

And I confess, besides, I am no maid. 185
I have known my husband; yet my

husband

I knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord; it
can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would
thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord. 190

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,

In self-same manner doth accuse my
husband; 191

And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,

With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? You say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is
Angelo, 200

Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew
my body,

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see
thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will
unmask. [Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, 205
Which once thou swor'st was worth the

looking on;

This is the hand which, with a vow'd
contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel, 209

And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this
woman;

And five years since there was some speech
of marriage 215

Between myself and her; which was broke
off,

Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief

For that her reputation was disvalued 219
In levity. Since which time of five years

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard
from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,

As Angelo; even so may Angelo, 33
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's
more.

Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other, 60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of
sense,
Such a dependency of things on things

Such a dependency of things on things

reason 64

would you say?

That I am the sister of one (The Duke)

70

That I am the sister of one (The Duke)

That I am the sister of one (The Duke)

That I am the sister of one (The Duke)

That I am the sister of one (The Duke)

That I am the sister of one (The Duke)

That I am the sister of one (The Duke)

Angelo 76

For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;

Pray you take note of it; and when you

have 80

A business for yourself, pray heaven you

then

Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take

heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of

my tale.

Lucio. Right. 85

Duke. It may be right; but you are 't the

wrong

To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it; 90

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. The matter—

proceed.

Isab. In brief—to set the needless pro—

ceed

by,

How I persuaded, how I pray'd,

kneel'd,

How he refus'd me, and how I replied,

For this was of much length—the vile con-
clusion 95

I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste
body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much de-
batement, 99

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn-
betimes,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O that it were as like as it is true!

That with such vehemency he should
pursue

Faults proper to himself. If he had so
offended, 110

He would have weigh'd thy brother by
himself,

ne one hath

hose advice

hose advice

hose advice

Isab. And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above, 115

Keep me in patience; and, with ripened
time,

Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace

from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An

officer! 120

To prison with her! Shall we thus permit

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall

On him so near us? This needs must be a

practice,

Who knew of your intent and coming

hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar

Lodowick. 125

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who

knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a

meddling friar.

I do not like the man; had he been lay,

my lord,

For certain words he spake against your

Grace

In your retirement, I had swing'd him

soundly. 130

Isab. Would not you? This is a

found.

found.

found.

found.

found.

found.

To call him villain; and then to glance
from him

To th' Duke himself, to tax him with
injustice?

Take him hence; to th' rack with him!
We'll touze you

Joint by joint, but we will know his pur-
pose. 310

What, 'unjust'!

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine
than he

Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this
state

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, 315
Where I have seen corruption boll and
bubble

Till it o'errun the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd that the strong
statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark. 320

Escal. Slander to th' state! Away with
him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him,
Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither,
good-man bald-pate. Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound
of your voice. I met you at the prison, in
the absence of the Duke. 327

Lucio. O did you so? And do you re-
member what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir. 330

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke
a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you
then reported him to be? 333

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with
me ere you make that my report; you,
indeed, spoke so of him; and much more,
much worse. 336

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not
I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love
myself.

Aug. Hark how the villain would close
now, after his treasonable abuses! 341

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd
withal. Away with him to prison! Where
is the Provost? Away with him to prison!

Lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak
no more. Away with those giglets too, and
with the other confederate companion! 346

[The Provost lays hands on the Duke.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Aug. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir;
foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated lying rascal,
you must be hooded, must you? Show
your knave's visage, with a pox to you!

show your sleep-biting face, and be hang'd
an hour! Will't not off? 353

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and
discovers the Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er
mad'st a duke.

First, Provost, let me ball these gentle
three. 355

[To Lucio] Sneak not away, sir, for the
friar and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.
Lucio. This may prove worse than
hanging.

Duke. [To Escalus] What you have spoke
I pardon; sit you down.

We'll borrow place of him. [To Angelo] Sir,
by your leave. 360

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, 365
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r
divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good
Prince, 368

No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent
death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this
woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence and marry her
instantly. 375

Do you the office, friar; which consum-
mate,

Return him here again. Go with him,
Provost.

[Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar
Peter, and Provost.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his
dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince. As I was
then 380

Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and
pain'd 384

Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd Isabel.
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your
heart;

And you may marvel why I obscur'd
myself,

Labouring to save his life, and would not
rather

As there comes light from words from breath
 As there is sense in true virtue,
 I am affianc'd this man's
 As words could make up a good lord,
 But Tuesday night last go house,
 He knew me as a wife. As
 Let me in safety raise me
 Or else for ever be confix'd here, 230
 A marble monument!
 Ang. I did but smile till now
 Now, good my lord, give me the scope of
 justice;
 My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
 These poor informal women are no more
 But instruments of some more mightier
 member 235
 That sets them on. Let me have way,
 my lord,
 To find this practice out.
 Duke. Ay, with my heart;
 And punish them to your height of pleas-
 ure.
 Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious
 woman,
 Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou
 thy oaths, 240
 Though they would swear down each
 particular saint,
 Were testimonies against his worth
 credit,
 That's seal'd in approbation? You,
 Escalus,
 Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind
 pains 244
 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
 There is another friar that set them on;
 Let him be sent for.
 F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord!

And he may fetch him.
 Duke.
 And you, my noble
 cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
 Do with your injuries as seems you best
 In any chastisement. I for a while
 leave you;
 But stir not you till you have well
 termin'd
 Upon these slanderers.
 Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.
 [Exit Duke.]
 Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew
 that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest
 person? 260
 Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum';

her. 271
 Lucio. Not better than he, by her own
 report.

Escal. Say you?
 Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled
 her privately, she would sooner confess;
 perchance, publicly, she'll be asham'd. 276

Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA; and
 PROVOST with the DUKE in his friar's habit.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.
 Lucio. That's the way; for women are
 light at midnight

Escal. In very good time. Speak not you
 to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum. 283
 Escal. Come, sir; did you set these

Duke. Respect to your great place! and
 let the devil 290
 Be sometime honour'd for his burning
 throne!
 Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me
 speak.

in us; and we will
 ast. But, O, poor
 souls, 295
 are of the fox,
 Is the Duke

The Duke's
 unjust
 spoke of.
 Escal. Why, thou unreverend and un-
 hallowed friar,
 Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these
 women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul
 mouth, 305
 And in the witness of his proper ear,

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood -470

And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure ;

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;

'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it. 475

*Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE,
CLAUDIO (muffled), and JULIET.*

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,

That apprehends no further than this world,

And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd ; 480

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,

And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him ;

I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd, 485

Who should have died when Claudio lost his head ;

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[Unmuffles Claudio.]

Duke. *[To Isabella]* If he be like your brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd ; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine, 490

He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.

Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife ; her worth
worth yours. 495

I find an apt remission in myself ;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

[To Lucio] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman !

Wherein have I so deserv'd of you 500
That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may ; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after. 505

Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city.
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow—

As I have heard him swear himself there's one

Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her. The nuptial
finish'd, 510

Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your Highness said even now I made you a duke ; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold. 515

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison ;

And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it. 520
[Exeunt Officers with Lucio.]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.

Joy to you, Mariana ! Love her, Angelo ;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much
goodness ; 525

There's more behind that is more gratefull.

Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy ;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home 530

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's ;
Th' offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,

I have a motion much imports your good ;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. 535

So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind that's meet you all
should know. *[Exeunt.]*

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden
pow'r

Lend me your knees, and all my life to
come

your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR
PETER, and PROVOST.

Duke. For this new-married man ap-
proaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath
Your well-defended honour, yet
pardon
For Mariana's sake; but as he a
your brother—

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me; 435
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll
speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of
faults;
And, for the most, become much more the
better

Like doth quit like, and Measure still for
Measure,

And must be buried hut as an intent 450
That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no

Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a
husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with
a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputa-
tion,

rely, my lord,
itable; stand

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the
deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by
private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of
your office;

Made daily motions for our home return ;
Unwilling I agreed. Alas ! too soon
We came aboard.

A league from Epidamnium had we sail'd
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm ; 65
But longer did we not retain much hope,
For what obscured light the heavens did
grant

Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which though myself would gladly have
embrac'd, 70

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must
come,

And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to
fear, 74

Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none :
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us ;
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fast'ned him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fast'ned ourselves at either end the mast,
And, floating straight, obedient to the
stream, 87

Was carried towards C...

Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light, 91
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us—
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.

But ere they came—O, let me say no
more ! 95

Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not
break off so ;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not
now

Worthily term'd them merciless to us ! 100
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five
leagues,

We were encount'rd by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst ;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us, 105
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.

Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the
wind ; 110

And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us ;

And, knowing whom it was their hap to
save,

Gave healthful welcome to their ship
wreck'd guests, 11

And would have reft the fishers of the
prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail
And therefore homeward did they bend
their course.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my
bliss, 117

That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou
sorrowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What have befall'n of them and thee till
now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my
eldest care, 121

At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and importun'd me

That his attendant—so his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of
him ; 130

Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in farthest
Greece,

Roaming clean through the bounds of
Asia, 134

And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave un-
sought

Or that or any place that harbours men.

But here must end the story of my life ;

And happy were I in my timely death, 139

Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates
have mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap !

Now, trust me, were it not against our
laws,

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not dis-
annul, 145

My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

But though thou art adjudged to the death,

And passed sentence may not be recall'd

But to our honour's great disparagement,

Yet will I favour thee in what I can. 150

Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day

To seek thy help by beneficial hap.

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;

Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,

And live ; if no, then thou art doom'd to
die. 155

Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon
wend,

But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[Exeunt.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, <i>Duke of Ephesus.</i>	Second Merchant, <i>to whom Angelo is a debtor.</i>
ÆGEON, <i>a merchant of Syracuse.</i>	PINCH, <i>a schoolmaster.</i>
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } <i>twin brothers, and sons to</i>	ÆMILIA, <i>wife to Ægeon; an abbess at Ephesus.</i>
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } <i>Ægeon and Æmilia.</i>	ADRIANA, <i>wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.</i>
DROMIO of Ephesus, } <i>twin brothers, and attendants on the</i>	LUCIANA, <i>her sister.</i>
DROMIO of Syracuse, } <i>two Antipholuses.</i>	LUCE, <i>servant to Adriana.</i>
BALTHAZAR, <i>a merchant.</i>	A Courtezan.
ANGELO, <i>a goldsmith.</i>	Gaoler, Officers, Attendants,
First Merchant, <i>friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.</i>	

THE SCENE: *Ephesus.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *A hall in the Duke's palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF EPHEBUS, ÆGEON, the Merchant of Syracuse, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants,

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;

Duke Well, Syracusan, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.
Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave

with

40

looks.

10

spouse;

pose.

[As could not be distinguish'd but by names.

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

boys,

59

115

If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ani. S. Thy mistress' marks! What
mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress
at the Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to
dinner,

And prays that you will hie you home to
dinner. 90

Ani. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus
unto my face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir
knave. [Beats him.]

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? For God's
sake hold your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.
[Exit Dromio E.]

Ani. S. Upon my life, by some device or
other 95

The villain is o'errought of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the
mind, 99

Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin;

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave.

I greatly fear my money is not safe. [Exit.]

ACT TWO

SCENE I. *The house of Antipholus of
Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of
Ephesus, with LUCIANA, her sister.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave
return'd

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath in-
vited him,

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to
dinner; 5

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty;

Time is their master, and when they see
time,

They'll go or come. If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours
be more? 10

Luc. Because their business still lies out
o' door.

Adr. Look when I serve him so, he takes
it ill.

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be
bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd
with woe. 15

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fow
Are their males' subjects, and at their
controls.

Man, more divine, the master of all these
Lord of the wide world and wild wat'
seas,

Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fow
Are masters to their females, and the
lords;

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to ke-
unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the
marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would
bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obe-

Adr. How if your husband start some-
other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would
forebear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd! no marvel
though she pause:

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burd'ned with like weight
pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves
complain.

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve
thee,

With urging helpless patience would relieve
me;

But if thou live to see like right hereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be less.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but I
try.

Here comes your man, now is your husband
nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at
hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me
and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him?
Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon
mine ear.

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could under-
stand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst
not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could
too well feel his blows; and withal so
doubtfully that I could scarce understand
them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming
home?

It seems he hath great care to please his
wife.

SCENE II. *The mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnium,

we host.

And go indeed, having so good a mean.
[Exit Dromio S.]

merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit; 25
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon
mart,

And afterward consort you till bed time
My present business calls me from you now

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose
myself, 30

And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sit, I commend you to your
own content. [Exit First Merchant.]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine
own content

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? How chance thou art return'd
so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather
approach'd too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the
bell— 45

My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot because the meat is cold,
The meat is cold because you come not
home,

You come not home because you have no
stomach,

You have no stomach, having broke your
fast; 50

But we, that know what 'tis to fast and
pray,

Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me
this, I pray:

Where have you left the money that I gave
you?

trust 60
So great a charge from thine own custody?

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests
are out of season; 65

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done
your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy
charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you
from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to
dinner

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst
of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon
my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my
shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you
both. 84

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry
 20
 21
Ant. S. You don't think you had best be
 in the watch?
Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! Now
 your hair is a-sund.
Ant. S. Where's the watch do you give it out?
Ant. S. Because that I formerly some-
 25
 26
Dro. S. You say for my fool and chat with you
 your wits will just upon my love,
 of make a common of my serious hours,
 When the sun shines let foolish quots make
 sport,
 30
 31
Ant. S. You say for my fool and chat with you
 and fashion your behaviour to my looks,
 or I will beat this method in your soons.
Dro. S. Scance, call you it? So you
 would leave basting, I had rather have it
 35
 36
 37
 38
 39
Ant. S. Dost thou not know?
Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am
 beaten.
Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?
Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they
 40
 41
Ant. S. Why, first for flouting me; and
 then wherefore,
 45
Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus
 beaten out of season,
 50
 51
 52
 53
 54
Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something
 that you gave me for nothing.
Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give
 you nothing for something. But say, sir,
 55
 56
Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants
 that I have.
Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?
Dro. S. Basting.
Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.
Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none
 of it.
Ant. S. Your reason?
Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and
 purchase me another dry basting.
Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good
 time; there's a time for all things.
Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before
 you were so choleric.
 60
 61
 62
 63
 64
 65
 66

Ant. S. Do what will, sir?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, for a rule as plain
 as plain salt, pots of Father Time his
 67
 68
Ant. S. There's no time for a man
 to wear his hair that grows bald by out-
 69
Ant. S. May he not do it by false
 70
Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a ped-
 71
Ant. S. Why is Time such a bigger
 72
Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that
 73
 74
Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man
 75
Dro. S. Not a man of those but he has
 76
Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude ha-
 77
Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lo-
 78
Ant. S. For what reason?
Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.
Ant. S. Nay, not sound I pray you.
Dro. S. Sure ones, then.
Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsif-
Dro. S. Certain ones, then.
Ant. S. Name them.
Dro. S. The one, to save the money that
 he spends in tiring; the other, that
 80
Ant. S. You would all this time have
 81
Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, a
 82
Ant. S. But your reason was not sub-
 83
Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself
 84
Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald con-
 85
 86
 Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.
Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and
 87
 88
 89
 90
 91
 92
 93
 94
 95
 96
 97
 98
 99
 100

Dro. F. What's that?

Adr.

Dro.

But, sure, he is stark mad,
When I desir'd him to cor
dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.
'Tis dinner time' quoth I; 'My gold!'
quoth he.

'Your meat doth burn' quoth I; 'My
gold!' quoth he.

'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My
gold!' quoth he

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee,
villain?' 65

'The pig' quoth I 'is burn'd'; 'My gold!'
quoth he.

'My mistress, sir' quoth I; 'Hang up thy
mistress;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy
mistress.'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master. 70

'I know' quoth he 'no house, no wife,
no mistress.'

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I have home upon my
shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch
him home. 75

Dro. E. Go back again, and he new beaten
home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate
across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with
other beating;

Between you I shall have a holy head 80

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! Fetch thy
master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you
with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me
hither; 85

If I last in this service, you must case me
in leather. [Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your
face!

Adr. His company must do his minions
grace,

Whist I at home starve for a merry look
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted
it. 90

Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble
hard.

Do their gay vestments his affection
That's not my fault; he's master
state.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it
hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such
wrongs dispense. 103

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;
Or else what lets it hut he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone a love he would detain.

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides
still 110

That others touch and, often touching, will
Where gold; and no man that hath a
name

By falsehood and corruption doth it out
Sister 115

I'

[Exit.

SCENE II. The mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid
up

Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
Is wand'ring forth in care to seek me out.

By computation and mine host's report
I could not speak with Dromio since at first

I sent him from the mart. See, here he
comes. 6

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir, is your merry humour
alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur! You receiv'd no
gold!

Your mistress sent to have me home to
dinner!

My house was at the Phoenix! Wast thou
mad, 10

That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? When spake
I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an
hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent
me hence, 15

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you
gave me.

Ant. S. 'Tis true.

unpleas'd.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking, mad or well-advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
 And in this mist at all adventures go. 215
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [Exeunt.]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
 Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
 To see the making of her carcanet, 4
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain that would face me down
 He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
 And that I did deny my wife and house.
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this? 10
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know.
 That you beat me at the mart I have your hand to show;
 If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
 Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear by the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
 I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass, 17
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
Ant. E. Y'are sad, Signior Balthazar; pray God our cheer
 May answer my good will and your good welcome here. 20
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
 A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words. 25

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest.
 But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
 Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
 But, soft, my door is lock'd; go bid them let us in. 30
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!
Dro. S. [Within] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
 Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
 Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
 When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door. 35
Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.
Dro. S. [Within] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.
Ant. E. Who talks within there? Ho, open the door!
Dro. S. [Within] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. E. Wherefore? For my dinner; I have not din'd to-day. 40
Dro. S. [Within] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.
Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
Dro. S. [Within] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name!
 The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame. 45
 If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
 Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Enter LUCE, within.

Luce. [Within] What a coil is there, Dromio? Who are those at the gate?
Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.
Luce. [Within] Faith, no, he comes too late;
 And so tell your master.
Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
 Have at you with a proverb: Shall I set in my staff? 51
Luce. [Within] Have at you with another: that's—when? can you tell?
Dro. S. [Within] If thy name be called Luce—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Thyself I call it, being strange to me, 120
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf, 123
And take unmingled thence that drop again
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the
quick, 125

at me.
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-

know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk,
Who, every word by all my wit being
scann'd, 145
Wants wit in all one word to understand.
Luc. Fie, brother, how the world is
chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me? 155
Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return
from him—

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this
gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your com-
pact? 160

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this
time.

Ant. S. Vainly, thou liest; for even her
very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my
life.

Ant. S. How can she then, then, call us by
our names, 165

Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How do you agree it with your gravity

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a mote
contempt. 170
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger
state,
Makes me with thy strength to communi-
cate. 175

is dross,
with in-

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me
for her theme, 180

answer't not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug,
thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am
not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so
am I. 185

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in
my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis
an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, an
for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could be.
But I should know her as well as she
me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I
sue!

To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes
scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the
gate. 195

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And thrive you of a thousand silly pranks.

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature
enter. 200

Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking, mad or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go. 215

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [Exeunt.]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me
down

He met me on the mart, and that I beat
him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in
gold,

And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean
by this? 10

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know.

That you beat me at the mart I have your
hand to show;
If the skin were parchment, and the blows
you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what
I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and being at
that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware
of an ass. 17

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May answer my good will and your good
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Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words. 25

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest.

But though my gates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft, my door is lock'd; go bid them let us in. 31

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [Within] Mome, malt-horse capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door. 33

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [Within] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

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Dro. S. [Within] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? For my dinner; I have not din'd to-day. 40

Dro. S. [Within] Nor to-day here, you must not; come again when you may.

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Dro. S. [Within] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name!

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame. 45

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Enter LUCE, within.

Luce. [Within] What a coil is there, Dromio? Who are those at the gate?

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Luce. [Within] Faith, no, he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh! Have at you with a proverb: Shall I set in my staff? 52

Luce. [Within] Have at you with another: that's—when? can you tell?

Dro. S. [Within] If thy name be called Luce—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? You'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [Within] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [Within] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [Within] Can you tell for sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [Within] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [Within] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town? 60

Enter ADRIANA. within.

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow. 81

wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, 90

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made

against you.

Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall

in quiet,

here in the cold;

you home

Dro. E. A man may break a word with

haste

I pray thee let me in.

Dro. S. [Within] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow. 80

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather;

some expense. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter LUCIANA with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot

A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs
rot?

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with
more kindness;

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of
blindness;

Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's
orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbringer;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be
tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false. What need she be ac-
quainted?

What simple thief brags of his own
attaint?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board;
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds is doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love
us;

Though others have the arm, show us the
sleeve;

We in your motion turn, and you may
move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her
wife.

'Tis holy sport to be a little vain
When the sweet breath of flattery con-
quers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress—what your name
is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you
show not

Than our earth's wonder—more than
earth, divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and
speak;

Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smoothed in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour
you

To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? Would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your pow'r
I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy
note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden
hairs,

And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means
to die.

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she
slink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do
reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do
not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from
your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair
sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that
will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as
look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? Call my
sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer
heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's
alm,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's
claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should
be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I
am thee;

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister to get her good will.

[Exit Luciana.]

Euler DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! Where
run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? Am I
Dromio? Am I your man? Am I my-
self?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my
man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's
man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man, and how
besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am
due to a woman—one that claims me, one
that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you
would lay to your horse; and she would
have me as a beast: not that, I being a
beast, she would have me; but that she,

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? You'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [Within] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [Within] And you said ne

Dro. E. So, come, help; well there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [Within] Can you tell for sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [Within] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down

Luce. [Within] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town? 60

Enter ADRIANA, within.

If a crow help us in, surrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow. 80

Wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,

And I will be the cause that you shall be.

welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall

For ever hous'd where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,

And I will be the cause that you shall be merry,

too,

can,

Get

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something; I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [Within] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with

And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made 115

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine,

For there's the house That chain will I bestow—

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife— Upon mine hostess there; good sir, make haste 110

breaking; out upon thee, man; Dro. E. Here's too much 'out upon thee! I pray thee let me in.

Dro. S. [Within] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin,

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow. 80

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather;

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense [Exit]

SCENE II. Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus

Enter LUCIANA with ANTIPHOLUS of SYRACUSE

Luc And may it be that you have quite forgot

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [Exit.]
 Ant. S. What I should think of this I cannot tell;
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
 I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts. 181
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
 If any ship put out, then straight away.

[Exit.]

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
 And since I have not much importun'd you;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage;
 Therefore make present satisfaction, 5
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you

Is growing to me by Antipholus;
 And in the instant that I met with you
 He had of me a chain; at five o'clock 10
 I shall receive the money for the same.
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus, from the courtesan's.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou 15

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.
 But, soft, I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone; 21

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year;
 I buy a rope. [Exit Dromio.]

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you!

I promised your presence and the chain;
 But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.

Belike you thought our love would last too long, 25

If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 30

Than I stand debted to this gentleman.
 I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
 For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money; 34

Besides, I have some business in the town.

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
 And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.
 Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? 40

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;

Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain; 44

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,

And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse 48

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine
 I should have chid you for not bringing it.

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me—the chain!

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now. 52

Either send the chain or send by me some token.

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath! 56

Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no if not, I'll leave him to the officer. 60

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since. 64

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.

Cour. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer: establish him in his true sense again; 45
and I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse. 49

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [Striking him.]

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.

Conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad. 55

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house? 61

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou? 65

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there. 70

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did. My bones bear witness, 71
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, 80

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! Heart and goodwill you might,
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats? 84

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks. 90
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold; 95

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes 101
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him; let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks! 105

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner. Wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too. [They bind Dromio.]

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer? 111
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my
 suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the Duke's

For servants must their masters' minds
 fulfil. {Exit.

SCENE II. *The house of Antipholus of
 Ephesus*

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, from the bay.
Dro. S. Master, there's a bark of Epidam-
 num
 That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
 And then, sir, she hears away. Our freight-
 age, sir,
 I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought

forsworn he were. 10
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd
 of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt
 thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit
 might move.
 First he did praise my beauty, then my
 speech. 15
Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee
 for a rope;
 And told thee to what purpose and what
 end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as
 soon—
 You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark. 100
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more
 leisure,
 And teach your ears to list me with more
 heed.

where; 20
 Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
 Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such
 a one?
 No evil loss is wall'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I
 say. 25
 And yet would herein others' eyes were
 worse.
 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
 My heart prays for him, though my tongue
 do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Oa, officer, to prison till it come.
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we
 din'd, 110
 Where Dowsabel did claim me for her
 husband.
 She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
 Thither I must, although against my will,

Dro. S. Here go—the desk, the purse.
 Sweet now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio?
 he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, w
 than hell.
 A devil in an everlasting garment bath;
 One whose hard heart is button'd up
 steel;

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan,
and Others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake!
He is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away;
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my
house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake
take a house.

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd.
[Exit Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the priory.]

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng
you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted hus-
band hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him
fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect
wits.

Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw
on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held
the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour,
sad,

And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by
wreck of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else
his eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the
last;

Namely, some love that drew him oft from
home.

Abb. You should for that have repre-
hended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would
let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man
was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's
tooth.

70

It seems his sleeps were hind'ed by thy
railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is
light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy
upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions;

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hind'ed by thy
brawls.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,

And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,

To be disturb'd would mad or man or
beast.

The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the use of
wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but
mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude,
and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer
not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own
reproof.

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my
house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my
husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for
sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his
nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself;

And therefore let me have him home with
me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him
stir

Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy
prayers,

To make of him a formal man again.

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with
me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my
husband here;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt
not have him. [Exit Abbess.]

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this
indignity.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee; 115
 Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
 And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
 Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd Home to my house. O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet! 121
Dro. E. Master, I am here ent'red in bond for you.

of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town; 124

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. A street before a priory.

Enter Second Merchant and ANGELO.

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes? 130
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day came to my house, and took away my

Sec. Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck 10
 Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him, Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

I long to know the truth hereof at large. 140
 Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rather drom and DROMIO of Syracuse

ment,
 You have done wrong to this my honest friend; 19
 sy,

again.
Off. Away, they'll kill us!
 [Exeunt all but *Ant. S.* and *Dro. S.* as fast as may be, frighted.
Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords. 145
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence.

deny it.
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it? 23

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

File on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach

That then I lost for thee, now grant me
justice.
Age. Unless the fear of death doth make
me dole, 195
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.
Ant. E. Justice, sweet Prince, against
that woman there 1
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonoured me
Even in the strength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong 201
That she this day hath shameless thrown
on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find
me just.
Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut
the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman,
didst thou so? 206
Adr. No, my good lord. Myself, he, and
my sister,
To-day did dine together. So hefall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day nor sleep
on night 210
But she tells to your Highness simple truth
Ang. O perjurd woman! They are both
forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Aut. E. My liege, I am advis'd what I
say; 211
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser
mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from
dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd
with her, 210
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Parpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman. 226
There did this perjurd goldsmith swear me
down
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the
which
He did arrest me with an officer. 230
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and
a rabble more 231
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Plinch, a hungry lea-
fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer, 214
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out I was possess'd. Then all to-
gether 215
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me
thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound
together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in
sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately 250
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I be-
seech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.
Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness
with him,
That he dur'd not at home, but was lock'd
out. 255
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee,
or no?
Ang. He had, my lord, and when he ran
in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.
Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these
ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of
him, 260
After you first forswore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my sword on you,
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by
miracle.
Aut. E. I never came within these abbey
walls, 261
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach-
ment is this! 265
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have
been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so
coldly.
You say he dur'd at home: the goldsmith
here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?
Dro. E. Sir, he dur'd with her there, at
the Parpentine. 271
Cour. He did; and from my finger
snatch'd that ring.
Aut. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I
had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey
here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see you
Grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the
Abhess hither, 280

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at
his feet, 124
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person
hither
And take perforce my husband from the
Abbess.
Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points
at five;

Nor send him forth that we may bear him
hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy
command
Let him be brought forth and borne hence
for help. 126
Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me
in my wars,
And I to thee com'd

Who put unluckily into this bay 125

Enter a Messenger.

to the Duke before he pass
the abbey.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save
yourself!
My master and his man are both broke
loose,
Beaten the maids a-row and bound the
doctor, 127
Whose beard they have sing'd off with
brands of fire,
And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the
hair.

*Enter the DUKE, attended; ÆGEON, bare-
headed; with the Headsmen and
other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,

A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desprately he hurried through the
street, 140
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound and sent him
home, 145
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had com-
mitted.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard
of him, 149
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn
swords,

146;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take
you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be
gone!
Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing,
Guard with halberds. 155
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness
you
That he is borne about invisible.
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human
reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and
DROMIO of Ephesus*

gracious Duke, O,
157
long since I did
e wars, and took
16, even for the

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that. 370

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here, did call me brother. [To Luciana] What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good; if this be not a dream I see and hear. 375

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your ball, 380

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,

And Dromio my man did bring them me. I see we still did meet each other's man, 385
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you. 390

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the palms

To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;

And all that are assembled in this place
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company
And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirty-three years have I but gone
travail

Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burden ne'er delivered.

The Duke, my husband, and my children
both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;

After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at the
feast. [Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E.,
Dro. S., and Dro. E.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your staff
from slipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast
thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir,
in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your
master, Dromio.

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with
him. [Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your
master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner.
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and
not my brother;

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question; how shall we
try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the sentence
till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and
brother,

And now let's go hand in hand, not one
before another. [Exeunt]

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:

Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your hondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his hondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;

Now am I Dromio and his man unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me,

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound as you are now. You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? You know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last;

And careful hours with time's deformed hand

Can witness with me that it is not so:

I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.

I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[All gather to see them.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;

And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

tongue

them,

337

M.
Al.
Te

338
339
340

boy,

Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city

Syracuse

Duke. Stay, stand apart: I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord

Dro. E. And I with him.

355

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible; he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books. 64

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio. 69

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere 'a be cured. 74

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. Not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd. 79

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, and JOHN the Bastard.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it. 82

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace; for trouble being gone comfort should remain; but when you depart from me sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave. 86

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too fillingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told e so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you k'd her? 90

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then re you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick; we y guess by this what you are, being a n. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be py, lady, for you are like an honourable ter. 95

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, would not have his head on her shoulders all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be ng, Signior Benedick; nobody marks 100

ne. What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are yet living?

at. Is it possible disdain should die she hath such meet food to feed it as r Benedick? Courtesy itself must rt to disdain if you come in her ice. 104

e. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But certain I am loved of all ladies, only

you excepted; and I would I could in my heart that I had not a hard heart, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women! I would else have been troubled with pernicious suitor. I thank God, and cold blood, I am of your humour for th: I had rather hear my dog bark at a cr than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still that mind! So some gentleman or-otf shall scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it wors an 'twere such a face as yours were. 1

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teache

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better tha a beast of yours. 11

Bene. I would my horse had the speed o your tongue, and so good a continuer. Bu keep your way a God's name, I have done

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old. 124

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart. 130

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [To Don John] Let me bid you welcome, my lord—being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you. 135

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato? 139

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex? 145

Claud. No, I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her. 151

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her? 151

Claud. Can the world buy such

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
DON JOHN, *his bastard brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence.*
BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua.*
LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*
ANTONIO, *his brother.*
BALTHASAR, *attendant on Don Pedro.*
BORACHIO, } *followers of Don John.*
CONRADE, }
FRIAR FRANCIS.

DOGERRY, *a constable.*
VERGES, *a headborough.*
A Sexton,
A Boy.
Messengers, Watch, Attendants.

THE SCENE: *Messina.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *Before Leonato's house.*

equally rememb'rd by Don Pedro
hath borne himself beyond the prou
his age, doing, in the figure of a lion
feats of a lion; he hath, indeed,

Leon. Did he break out into tears? 20

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There
are no faces truer than those that are so
wash'd. How much
joy than to joy?

Beal. I pray y
return'd from th

Mess. I know
there was none
sort.

them.

Beal. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In
our last conflict four of his five wits went
halting off, and now is the whole man

Claud. My liege, your Highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how, 253

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir. 257

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 260

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand

Than to drive liking to the name of love; But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts 263

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,

Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words.

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; 270

And I will break with her, and with her father,

And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love, 274

That know love's grief by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,

I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise. 277

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look what will serve is fit. 'Tis once, thou lovest; 280

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night;

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio; 284

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale.

Then, after, to her father will I break; 288

And the conclusion is she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Leonato's house.

Enter, severally, LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but

they have a good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: - the Prince discovered Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found he accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it.

[Several persons cross the stage] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Leonato's house.

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! Why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou say'st thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am; I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure to sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you
here, that you followed not to Leonato's?
Bene. I would your Grace would con-

call'd Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try. 225
In time the savage bull doth bear the
yoke.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke
mine.

for such an embassy, and so I commit
you—

From my
Your loving

The
is sometime guarded
guards are bet
her, ere you
examine your
ave you. [Exit Benedick]

other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust, to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred. 55

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer. 57

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinquepace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave. 67

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight. 70

Leon. The revellers are ent'ring, brother; make good room. [*Antonio masks.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, and BORACHIO, as maskers, with a drum.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? 73

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company? 78

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case! 81

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Takes her aside.*]

Balth. Well, I would you did like me. 85

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud. 90

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk. 95

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-will unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to; mum; you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales'—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester, very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders; none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation not in his wit but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them; and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strike him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous of Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio; I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamour'd o

denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I | *Hero.* He is of a very melancholy dispos-

hand, | but to a cow too curst he sends none. 25
D. John. Who? The most exquisite | *Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will
 Claudio? | send you no horns.

Bora. Even be. | *Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband ;
 | ing I am at him upon
 | morning and evening
 | endure a husband with
 | I had rather lie in the 26

How came you to this? | 49 | *Leon.* You may light on a husband that

having obtain'd her, give her to Count | more than a youth is not for me, and he
 Claudio. | that is less than a man I am not for him ;
D. John. Come, come, let us thither ; | therefore I will even take sixpence in
 this may prove food to my displeasure ; | earnest of the berrord, and lead his apes

ued. would the cook were o' my mind : | i up my apes and away to count 2000 for
 Shall we go prove what's to be done ? | the heavens ; he shows me where the
Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. | bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as
 [Exeunt | the day is long 41

ACT TWO

SCENE I. A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE,
 MARGARET, URSULA, and Others.

Ant. [To Hero] Well, niece, I trust you
 will be rul'd by your father

Beat. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty
 to make curtsy, and say 'Father, as it
 please you'. But yet for all that, cousin,
 let him be a handsome fellow, or else make
 Father, as it

47
 se to see you one

ke men of some

the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest Inch of Asla; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company. 243

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick. 247

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it. 251

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you rent me to seek. 256

D. Pedro. Why, how now, Count? Wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then, sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord. 260

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count—civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion. 264

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true, though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won. I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy! 270

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue. 274

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you, and dole upon the exchange. 278

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither. 280

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin. 285

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am

sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry 'Heigh-ho for a husband!' 287

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace too costly to wear every day. But, beseech your Grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter. 291

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for out o' question, you were born in a merry hour. 295

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, you will look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry your mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. [Exit Beatrice.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant spirited lady. 299

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad there for I have heard my daughter say she had often dreamt of unhappiness, and wakened herself with laughing. 303

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear told of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick. 312

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when meet you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind. 316

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at long a breathing; but I warrant the Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection th' one with' other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it if you three will but minister such assistance as shall give you direction. 320

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though cost me ten nights' watchings.

MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING

e 1]

I pray you dissuade him from her;
no equal for his birth. You may do
part of an honest man in it. 145
aud. How know you he loves her?
John. I heard him swear his affection.
ora. So did I too; and he swore he
ould marry her to-night.
) John. Come, let us to the banquet. 150
(Exit Don John and Borachio.
Claud. Thus answer I in name of Bene-
duck.

it hear these ill news with the ears of
Claudio.
's certain so; the Prince woos for him-
self.
friendship is constant in all other things
iave in the office and affairs of love; 155
Therefore all hearts in love use their own
tongues.
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into
blood. 160
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, there-
fore, Hero. 165

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?
Claud. Yea, the same.
Bene. Come, will you go with me?
Claud. Whither?
Bene. Even to the next willow, about
your own business, County. What fashion
will you wear the garland of? About your
neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your
arm, like a hutsenants' scarf? You must
wear it one way, for the Prince hath got
your Hero. 170

Claud. ... of her
Bene.
drovier;
think the ...
thus?
Claud. I pray you leave me.
Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind
man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat,
and you'll beat the post.
Claud. If it will not be, I'll k

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the
part of Lady Fame. I found him here as
melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told
him, and I think I told him true, that your
Grace had got the good will of this young
lady; and I offered him my company to a
willow tree, either to make him a garland,
as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod,
as being worthy to be whipt. 195

D. Pedro. To be whipt! What's his
fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-
boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a
bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he
steals it.

D. Pedro. Wait thou make a trust a trans-
gression? The transgression is in the
stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod
had been made, and the garland too; for
the garland he might have worn himself,
and the rod he might have bestowed on you,
who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing,
and restore them to the owner.
Bene. If their singing answer your saying,
by my faith, you say honestly.
D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a
quarrel to you; the gentlemen that
danc'd with her told her she is much
wrong'd by you. 205

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endur-
ance of a block; an oak but with one green
leaf on it would have answered her; my
very visor began to assume life and scold
with her. She told me, not thinking I had
been myself, that I was the Prince's jester,
that I was duller than a great thaw;
huddling jest upon jest with such impos-
sible conveyance upon me that I stood like
a man at a mark, with a whole army shoot-
ing at me. She speaks poniards, and every
word stabs; if her breath were as terrible
as her terminations, there were no living
near her; she would infect to the north
star. I would not marry her though she
were endowed with all that Adam had left
him before he transgress'd; she would
have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea,
... his club to make the fire too
shall find he
sarel. I woul
injure her; fo
a man may liv
to you ...
certainly, while she is well, a man may liv
as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; ar
people sin upon purpose, because thi
o thither; so, indeed, all disqui
and perturbation, follows her.

... CLAUDIO and BEATRICE, LEONA
and HERO.

Re-enter DON JUAN.
D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the
Count? Did you see him?
Bene. Look, here she comes.
D. Pedro. Will your Grace command me
service to the world's end? I will go

certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws.]

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?
 Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord; the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfection. I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come; Or if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes: There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note notes, forsooth, and nothing! [Music.]

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd. Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balthasar sings.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever,

One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And he you blithe and bonny;

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hey nonny nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song. 70
 Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Claud. Ha, no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so; farewell. [Exit Balthasar] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O ay; stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May he see she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me; I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-headed fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection; hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your

Claud. And I, my lord, 337 | brother's honour, who hath made this

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it. 3 }

SCENE III. Leonato's orchard.

Enter BENEDICK, alone.

Bene. Boy!

remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage; but loth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would lie a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signor; fare you well.

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner'—there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me'—that's as much as to say 'Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks'. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Leonato's orchard.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the Prince and Claudio. Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse

Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter—like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her

To listen our propose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,

As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick. When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit;

My talk to thee must be how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter

Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs

Close by the ground, to hear our conference. Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait. So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture. Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[They advance to the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the Prince and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,

To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man; But nature never fram'd a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice. Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly that to her

All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so; and therefore, certainly, it were not good

She knew his love, lest she'll make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,

appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is. 35

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: 'a brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode? 38

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls. 42

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, 'a rubs himself with civet. Can you smell him out by that? 46

Claud. That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face? 50

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? For the which I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him; conclude, conclude, he is in love. 56

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him. 61

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with 'er face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache. Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. 66

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet. 70

Enter DON JOHN

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him. 76

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. [To Claudio] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does. 80

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it. 83

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearthness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage—surely suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter? 89

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances short'ned, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero? 93

D. John. Even she—Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal? 96

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber window ent'red, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind. 103

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it. 105

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly. 109

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her, to-morrow in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her. 112

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her. 114

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself. 117

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel. [Exeunt.]

SCÈNE III. A street.

Enter DOGBERRY and his compartner VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?
Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch.

But she would spell him backward. If fair-
fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be
her sister;

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with
traps. [Exit Hero and Ursula.
Beat. [Coming forward] What fire is in
mine ears? Can this be true?
I condemn'd for pride and scorn
so much?

pride,

winds;

119

She would mock me into air; O, she would
speak,
laugh me

SCENE II. *Leonato's house.*
Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK,
and LEONATO.

madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick, 93
For shape, for bearing, argument, and
valour,

money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it. 20

Bene. Hang it!

When are you married, madam? 100
Hero. Why, every day—to-morrow.
Come, go in;

but he that has it

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy
in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy
counsel

Which is the best to furnish me to-morro
Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we
have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by
haps: 105

Spaniard from the hip upward, no doubt.
Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel. 110

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thlef this fashion is? 111

2 Watch. [Aside] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thlef this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman; I remember his name. 117

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thlef this fashion is, how giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club? 126

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely. I should first tell thee how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 138

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enrag'd; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband. 148

2 Watch. We charge you in the Prince's name, stand. 150

1 Watch. Call up the right Master Constable; we have here recover'd the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

2 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, 'a wears a lock. 155

Con. Masters, masters!

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters—

1 Watch. Never speak, we charge you; let us obey you to go with us. 161

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Hero's apartment.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither. 4

Urs. Well. [Exit Ursula.]

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this. 11

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so. 15

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't. 21

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man. 24

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady, of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say 'saving your reverence, a husband'; an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an It be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes. 33

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero. 35

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal;

Dogb. C

God hath

To be a v

fortune;

nature.

2 Watch. Both which, Master Constable—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be

my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 Watch. *Exit* *to sleep* and

ice, and

for the

when it

does will never answer a call when he

bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

you are to call at all the ale-houses, where

he is

Ve

merc

Do

2 Watch. *Aside* Some treason, I suspect;

know I have earned of
and ducats.

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Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither. 4

Urs. Well. [Exit Ursula.]

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Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero. 35

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love'; that goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love with your heels!

'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I

SCENE V. *Leonato's house.*

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is

my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen wear it in your cap.

Marg. Get you Carduus Benedictus heart; it is the only

Hero. There thou thistle.

truly, for mine own part, if I were as

city, and though I be but a poor man, I am

I have

might,

'ta'en

ny in

will be

keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir - our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

[Exit.]

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.
 Leon. Drink some wine ere you go; fare
 ou well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give
 our daughter to her husband. 50

Leon. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.
 [Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to
 rancis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and
 skhorn to the gaol; we are now to ex-
 mination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely. 55

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant
 ou; here's that shall drive some of them
 o a non-come; only get the learned writer
 o set down our excommunication, and
 meet me at the gaol. [Exeunt.]

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. A church.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO,
 FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK,
 HERO, BEATRICE, and Attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only
 o the plain form of marriage, and you shall
 account their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to
 marry this lady?

Claud. No. 5
 Leon. To be married to her, friar! You
 come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be
 married to this count?

Hero. I do. 10

Friar. If either of you know any inward
 impediment why you should not be con-
 joined, I charge you, on your souls, to
 utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord. 15

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Claud. O, what men dare do! What men
 may do! What men daily do, not knowing
 what they do! 19

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why,
 then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by
 your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
 Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her
 me. 25

Claud. And what have I to give you back
 whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious
 gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her
 again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble
 thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again; 30
 Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
 She's but the sign and semblance of her
 honour.

Behold how like a maid she blushes here.
 O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal! 35

Comes not that blood as modest evidence
 To witness simple virtue? Would you not
 swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid
 By these exterior shows? But she is none:
 She knows the heat of a luxurious bed; 40
 Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
 Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear, my lord, if you, in your own
 proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her
 youth, 45

And made defeat of her virginity—

Claud. I know what you would say. If I
 have known her,

You will say she did embrace me as a
 husband,

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin.

No, Leonato, 50

I never tempted her with word too large
 But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to
 you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will
 write against it. 55

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
 But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamp'ring animals:
 That rage in savage sensuality. 60

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak
 so wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
 I stand dishonour'd that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.
 Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I
 but dream? 65

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these
 things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
 Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's
 brother? 69

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this,
 my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to
 your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power
 That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my
 child. 75

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love'; that goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love with your heels!

SCENE V. *Leonato's house.*

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Leon. Would you with me, honest

sir, I would have some you that discerns you

prayer you; for you see it is

thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus?

night,
'ta'en
my in
31
will be
e is in
world
hour

other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and

short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

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116,
te.

It shall be suffigance.
 1. Drink some wine ere you go; fare
 ell.

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 daughter to her husband.

m. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

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 cis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and
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 child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here

villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,

Not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in

Without offence to utter them.

pretty lady,

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much

And salt too little which may season give

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair!

Farewell,

night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until last

To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 163
If this sweet lady be not guiltless here
Under some blithing error,

Leon. Friar, it cannot be. 170
Thou seest that all the grave that she hath
left

Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you re-
accus'd of? 176

Hiero. They know that do accuse me; I
know none.

If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth
warrant, 179

Let all my sins lark mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maiden'd the change of words with any
creature, 183

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Friar. There is some strange misprision
In the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very hent of
honour; 186

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practicer of it lives in John the bardard,
Whose spells toll in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know nat. If they speak but
truth of her, 190

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong
her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
True hath not yet so died this blood of
mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention, 191
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of
friends,

But they shall find awak'd in such a clad
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends, 199
To gull me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for
dead;

I let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation, 205
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What
will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on
her behalf 210

Change slander to remorse; that is some
good.

But not for that dream I on this strange
course,

But on this travall look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maiden'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd, 215
Shall he lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer; for it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the
worth

Whiles we enjoy it, but being inclin'd and
lost, 219

Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show
119

Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with
Claudio.

When he shall hear she died upon his
words,

Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination, 225

And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious
hablt,

More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he
mourn, 230

If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accus'd her—
No, though he thought his accusation true.

Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape 235
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

But if all aim but this he levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will smouch the wonder of her infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal
her, 240

As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and
injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise
you;

And though you know my inwardness and
love 245

Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I tlaw in grief
The smallest twine may lead me. 250

Friar. 'Tis well censured. Presently
away;

For to strange sores strangely they strain
the cure.

Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience
and endure.

[Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.

Hiero. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all
this while? 255

Here Is it not Hero? Who can blot that
 name
 With any just reproach?

79 *Friar.* Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every
 earthly thing
 Cry shame upon her? Could she here
 deny

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and
 one?

81 *Thought* *die,* I thy spirits were stronger than
 thy shames,

nam'd, my lord,
 Not to be spoke of:
 There is not chastity enough in language 95
 Without offence to utter them. Thus,
 pretty lady,
 I am sorry for this much

95 *That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her—why, she, O, she is fall'n
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea 110
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
 And salt too little which may season give*

Farewell,

112 *Beat.* No, truly not; although, until last
 night,
 have this twelvemonth been her bed-
 fellow.

115 *Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is
 up with ribs of

117 *and Claudio he,
 speaking of her*

118 *foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her!
 let her die.*

119 *Friar.* Hear me a little,

120 *or I have only been silent so long,
 and given way unto this course of tortures,
 noting of the lady I have mark'd
 thousand blushing apparitions,
 start into her face, a thousand times
 shames
 angel whiteness beat
 blushes,*

Add in her eye there hath appeared a few

Dogh. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come on hither, strrah; a word in your ear; str, say to you it is thought you are false naives. 26

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dogh. Well, stand aside. Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down that they are none? 27

Sexton. Master Constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are these accusers. 27

Dogh. Yea, marry, that's the effest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you in the Prince's name, accense these men. 31

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain. 31

Dogh. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain. 33

Bora. Master Constable—

Dogh. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee. 41

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 45

Dogh. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her. 51

Dogh. O villain I thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all. 55

Sexton. And t'is is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stol'n away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to Leonato's; I will go before and show him their examination. 61

[Exit.]

Dogh. Come, let them be op'n'd.

Verg. Let them be in the hands.

Con. Oif, coxcomb.

Dogh. God's my life, where's the sexton? Let him write down the Prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet! 67

Con. Away I you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogh. Dost thou not suspect my place?

Dost thou not suspect my years? O that

he were here to write me down an ass!

But, masters, remember that I am an ass;

though it be not written down, yet forget

not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou

art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [Exit.]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Before Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself.

And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine And bid him speak of patience;

Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,

In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.

If such a one will smile and stroke his head,

And sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when I should groan,

Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters—bring him yet to me And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man; for, brethren

Can counsel and speak comfort to their grief

Which they themselves not feel; by fasting it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which bef

Would give preceptual medicine to rage

Fetter strong madness in a silken threa

Charm ache with air and agony with woe

No, no; 'tis all men's office to spare

patience To those that wring under the load

sorrow, But no man's virtue nor sufficiency To be so moral when he shall endure The like himself. Therefore, give me counsel;

My griefs cry louder than advertisement

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you it is thought you are false knaves. 26

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And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,

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To those that wring under the load of sorrow,

But no man's virtue nor sufficiency

To be so moral when he shall endure The like himself. Therefore, give me no

counsel; My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children
nothing differ.
Leon. I pray thee peace; I will be flesh
and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active
practice.

Make those that do offend you suffer too.
Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay,
I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
Ant.

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a
man.
Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men
indeed;
Let him kill one first,
let him answer me,
come, sir boy, come

At
Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

from your joining
fence;

Leon. Some haste, my lord; you well, my lord.
Are you so hasty now? Well, all is o'
D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel
us, good old man.

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother—
Ant. Content yourself. God knows I
lov'd my niece;
she is dead, slander'd to death by
villains.

Ant. If he could right himself
quarrelling,
Some of us would be low.

And what they weigh, even to the utmost
uple—
out-facing, fashion-monging
ys,
nd cog and flout, deprave and
nder,

If it should give your age such cause of fear!
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my
sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man; never flee and
jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what
would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy
head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child
and me
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with gray hairs and bruise of many
days

And speak off half a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they
durst;
And this is all.

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child.
Thy slander hath gone through and

and show outward hideousness,
And what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord—
D. Pedro. I will not bear you,
Leon.

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And what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord—
D. Pedro. I will not bear you,
Leon.

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?
Benc. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had lik'd to have had our two noses snapp'd off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels—draw to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though eate kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [Aside to Claudio] You are a villain; I jest not; I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' said she 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I 'he hath

the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue; there two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with sigh, thou wast the proper'st man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, 'God save him when he was hid in the garden'.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'He dwells Benedick the married man'?

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggart do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina. You have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; an till then, peace be with him.

[Exit Benedick]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be; pinch up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter Dogberry, Venices, and the Watch with Conrade and Balthazo.

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, an you be cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound—Borachio one.

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady

Ant. Therein do men from children
nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee peace; I
and blood;

For there was never yet philo-

Make those that do offend you suffer too. 45

Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay,
I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know;

Prince,
And all of them that thus dish-

Ant. Here comes the Prince from the court
hastily. 45

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

If thou kill'st me, hoy, thou shalt kill a
man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men
indeed; 50

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining
fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will. 55

God knows I

r'd to death by

a man indeed

by the tongue. 90

cks, milksops!

brother Antony—

What, man! I

And what they weigh, even to the utmost
scruple—

scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging
boys,

That lie and cog and flout, deprave and
slander. 95

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand
If it should give your age such cause of fear!

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my
sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never flee and
jest at me;

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag

What I have done being young, or what
would do

And this is all 99

wake your patience.

days 63 | *Leon.* No!

we went to seek. 100

Enter BENEDICK

Claud. Now, signior, what news? 105

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

of one Deformed; they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and horrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you examine him upon that point. 298

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogh. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you. 301

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogh. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go; I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee. 305

Dogh. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour. 311

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.]

Leon. [To the Watch] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret 315

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. Leonato's orchard.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty? 4

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it. 7

Marg. To have no man come over me! Why, shall I always keep below stairs? 9

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches. 11

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers. 16

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids. 19

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you,

who, I think, hath legs. [Exit Margaret.]
Bene. And therefore will come. 22

[Sings] The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me, 23
How pitiful I deserve—

I mean in singing; but in loving—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby'—an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn', 'horn'—a hard rhyme; for 'school', 'fool'—a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. 37

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I call'd thee?

Bear. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then! 40

Bear. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now. And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee. 44

Bear. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart un-kiss'd. 47

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me? 53

Bear. For them all together; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me? 57

Bene. Suffer love—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Bear. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 62

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Bear. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself. 65

thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves. 208

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone. 250
Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself.

Bora. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence? 217

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this Court kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes.

not discover, I brought to light; heard me confess John your brother the Lady Hero; into the orchard Margaret in Hero's disgrac'd her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have

her's
254
Record it with your high and worthy deeds; 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself; Impose me to what

265
That were impossible; but, I pray

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is

treachery, And fled he is upon

Claud. Sweet Hero, how my image hath appear

In the rare semblance that I lov'd at first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our sexton hath reformed

Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve

an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes Leonato and the sexton too

Re-enter LEONATO and ANI Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes, 243

That when I note another man like him I may avoid

daughter, 274
Almost the copy of my child that's dead; And she alone is her to both of us. Give her the right you should have giv'n her cousin,

me. I do embrace your offer; and dispose 280 For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;

To-night I take my leave. This naughty man 283

to me; But always hath been just and virtuous in anything that I do know by her

Dogb. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this black

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her. 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me, ²⁵
From Claudio, and the Prince. But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical. But, for my will, my will is your good will may stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

in the state of honourable marriage; ³⁰
in which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the Prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Claudio; ³⁵

We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind were she an Ethiopie.

Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready. [Exit Antonio.]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter ⁴⁰

That you have such a February face, So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee, ⁴⁵
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low; And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat ⁵⁰
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you. Here comes other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ani. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face. ⁵⁵

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy friar

I am your husband, if you like of me. ⁵⁹

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife; [Unmasking.]

And when you lov'd you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One Hero died defil'd; but I do live, And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead! ⁶⁵

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify, When, after that the holy rites are ended, I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death.

Meantime let wonder seem familiar, ⁷⁰
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name. [Unmasking]
What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio, ⁷⁵

Have been deceived; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me. ⁸⁰

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her; ⁸⁵

For here's a paper written in his hand, A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another, Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick. ⁹⁰

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity. ⁹³

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption. ⁹⁶

Bene. Peace; I will stop your mouth.

[Kissing her.]

Widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you? 69

Bene. Question; why, an hour in clam-

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend;

ere

ie in

Urs. Madam, you must come to your
 uncle. Yonder's old coil at home. It is
 proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely
 accus'd, the Prince and Claudio mightily
 abus'd; and Don John is the author of
 it, who is fled and gone. Will you come
 presently? 86

four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reads from a scroll]

Epitaph.

So the life that died with shame
 Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
 Praising her when I am dumb. 90

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn
 hymn.

Song.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
 Those that slew thy virgin knight;
 For the which, with songs of woe,
 Round about her tomb they go. 95
 Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily.

Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered, 90

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night.
 Yearly will I do this rite.

Urs. Good morrow, masters; put

our torches out;

we have prey'd; and look, the

gentle day, 95

the wheels of Phoebus, round about

the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Fare you all, and leave us. Fare you

well.

Good morrow, masters; each his

several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on

other weeds; 96

luckier

wee. [Exit all]

SCENE IV. *Leonato's house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK,
 BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR
 FRANCIS, and HERO. 100

100

so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith
 enforc'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it,

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentle-
 women all, 105

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;

when I send for you, come hither
 mask'd.

Prince and Claudio promis'd by this
 hour

To visit me. You know your office, brother;
 You must be father to your brother's
 daughter, 110

And give her to young Claudio.

[Exit all.]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd
 countenance,

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I
 think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To hind me, or undo me—one of
 them. 115

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BEROWNE,

LONGAVILLE,

DUMAIN,

BOYET,

MARCADE,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*

MOTH, *page to Armado.*

A Forester.

THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,

MARIA,

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Lords, Attendants, etc.

THE SCENE: *Navarre.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *Navarre. The King's park.*

Enter the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,

Live regist'ed upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy

That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors—for so you are
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Berowne, Dumain, and Longaville,

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes

That are recorded in this schedule here.

Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down

That violates the smallest branch herein.

If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast.

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.

The grosser manner of these world's delights

He throws upon the gross world's base slaves;

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living in philosophy.

Ber. I can but say their protestation over;

So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances,
As: not to see a woman in that term,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,

And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;

And then to sleep but three hours in the night

And not be seen to wink of all the day—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,

And make a dark night too of half the day—

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Ber. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:

I only swore to study with your Grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the | thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look

what I have said against it; for man is
a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.
For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have
beaten thee; but in that thou art like to
be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love
my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop'd thou wouldst
have denied Beatrice, that I might have
cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make
thee a double dealer; which out of question

Enter a Messenger.

Ar

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow.
I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.
Strike up, pipers. [Dance. Exeunt.

It doth forget to do the thing it should ;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
Tis won as towns with fire—so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with
this decree ; 145

She must lie here on mere necessity.

Ber. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three
years' space ;

For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might mast' red, but by special
grace. 150

If I break faith, this word shall speak for
me :

I am forsworn on mere necessity.
So to the laws at large I write my name ;

[Subscribes.

And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame. 155

Suggestions are to other as to me ;
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted ?
King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you
know, is haunted 160

With a refined traveller of Spain,
A man in all the world's new fashion
planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;
One who the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony ; 165

A man of complements, whom right and
wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a
knight 170

From tawny Spain lost in the world's
debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
But I protest I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy. 174

Ber. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own
knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be
our sport ;

And so to study three years is but short.

Enter DULL, a constable, with a letter,
and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person ?
Ber. This, fellow. What wouldst ? 180

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person,
for I am his Grace's farborough ; but I
would see his own person in flesh and
blood.

Ber. This is lie. 184

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends
you. There's villainy abroad ; this letter
will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as
touching me. 187

King. A letter from the magnificent
Armado.

Ber. How low soever the matter, I hope
in God for high words. 190

Long. A high hope for a low heaven. God
grant us patience !

Ber. To hear, or forbear hearing ?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh
moderately ; or, to forbear both. 195

Ber. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give
us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as con-
cerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I
was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner ? 200

Cost. In manner and form following, sir ;
all those three : I was seen with her in the
manor-house, sitting with her upon the
form, and taken following her into the
park ; which, put together, is in manner
and form following. Now, sir, for the
manner—it is the manner of a man to
speak to a woman. For the form—in some
form. 206

Ber. For the following, sir ?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction ;
and God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with
attention ? 210

Ber. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to
hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads] ' Great deputy, the
welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of
Navarre, my soul's earth's god and body's
fost'ring patron '— 216

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [Reads] ' So It is '—

Cost. It may be so ; but if he say it is so,
he is, in telling true, but so. 220

King. Peace !

Cost. Be to me, and every man that
dares not fight !

King. No words !

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech
you. 224

King. [Reads] ' So It is, besieged with
sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend
the black oppressing humour to the most
wholesome phisic of thy health-giving air ;
and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself
to walk. The time When ? About the sixth
hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best
peck, and men sit down to that nourish-
ment which is called supper. So much for
the time When. Now for the ground Which ?
which, I mean, I walk'd upon ; it is cyleped
thy park. Then for the place Where ?
where, I mean, I did encounter that ob-
scene and most prepost'rous event that
draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-
coloured ink which here thou vlewest,
beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the
place Where ? It standeth north-north-east

Ber. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore
in jest.

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recom-
pense

That bites the first-born infants of the
spring.

Ber. Well, say I am; why should proud

King. These be the stops that hinder
study quite,

pain,

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your
eyes.

And though I have for barbarism spok-
more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn

And bide the penance of each three year-
day.

Give me the paper; let me read the same
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my
name

King. How well this yielding rescues thee
from shame!

Ber. [Reads] 'Item. That no woman
shall come within a mile of my court'
hath thus been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Ber. Let's see the penalty. [Reads] —

Too much to know is to know nought but
fame;

And every godfather can give a name

King. How well he's read, to
against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all
proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and so
grow the weeding.

Ber. The spring is near, when green geese
are a-breeding.

to speak—

Ber. So study evermore is over-shot,
While it doth study to have what it would

It doth forget to do the thing it should ;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire—so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with
this decree ; 145

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park ; which, put together, is in manner
and form following. Now, sir, for the
manner—it is the manner of a man to
speak to a woman. For the form—in some
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and God defend the right !

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attention ? 210

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welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of
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King. [Reads] 'So it is'—

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he is, in telling true, but so. 220

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Cost. Be to me, and every man that
dares not fight !

King. No words !

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech
you. 224

King. [Reads] 'So it is, besieged with
sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend
the black oppressing humour to the most
wholesome physic of thy health-giving air ;
and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself
to walk. The time When ? About the sixth
hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best
peck, and men sit down to that nourish-
ment which is called supper. So much for
the time When. Now for the ground Which ?
which, I mean, I walk'd upon ; it is clyped
thy park. Then for the place Where ?
where, I mean, I did encounter that ob-
scene and most prepost'rous event that
draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-
coloured ink which here thou vlewest,
beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the
place Where ? It standeth north-north-east

ne 1]

by east from the west corner of thy
ous-knotted garden. There did I see
low-spirited swain, that base minnow
hy mirth;

Cost. Me ?
King. 'that unlettered small-knowing
soul.'

Cost. Me ?
King. 'that shallow vassal,'
Cost. Still me ?
King. 'which, as I remember, high
ostard.'

Cost. O, me !
King. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to
y established proclaimed edict and con-
nient canon; which, with, O, with—but with
this I passion to say wherewith—'

Cost. With a wench.
King. 'with a child of our grandmother
Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet
understanding, a woman. Him I, as my
ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have
sent to thee, to receive the meed of punish-
ment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony
Dull, a man of good repute, carriage,
bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am
Antony Dull.

King. 'For Jaquenetta—so is the
weaker vessel called, which I appre-
hended with the aforesaid swain—I keep
her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall,
at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her
to trial. Thine, in all compliments of
devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

King. And Don Armado shall be your
keeper.

My Lord Berowne, see him delivered o'er;
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly
sworn.

[Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.
Ber. I'll lay my head to any good man's
hat

These oaths and laws will prove an idle
scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true
it is I was taken with Jaquenetta, and
Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore
welcome the sour cup of prosperity!
Affliction may one day smile again; and
till then, sit thee down, sorrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The park.

Enter ARMADO and MOTHS, his page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of
great spirit grows melancholy ?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look
sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-
same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no!
Arm. How canst thou part sadness and
melancholy, my tender juvenal ?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the
working, my tough signior.

Arm. Why tough signior ? Why tough
signior ?

Moth. Why tender juvenal ? Why tender
juvenal ?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a con-
gruent epitheton appertaining to thy young
days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough signior, as an apper-
tinent title to your old time, which we may
name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.
Moth. How mean you, sir ? I pretty, and
my saying apt ? or I apt, and my saying
pretty ?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.
Moth. Little pretty, because little
Wherefore apt ?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.
Moth. Speak you thus in my praise,
master ?

Arm. In thy condign praise.
Moth. I will praise an eel with the same
praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious ?
Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answer
thou heat'st my blood.
Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.
Moth. [Aside] He speaks the mere
contrary: crosses love not him.

WOMEN'S LABOUR'S LOST

Arm. I have promised to study three
with the Duke. 36

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.
Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?
Arm. I am ill at reck'ning; it fitteth the
it of a tapster. 47

Moth. You are a gentleman and a
nester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the
nish of a complete man.

Moth. Then I am sure you know how
uch the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts 45

Arm. It doth amount to one more than
vo.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call
three. 49

Arm. True.
Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of
study? Now here is three studied ere ye'll
thrice wink; and how easy it is to put
'years' to the word 'three', and study
three years in two words, the dancing horse
will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!
Moth. [Aside] To prove you a cipher. 55

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in
love. And as it is base for a soldier to love,
so am I in love with a base wench. If
drawing my sword against the humour of
affection would deliver me from the repro-
bate thought of it, I would take Desire
prisoner, and ransom him to any French
courtier for a new-devis'd curtsy. I think
scorn to sigh; methinks I should out-swear
Cupld. Comfort me, boy; what great men
have been in love? 63

Moth. Hercules, master.
Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More
authority, dear boy, name more; and,
sweet my child, let them be men of good
repute and carriage. 67

Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of
good carriage, great carriage, for he carried
the town gates on his back like a porter;
and he was in love. 70

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed
Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as
much as thou didst me in carrying gates.
I am in love too. Who was Samson's love,
my dear Moth? 75

Moth. A woman, master.
Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the
two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what com-
plexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir. 80

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?
Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best
of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of
lovers; but to have a love of that colour,

methinks Samson had small reason for it.
He surely affected her for her wit. 85

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green
wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white
and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master,
are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated in-
fant. 90

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's
tongue assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most
pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red, 95
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown.

Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the
reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the
King and the Beggar? 106

Moth. The world was very guilty of such
a ballad some three ages since; but I think
now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it
would neither serve for the writing nor the
tune. 111

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ
o'er, that I may example my digression by
some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love
that country girl that I took in the park
with the rational hind Costard; she does
serve well.

Moth. [Aside] To be whipt; and yet
better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy
in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving
light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be
Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENEY

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is that
keep Costard safe; and you must
him to take no delight nor no pen-
but 'a must fast three days a week,
this damsel, I must keep her at the
she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fa-
well.

Arm. I do betray myself with this
Maid!

Jaq. Man!

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodging.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situated.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the Duke. 36

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reck'ning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster. 41

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to. 45

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True. 49

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied ere ye'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three', and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [Aside] To prove you a cipher. 55

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love. And as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devis'd curtsy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love? 63

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage. 67

Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter; and he was in love. 70

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Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant. 90

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathological!

Moth. If she be made of white and red, 95
Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shown.

Then if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know; 100

For still her cheeks possess the same

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar? 106

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune. 110

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well. 114

Moth. [Aside] To be whipt; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving; light wench.

Arm. I say, sing. 117

Moth. Forbear till this company be past

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe; and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance but 'a must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well. 121

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing; Maid!

Jaq. Man!

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate. 124

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.
Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!
Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*]
Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Cost. Well, sir, I hope when I do it I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.
Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave,
Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose.
Thou shalt to prison.
Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see?
Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing. I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]
Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, tread, I shall be forsworn—which argument of falsehood—if I love.

Can that be true love which attempted? Love is a familiar; it was Samson so tempted, and he had excellent strength; yet was Solomon so reduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' banard's rapier. The first and second respects not, the duello he regards not; it is to subdue men. Adieu, valour, rapier; be still, drum, for your rager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; pen; for I am for whole volumes.

ACT TWO

SCENE I. The park.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, MARINE, BOYET, and two other Lords.
Now, madam, summon up your rarest spirits.

135 Consider who the King your father To whom he sends, and what's his esteem, Yourself, held precious in the

To parley with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may boast Matchless Navarre; the plea of weight Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace As Nature was in making graces dear, When she did starve the general world

And prodigally gave them all to you. Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not ut'ed by base sale of chapmen's tongues; I am less proud to hear you tell my

Than you much willing to be counted wise In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to task the tasker good Boyet, You are not ignorant all-telling fame Doth noise abroad Navarre hath made a

100, Till painful study shall outwear three years, No woman may approach his silent court, Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden

105, On serious business, craving quick dispatch, importunes personal conference with his Grace.

Haste, signify so much, while we attend, Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will, Boyet Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours Who are the votaries, my loving lords, That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

110, I Lord Longaville is one. Prin. Know you the man? Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast, Between Lord Perigot and the beautiful

115, Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized In Normandy, saw I this Longaville. A man of sovereign parts, peerless esteem'd, Well fitted in art, glorious in arms; Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

120, The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss, If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil.

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will,
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will
still wills 50

It should none spare that come within his
power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike;
is't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his
humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as
they grow.

Who are the rest? 55

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-
accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved;
Most power to do most harm, least knowing
ill;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no
wit. 60

I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that
time

Was there with him, if I have heard a
truth. 65

Berowne they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch 70
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse. 76

Prin. God bless my ladies! Are they all
in love,

That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
1 Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair
approach, 81

And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have
learnt:

He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to beslege his
court, 86

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

{The ladies-in-waiting mask.

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN,
BEROWNE, and Attendants.

Here comes Navarre.

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the
court of Navarre. 90

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again; and
'welcome' I have not yet. The roof of this
court is too high to be yours, and welcome
to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to
my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct
me thither. 95

King. Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn
an oath—

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! He'll be
forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by
my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and
nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what
it is. 100

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance
were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove
ignorance.

I hear your Grace hath sworn out house-
keeping.

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it. 105

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill besecmeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my
coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
[Giving a paper.]

Prin. You will the sooner that I were
away, 111

For you'll prove perjurd if you make me
stay.

Ber. Did not I dance with you in
Brabant once?

Kath. Did not I dance with you in
Brabant once? 114

Ber. I know you did.

Kath. How needless was it then to ask
the question!

Ber. You must not be so quick.

Kath. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with
such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too
fast, 'twill tire.

Kath. Not till it leave the rider in the
mire. 120

Ber. What time o' day?

Kath. The hour that fools should ask.

Ber. Now fair befall your mask!

Kath. Fair fall the face it covers!

Ber. And send you many lovers! 125

Kath. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth
intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand
crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum 130

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

ACT THREE

SCENE I. The park.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

[Moth sings Concocted]

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of year take his key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him testrately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? Brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to fly off a line at the tongue's end, canard to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, something through the throat, as if you swallowed love with slinging love, something through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love, with your hat penthouse like o'er the shop of your eyes, with your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a split, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the oil-painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice veneties, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note--do you note me?--that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O--but O--

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Call'st thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student I learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; and those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by heart and without, upon the instant. By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Kath. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree;

This civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle 'affected'.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behavours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire,

His heart, like an grate, with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed;

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair.

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tending their own worth from where they were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own murgent did quote such amazes

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,

As you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion. Boyet is dispos'd.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd;

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Mar. 'Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skillfully.

Kath. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. 'Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad veneties?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What, then; do you see?

Mar. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [Exit]

But say that he or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains
unpaid

181

A hundred thousand more, in surety of the
which,

185

A hundred thousand crowns; and not
demands,

make

190

A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the King my father too
much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet
is not come,

163

Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which
interview

heart,

Though so denied fair harbour in my house,
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and
farewell.

173

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires con-
sort your Grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every
place. [Exit with attendants.

Ber. Lady, I will commend you to mine
own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations;

Ros. And yours from long living!

Ber. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

190

[Retiring.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady
is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine
her name.

194

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw
her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light, I desire
her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to
desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter? ²⁰⁰

Boyet. I have heard,
I your beard I
offended;
ridge.
s ended. ²⁰⁵

that may be.

[Exit Boyet.]

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so

Ber. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome
to you.

[Exit Beroune. Ladies unmask.

Kath. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not sheeps?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on
your lips.

Kath. You sheep and I pasture—shall
that finish the jest? ²²⁰

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Kath. [Offering to kiss her.
Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several
they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

than French crown. I will never buy and
sell out of this word. 131

Enter BEROWNE.

Ber. My good knave Costard, exceed-
ingly well met! 135

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation
ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Ber. Why, then, three-farthing worth of
silk. 140

Cost. I thank your worship. God be w'
you!

Ber. Stay, slave; I must employ thee.
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Ber. This afternoon. 146

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir; fare you well.

Ber. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have
done it.

Ber. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-
morrow morning. 151

Ber. It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this;
The Princess comes to hunt here in the
park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady; 155
When tongues speak sweetly, then they
name her name,

And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do com-
mend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy
guerdon; go. [Giving him a shilling.

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better
than remuneration; a 'leven-pence farthing
better; most sweet gardon! I will do it,
sir, in print. Gardon—remuneration! [Exit.

Ber. And I, forsooth, in love; I, that
have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh; 165

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

'Tis wimpied, whining, purblind, wayward

boy,

This sen or-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan

Cupid; 170

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole Imperator, and great general 175

Of trotting pariters. O my little heart!

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What! I love, I sue, I seek a wife—

A woman, that is like a German clock, 180

Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,

—6

But being watch'd that it may still g
right!

Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all
And, among three, to love the worst of all
A whitey wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for
eyes;

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do th
deed,

Though Argus were her cunich and he
guard.

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, an
groan;

Some men must love my lady, and some
Joan. [Exit

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *The park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA
KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants
and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the King that spurr'd h
horse so hard
Against the steep-up rising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but I think it wa
not he.

Prin. Whoe'er 'a was, 'a show'd
mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have ou
dispatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bus
That we must stand and play the murder

In?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yond
coppice;

A stand where you may make the faire
shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty I am fair thi
shoot,

And thereupon thou speak'st the faire
shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I mean
not so.

Prin. What, what? First praise me, an
again say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? Alack fo
woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend th
brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for tellin
true: [Giving him money]

Fair payment for foul words is more tha
duc.
For. Nothing but fair is that which yo
inherit.

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd—a
horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha, what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass
upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited.
But I go.

Moth. The man is but a chat;—

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The fox, the ape, and the bumble-
bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the
goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain,
a goose, that's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your
goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast
and loose;

Let me see: a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat
goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How
did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was
broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain. Thus
came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that
you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me: how was there a
goose?

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master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so.
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a
gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet,
that's he;

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I see. [Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal; volable and
free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh
in thy face;

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee
place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter *MOTH* with *COSTARD*.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's

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me, Fell over the thresho'd and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the
shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise
thee.

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moral again.

incony Jew!

LEAH MORN.

ook to his remuneration.

O, that's the Latin word

ings. Three farthings—

'What's the price of this

penny.'—'No, I'll give you

Why, it carries it. Re-

thy, it is a fairer name

Print. Thou hast mistaken his letter.
Come, lords, away.

[To Rosaline] Here, sweet, put up this;
'twill be thine another day. 100
[Exeunt Princess and Train.]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry. 105
Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow. 110

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it? 114

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. [Singing]
Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot, 120
An I cannot, another can.
[Exeunt Rosaline and Katharine]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! How both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be. 125

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul. 130

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good-night, my good owl.
[Exeunt Boyet and Maria.]

Cost. By my soul, a swain, a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit! 135

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado a th' t'one side—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly 'a will swear!

And his page a t' other side, that handful of wit! 140

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola!— [Exit Costard.]

SCENE II. The park.

From the shooting within, enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth. 6

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; but, sir, I assure ye it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo. 10

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, impruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer. 17

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus! O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look! 21

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;

He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; 25

And such barren plants are set before us that we thankful should be—

Which we of taste and feeling are—for those parts that do fructify in us more than lie.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.
Come, lords, away.

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Which we of taste and feeling are—for
those parts that do fructify in us
more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain,
indiscreet, or a fool.

tell me by your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth

moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when
Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came
to five-score.

feminine saluteith us. 77

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, Master
Person.

Hol. Master Person, quasi pers-one. And
if one should be pierc'd, which is the
one?

Cost. Matry, Master Schoolmaster, he
that is likest to a hog'shead. 82

Hol. Piercing a hog'shead! A good
lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire

Some say a sore; but not a sore
till now made sore with shooting. 55
The dogs did yell; put el to sore,
then sorel jumps from thicket—
Or pricket sore, or else sorel;
the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore
makes fifty sores o' sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull [Aside] If a talent be a claw, look 60

Nath. Ay, sir, and vely scallow.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse;
Lege, domine.

Nath. [Reads] 'If love make me forsworn,
how shall I swear to love? 100

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to

Where all those pleasures live that art

Which is to me some praise that I thy
parts admire.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice
his dreadful

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.'

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man. And why, indeed, 'Naso' but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you? 122

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the strange queen's lords. 124

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline'. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person wrtten unto: 'Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, Berowne'. Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the King; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty. Adieu. 135

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith— 139

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen. 143

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society. 150

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [To Dull] S.r, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away; the gentles are at their

game, and we will to our recreation. 156 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The park.

Enter BEROWNE, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Ber. The King he is hunting the deer: I am coursing myself. They have pitch'd a toil: I am toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile! a foul word. Well, 'set thee down, sorrow!' for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I am the fool. Well proved, wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me—I a sheep. Well proved again o' my side. I will not love; if I do, hang me. I' faith, I will not. O, but her eye! By this light, but for her eye, I would not love her—yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! 17 [Climbs into a tree.]

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Ber. Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets! 21

King. [Reads]

'So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,

As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows; 25

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

Through the transparent bosom of the deep, As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep; No drop but as a coach doth carry thee; 30 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the tears that swell in me, And they thy glory through my grief will show.

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep. 35

O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel No thought can think nor tongue of mortal tell.'

tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth

feminine saluteth us.

77

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, Master Person.

Hol. Master Person, quasi pers-one. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, Master Schoolmaster, he

moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge, so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful Princess pierc'd and prick'd
a pretty pleasing pricket.

Some say a sore; but not a sore
till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell, put el to sore,
then sorel jumps from thicket—

Or pricket sore, or else sorel;
the people fall a-hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore
makes fifty sores o' sorel.

Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding hut one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.
Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not—

Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.

Under pardon, sir, what are the contents?
or rather as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse;
Lege, domine.

Nath. [Reads] 'If love make me forsworn,
how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to
beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll
faithful prove;

—

Where all those pleasures live that art
would comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee
shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that we
can thee commend,

All ignorant that soul that sees thee
without wonder,

Which is to me some proof that I thy
parts admire

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice
his dreadful thunder.

This will I send ; and something else more plain

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the King, Berowne and Longaville,
Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill, 120
Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd
note ;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [Advancing] Dumain, thy love is far
from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society ;
You may look pale, but I should blush, I
know, 125

To be o'erheard and taken napping so.
King. [Advancing] Come, sir, you blush ;
as his, your case is such.

You chide at him, offending twice as much :
You do not love Maria ! Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile ; 130
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did
blush.

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your
fashion, 135
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your
passion.
'Ay me !' says one. 'O Jove !' the other
cries.

One, her hairs were gold ; crystal the
other's eyes.
[To Long.] You would for paradise break
faith and troth ;

[To Dum.] And Jove for your love would
infringe an oath. 140

What will Berowne say when that he shall
hear

Faith infringed which such zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn, how will he spend his
wit !

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it !
For all the wealth that ever I did see, 145
I would not have him know so much by me.

Ber. [Descending] Now step I forth to
whip hypocrisy.

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to
reprove

These worms for loving, that art most in
love ? 150

Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your
tears

There is no certain princess that appears ;
You'll not be perjurd ; 'tis a hateful thing ;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.

But are you not ashamed ? Nay, are you
not, 155

All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?
You found his mote ; the King your mote
did see ;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen, 159

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen
O me, with what strict patience have I
sat,

To see a king transformed to a gnat !
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the
boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys ! 160

Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good
Dumain ?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain
And where my liege's ? All about the breast
A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest. 17
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view ?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed thee
you.

I that am honest, I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in ;
I am betrayed by keeping company 17
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in
rhyme ?

Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's
time

In pruning me ? When shall you hear
that I 17
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb—

King. Soft ! whither away so fast
A true man or a thief that gallops so ?

Ber. I post from love ; good lover, let
me go. 18

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the King !
King. What present hast thou there

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither
The treason and you go in peace away
together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter
be read ;

Our person misdoubts it ; 'twas treason he
said. 19

King. Berowne, read it over.
[Berowne reads the letter

Where hadst thou it ?
Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it ? 19
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adra
madio. [Berowne tears the letter

King. How now ! What is in you ? Why
dost thou tear it ? 19

Ber. A toy, my liege, a toy ! Your Grace
needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and
therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Berowne's writing, and here is
his name. [Gathering up the pieces

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop
the paper—
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes
here? *[Steps aside.]*

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship
in shame!

Ber. One drunkard loves another of the
name

Long. Am I the first that have been
perjur'd so?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not
by two that I know;

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap
of society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up
simplicity,

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack
power to move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in
prose.

Ber. O, rhymes are guards on wanton
Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go
[He reads the sonnet]

ment.

in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour
is;

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth
dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is.
If broken, then it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, what fool is not so
wise

A

God amend us, God amend! We are much
out o' th' way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?
Company! Stay. *[Steps aside.]*

Ber. 'All hid, all hid'—an old infant
play.

Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully
o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have

woodcocks in

Dum. By heaven, the wooder in a mortal
eye!

Ber. By earth, she is not, corporal; there
you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath
amber quoted.

Ber. An amber-colour'd raven was well
noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Ber. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day.

Ber. Ay, as some days; but then no sun
must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!
Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

she
Reigns in my blood, and will rememb'rd
be.

in your blood? Why, then

out in saucers. Sweet mis-

more I'll read the ode that I
have writ.

Ber. Once more I'll mark how love can
vary wit.

Dum. *[Reads]*
'On a day—alack the day!—

blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

Vow, alack, for youth unmet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;

And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

measurable, for the afternoon. The word is well cull'd, chose, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure. 81

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend. For what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy. I beseech thee, apparel thy head. And among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too—but let that pass; for I must tell thee it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy—that the King would have me present the Princess, sweet Chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking-out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance. 101

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rend'ed by our assistance, the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the Princess—I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 107

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them? 110

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, Alexander; this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules. 115

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? He shall present Hercules in minority; his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose. 117

Moth. An excellent device! So, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry 'Well done, Hercules; now thou crushest the snake!' That is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it. 121

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing? 125

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, a antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! Thou has spoken no word all this while. 13

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. The park.

Enter the PRINCESS, MARIA, KATHARINE and ROSALINE.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you what I have from the loving King.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! Yes, as much love in rhyme

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper

Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;

For he hath been five thousand year a boy

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him: 'twould kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;

And so she died. Had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might 'a been a grandam ere she died

And so may you; for a light heart live long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look what you do, you do it still in th' dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? O, that's your care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care'.

Ber. [To Costard] Ah, you whoreson
loggerhead, you were born to do
me shame. 200
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I

King
Ber.

He, he

Are pic

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell
you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Ber. True, true, we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs, away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the
traitors stay.

[Exit Costard and Jaquynella.

Ber. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us
embrace! 210

That I like a rule and compass man of lead!

Kisses the base ground with obedient
breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath in-
spir'd thee now? 225

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I
Berowne.

O, but for my love, day would turn to
night! 227

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth
seek. 233

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as
ebony.

The hue of dungeons, and the school of
night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens
well.

Ber. Devils soonest tempt, resembling
spirits of light. 233

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns that painting and usurping
hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black

Long. And since her time are colliers
counted bright.

King. And Ethiopians of their sweet com-
plexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for
dark is light. 265

Ber. Your mistresses dare never come in
rain

For fear their colours should be wash'd
away.

King. 'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to
tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Ber. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-
day here. 270

King. No devil will fright thee then so
much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff
so dear

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot
and her face sec. [Slowing his shoe.

Ber. O, if the streets were paved with
thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such
tread! 275

Dum. O vile! Then, as she goes, what
upward lies

ie street should see as she walk'd over-
head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all
in love?

Ber. Nothing so sure, and thereby all
forsworn.

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that they all did tumble on the ground, 115

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyel. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus, 120

Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parley, court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know

By favours several which they did bestow.
Prin. And will they so? The gallants shall be task'd, 126

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face. 129

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his dear;

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,

So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves 134

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then, wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs.

They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent. 140

Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet

With visages display'd to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't? 145

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot,

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;

But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

Boyel. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part. 150

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own; 154

So shall we stay, mocking intended game, 188

And they well mock'd depart away with shame. [Trumpet sounds within.]

Boyel. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd; the maskers come.

[The Ladies mask.]

Enter Blackamoors with music, MOTH as Prologue, the KING and his Lords as maskers, in the guise of Russians.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyel. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta. 159

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames [The Ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Ber. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—
Boyel. True; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe 165

Not to behold—
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyel. They will not answer to that epithet; 170

You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes'.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Ber. Is this your perfectness? Be gone, you rogue. [Exit Moth.]

Ros. What would these strangers? Know their minds, Boyel. 174

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.

Know what they would.
Boyel. What would you with the Princess?

Ber. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they? 180

Boyel. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyel. She says you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her we have measur'd many miles 184

To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boyel. They say that they have measur'd many a mile

To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches

Is in one mile? If they have measured many,

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit
well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too? 30
Who sent it?

Ros.
An if my face
My favour w
Nay, I have
The numbers true, and, were the numbr'ring
too, 35

praise. 40
Prin. Beauteous as ink—a good con-
clusion,

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. Ware pencils, ho! Let me not die
your debtor,

My red domonical, my golden letter
O that your face were not so full of O's! 45

Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew
all shrows!

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with
such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in
his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter!
Where's her Grace? 50

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arm, wenches, arm! Encounters mounted
are

Against your peace. Love doth approach
disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd,
Muster your wits; stand in your own
defence; 55

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly
hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What
are they

That charge their breath against us? Say,
scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a syc-
amore

thought to close mine eyes some half an
hour; 60

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Prin. We are wise girls to mock our
lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase
mocking so

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match'd, 70
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of
school,

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

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As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits
have wings, ²⁶⁰
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,
swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids;
break off, break off.

Ber. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure
scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have
simple wits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits. ²⁶⁵

Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet
breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross,
gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor stout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves
to-night? ²⁷⁰

Or ever but in vizards show their faces?
This pert Berowne was out of count'nance
quite.

Ros. They were all in lamentable cases!
The King was weeping-ripe for a good
word.

Prin. Berowne did swear himself out of
all suit. ²⁷⁵

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his
sword.

'No point' quoth I; my servant straight
was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said I came o'er
his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art! ²⁸⁰

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain
statute-caps.

But will you hear? The King is my love
sworn.

Prin. And quick Berowne hath plighted
falth to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service
born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on
tree. ²⁸⁵

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses,
give ear:

Immediately they will again be here
in their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity. ²⁸⁹

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with
blows;

Therefore, change favours; and, when they
repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? Speak to
be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in
their bud: ²⁹⁵

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture
shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall
we do

If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be
advls'd, ³⁰⁰

Let's mock them still, as well known as
disguis'd.

Let us complain to them what fools were
here,

Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what
end

Their shallow shows and prologue vllely
pena'd, ³⁰⁵

And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants
are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er
land. [*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline,*

Katharine, and Maria.]

Re-enter the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE,
and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's
the Princess? ³¹⁰

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your
Majesty

Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience
for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know,
my lord. [*Exit.*]

Ber. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons
pease, ³¹⁵

And utters it again when God doth please.
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares

At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets,
fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth
know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such
show. ³²⁰

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.

'A can carve too, and lisp; why this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, Monsieur the
Nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the
dice ³²⁵

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can. The ladies call him
sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his
feet. ³³⁰

The measure, tho. of one is eas'y told. 190
Boyet. If to come hither you have
 measur'd miles.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps 195
 Of many weary miles you have o'ergone
 Are numb'ed in the travel of one mile?

Ber. We number nothing that we spend
 for you;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite, 199
 That we may do it still without account.
 Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your
 face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded
 too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such
 clouds do.

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy
 stars, to shine, 203

Those clouds removed, upon our watery
 eye.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater
 matter;

Thou now requests but moonshine in the
 water.

King. Then in our measure do but
 vouchsafe one change.

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not
 strange. 210

Ros. Play, music, then. Nay, you must
 do it soon.

Not yet? No dance! Thus change I like
 the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come
 you thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but
 now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the Moon, and I the
 Man. 215

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion
 to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come
 here by chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands. We will
 not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends.

Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure
 ends. 221

King. More measure of this measure; be
 not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a
 price.

King. Price you yourselves. What buys
 your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be. 225

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so
 adieu—

Twice to your visor and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold
 more chat.

Ros. In private then

King. I am best pleas'd with that.
(They converse apart.)

Ber. White-handed mistress, one sweet
 word with thee. 230

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there
 is three.

Ber. Nay, then, two treys, an if you
 grow so nice,

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey; well run,
 dice!

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!
 Since you can cog, I'll play no more with
 you. 235

Ber. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Ber. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall I bitter.

Ber. Therefore meet.
(They converse apart.)

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to
 change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord—
 Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you, 240
 As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
(They converse apart.)

Kath. What, was your vizard made with-
 out a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you
 ask.

Kath. O for your reason! Quickly, sir;
 I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within
 your mask, 245

And would afford my speechless vizard
 half.

Kath. 'Veal' quoth the Dutchman. Is
 not 'veal' a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady!

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half.
 Take all and wear it; it may prove an ox

Long. Look how you butt yourself in
 these sharp mocks! 251

Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not
 so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns
 do grow.

Long. One word in private with you ere
 I die.

Kath. Bleat softly, then, the butcher
 hears you cry *(They converse apart.)*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches
 are as keen

Ber. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander. 568

Cost. [To Sir Nath.] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this. Your lion, that holds his polcaxe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror and afeard to speak! Run away for shame, Alisander. [Sir Nath. retires] There, an't shall please you, a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but for Alisander—alas! you see how 'tis—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey. 580

Enter HOLOFERNES, for Judas; and MOTH, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his mamms.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority, 585
Ergo I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.
[Moth retires.]

Judas I am—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir. 590

Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas!

Hol. What mean you, sir? 596

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Ber. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou hast no face. 601

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A death's face in a ring. 605

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Ber. Saint George's half-check in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead. 610

Ber. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol: You have put me out of countenance

Ber. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have outfac'd them all. 61

Ber. An thou wert a lion we would do so

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the ass to the Jude; give it him—Jud-as, away. 62

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! It grows dark, he may stumble.

[Holofernes retires]

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, for Hector.

Ber. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms. 62

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think Hector was not so clean timber'd. 63

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Ber. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter, for he makes faces. 635

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Ber. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves. 640

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breathed that certain he would fight ye, 645

From morn till night out of his pavilion.
I am that flower—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector. 650

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device.

[To the Princess] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. 655

[Beroune steps forth, and speaks to Costard.]

one happy word,
but thus I think,
fools would fain

me. Fair gentle

what wert thou

Till this man show'd thee? And what art
thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair
time of day!

Prin. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I
conceive. 312

King. Construe my speeches better, if you
may.

Prin. Then wish me better; I will give
you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose
now

To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it
then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so
hold your vow: 314

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rehuke me not for that which you
provoke.

troth. 320

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should
endure.

but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in
my eye—

Ber. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 320

Ros. But that you take what doth to you
belong.

It were a fault to snatch words from my
tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Ber. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you
wore? 325

Ber. Where? when? what vizard? Why
demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard; that
superfluous case

That hid the worse and show'd the better
face.

King. We were desec'd; they'll mock
us now downright. 329

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Ber. Thus pour the stars down plagues
for perjury.

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my
lord, 369

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be
express'd

To every varied object in his glance ;
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if in your heavenly eyes 755
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes that look into these
faults

Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love
makes

's likewise yours. We to ourselves prove
false, 760

By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both—fair ladies,
you ;

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full
of love ; 765

Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time ;

But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been ; and therefore met your
loves 771

In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much
more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the
hour, 775

Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.

No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd
much, 778

Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore this,
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught—this shall you do for
me :

Your oath I will not trust ; but go with
speed 782

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of
blood,

If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin
weeds, 789

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love,
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come, challenge me, challenge me by these
deserts ; 793

And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut
My weeful self up in a mournful house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart. 800

King. If this, or more than this, I would
deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with
rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine
eye !

Hence hermit then, my heart is in thy breast.

Ber. And what to me, my love ? and what
to me ? 803

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are
rack'd ;

You are attain'd with faults and perjury ;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never
rest,

But seek the weary beds of people sick. 810

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but
what to me ?

A wife ?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
With threefold love I wish you all these
three.

Dum. O, shall I say I thank you, gentle
wife ?

Kath. Not so, my lord ; a twelvemonth
and a day 815

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd
woocers say.

Come when the King doth to my lady come ;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you
some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully
till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn
again. 820

Long. What says Maria ?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful
friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience ; but the
time is long.

Mar. The liker you ; few taller are so
young.

Ber. Studies my lady ? Mistress, look on
me ; 825

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there.
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord
Berowne,

Before I saw you ; and the world's large
tongue 830

Proclaims you for a man replete with
mocks,

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
brain, 835

And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day
to day

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boyet. [Aside to Dumain] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [Aside to Boyet] He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow she is gone; she is two months way.

Mar. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring

is heavy in my tongue. The King your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mar. Even so; my tale is told.

Ber. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endcavours, and entreat,

forms

† purpose of his speed;

very loose decides 730

g process could not arbitrate.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-

friends lost

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey

ear of grief;

Mar. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Marcade;

But that thou interruptest our merriment.

Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
 EGEUS, father to Hermia.
 LYSANDER, } In love with Hermia.
 DEMETRIUS, }
 PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to
 Theseus.
 QUINCE, a carpenter.
 SNUG, a joiner.
 BOTTOM, a weaver.
 FLUTE, a bellows-mender
 SNOUT, a tinker.
 STARVELING, a tailor.
 HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, be-
 trothed to Theseus.
 HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with
 Lysander.
 HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
 TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
 PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW.
 PEASEBLOSSOM,
 COWWEB,
 MOTH,
 MUSTARDSEED, } fairies.

PROLOGUE,
 PYRAMUS, } presented by
 THISBY, }
 WALL, }
 MOONSHINE, }
 LION, }
 QUINCE.
 BOTTOM.
 FLUTE.
 SNOUT.
 STARVELING.
 SNUG.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
 Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

THE SCENE: Athens and a wood near it.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,
 and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial
 hour

Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
 Another moon; but, O, methinks, how
 slow

This old moon wanes! She lingers my
 desires,

Like to a step-dame or a dowager,
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep them-
 selves in night;

Four nights will quickly dream away the
 time;

And then the moon, like to a silver bow
 New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate, 11
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
 The pale companion is not for our pomp. 15

[Exit Philostrate.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love doing thee injuries;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with
 revelling.

Enter EGEUS, and his daughter HERMIA,
 LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned
 Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the
 news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with com-
 plaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
 Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her. 25
 Stand forth, Lysander. And, my gracious
 Duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my
 child.

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
 rhymes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my
 child;

Thou hast by moonlight at her window
 sung, 30

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,
 conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats—
 messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened
 youth;

With cunning hast thou filch'd my
 daughter's heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious
 Duke,

Be it so she will not here before your Grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:
 As she is mine I may dispose of her;

Which shall be either to this gentleman
 Or to her death, according to our law

Immediately provided in that case. 45

With groaning wretches: and your task
shall be, 810

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To move wild laughter in the throat
of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible;
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. 815

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a
gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot
Which shallow laughin

fools.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter All.

This side is Hiems, Winter; this Ver, the
Spring—the one maintained by the Owl, th'
other by the Cuckoo. Ver, begin. 830

Spring.

Prin. [To the King] Ay, sweet my lord,
and so I take my leave. 860

King. No, madam; we will bring you on
your way.

Cuckoo, cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter.

Ver. That's too long for a play. 900

Re-enter ARMADO

Tu-whit, Tu-who!—A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. 905

followed in the end of our show. 875

King. Call them forth quickly; we will
do so.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh
after the songs of Apollo. You that way—
we this way. [Exeunt]

- Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—
- Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes. ¹⁴⁰
- Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night ¹⁴⁵
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.
- Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd, ¹⁵⁰
It stands as an edict in destiny.
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs, ¹⁵⁴
Wishes and tears, poor Fancy's followers.
- Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia;
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child—
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues—
And she respects me as her only son. ¹⁶⁰
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town, ¹⁶⁵
Where I did meet thee once with Helena
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
- Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow, with the golden head, ¹⁷⁰
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queen, ¹⁷⁵
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
- Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.
- Enter HELENA.
- Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away? ¹⁸⁰
- Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars and your tongue's sweet air
- More tuneable than lark to shepherd'
When wheat is green, when hawthorn appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere
My ear should catch your voice, my
your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue
sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius I
bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translate
O, teach me how you look, and with
art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves
still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach
smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives
love.
Hel. O that my prayers could
affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows
me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hates
me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault
mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty; would that
fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see
my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me. ²⁰⁰
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto
hell!
Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will
unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass, ²⁰⁵
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to
steal.
Her. And in the wood where often you
and I ²¹⁴
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel
sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our
eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger com-
panies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for
us, ²²⁰
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our
sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep
midnight.

- The.* What say you, *Hermia*? Be
advise'd, fair maid.
- To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea,
and one
- But, in t
The other
Her. I
my eyes.
- I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my
thoughts;
- And won her soul; and she, sweet lady,
dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man. 110
The. I must confess that I have heard so
much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke
thereof;
- moon,
Thrice-blessed they that master so their
blood
- Demetrius*, and *Egeus*, go along;
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns your-
selves. 126
Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.
[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*
How now my love! Who is your
- read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run
smooth;
But either it was different in blood—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd
to low. 137
Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of
years—
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to
young.
- Or on *Diana's* altar to protest
For aye austere and single life. 90
Dem. Relent, sweet *Hermia*; and,
Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes. 140

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it, Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream, Brief as the lightning in the collied night 145

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!' The jaws of darkness do devour it up;

So quick bright things come to confusion. Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd, 150

It stands as an edict in destiny. Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross, As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs, 154

Wishes and tears, poor Fancy's followers. Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia:

I have a widow aunt, a dowager Of great revenue, and she hath no child—

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues—

And she respects me as her only son. 160

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee; And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then, Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow

night;

And in the wood, a league without the town, 165

Where I did meet thee once with Helena To do observance to a morn of May,

There will I stay for thee. Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow, By his best arrow, with the golden head, 170

By the simplicity of Venus' doves, By that which knitteth souls and prospers

loves, And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage

Queen, 173

When the false Trojan under sail was seen, By all the vows that ever men have broke,

In number more than ever women spoke, In that same place thou hast appointed me,

To-morrow truly will I meet with thee. Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away? 180

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair! Your eyes are lode-stars and your

tongue's sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear. When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds

appear. 18

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so, Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, 19

The rest I'd give to be to you translated. O, teach me how you look, and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart. Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill! 192

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. 200

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place. Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me. 205

O, then, what graces in my love do dwell, That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a

hell! Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass, 210

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass, A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood where often you and I 214

Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie, Emptying our bosoms of their counsel

sweet, There my Lysander and myself shall meet;

And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us, 220

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our

sight

From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

I will roar that I will make the Duke
 'Let him roar again, let him roar
 n'. 65
 min. An you should do it too terribly,
 would fright the Duchess and the
 es, that they would shriek; and that
 e enough to hang us all.
 ll. That would hang us, every mother's
 69
 ot. I grant you, friends, if you should
 nt the ladies out of their wits, they
 ld have no more discretion but to hang
 but I will aggravate my voice so, that
 ill roar you as gently as any sucking
 e; I will roar you an 'twere any
 atingale. 74
 min. You can play no part but Pyramus;
 Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a
 per man, as one shall see in a summer's
 ; a most lovely gentleman-like man;
 efore you must needs play Pyramus.
 ot. Well, I will undertake it. What
 rd were I best to play it in? 80
 min. Why, what you will.
 ot. I will discharge it in either your
 w-colour beard, your orange-tawny
 rd, your purple-in-grain beard, or your
 nch-crown-colour beard, your perfect
 ow. 85
 min. Some of your French crowns have
 hair at all, and then you will play bare-
 d. But, masters, here are your parts;
 I am to entreat you, request you, and
 ire you, to con them by to-morrow
 ht; and meet me in the palace wood,
 hile without the town, by moonlight;
 re will we rehearse; for if we meet in
 city, we shall be dogg'd with company,
 d our devices known. In the meantime
 ill draw a bill of properties, such as our
 y wants. I pray you, fail me not. 94
 ot. We will meet; and there we may
 earse most obscenely and courageously.
 ke pains; be perfect; adieu.
 min. At the Duke's oak we meet. 97
 ot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

[Exeunt.]

ACT TWO

SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

ter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at
 another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander
 you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire, 5
 I do wander every where,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the Fairy Queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green. 9

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours.

I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. 15
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.
 Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here
 to-night;

Take heed the Queen come not within his
 sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 20
 Because that she as her attendant hath
 A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king.
 She never had so sweet a changeling;

And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
 But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him
 all her joy. 27

And now they never meet in grove or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight
 sheen,

But they do square, that all their elves for
 fear 30

Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and
 making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish
 sprite

Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery,
 Sk'im milk, and sometimes labour in the
 quern, 36

And bootless make the breathless housewife
 churn,

And sometime make the drink to bear no
 barm,

Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their
 harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet
 Puck, 40

You do their work, and they shall have
 good luck.

Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speakest aright:

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile, 45
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;

And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,

And, when she drinks, against her lips
 I bob, 49

And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh
 me;

Then slip I from her bum, down topples
 she,

And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their lips

and laugh, 55

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [Exit Hermia.] Bol. Ready. Name what part I am for,

mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted
blind.²³³
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment
taste;

a cat in, to make all split.

'The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.'

So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only
mine;

This was lofty. Now name the rest of the
players. This is Eracles' vein, a tyrant's
ve

And when this hail some heat from Hermia
felt,
So he dissolv'd, and show'rs of oaths did
melt.²⁴⁵

you.
Flu. What is Thisby? A wand'ring
knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must
love.³⁹

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman;

you shall play it
I speak as small as

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory, 149
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath

That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres

To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.

Obc. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not, 155
Flying between the cold moon and the earth

Cupid, all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts; 160
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;

And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell.

It fell upon a little western flower, 166
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,

And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flow'r, the herb I showed thee once.

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid 170
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth 175
In forty minutes. [Exit Puck.

Obc. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes;
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or hull, 180

Or on meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,

As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me. 185
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power draw,

And I shall have no power to follow you.
Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your love
And yet a place of high respect with me,
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not

To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that:

It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,

For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone 225
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Run when you will; the story shall be chang'd:

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger—bootless speed,

When cowardice pursues and valour flies.
Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go;

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. [Exit Demetrius]

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
The human mortals want their winter here;

A
B1

E1

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior
love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you
come
To give their bed joy and prosperity ?
Obe. How canst thou thus, for
Titania,

Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.
Titia. Set your heart at rest ;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

From Perigouna, whom he
And make him with fair
faith,

conceive,

vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the
green corn
haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy and I will go with
thee.

The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
Obe. Well, go thy way, thou shalt not
from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
ow much beshrew my manners and my
pride,

Hermia meant to say Lysander lied! 55
ut, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
ic further off, in human modesty;
uch separation as may well be said
ecomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
o far be distant; and good night, sweet
friend. 60

hy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer
say I;

nd then end life when I end loyalty!
ere is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's
eyes be press'd! [They sleep.]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none 67
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said, 72
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping
sound,

On the dank and dirty ground. 75
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-
courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth
owe: 79

When thou wak'st let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet
Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not
haunt me thus. 85

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do
not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.
[Exit Demetrius.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond
chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my
grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies, 90
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with
salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,

For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius 95

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spher^y
eyne?

But who is here? Lysander! on the
ground! 100

Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no
wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [Waking] And run through fire I will
for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy
heart. 105

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord,
what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you; then be
content. 110

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do
repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd, 115

And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their
season;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to
reason;

And touching now the point of human
skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will, 120
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in Love's richest
book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen
mockery born?

When at your hands did I deserve this
scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young
man, 125

That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth,
you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130
But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady of one man refus'd
Should of another therefore be abus'd!

[Exit.]

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep
thou there; 135

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy, 145
Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And, all my powers, address your love and
might

TO YOU.

[Exit DEMETRIUS.]

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[Exit Helena.]

Obi. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he do
leave this grove,²⁴⁵
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy
love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome,
wanderer,

bine,²⁵³

And there the snake throws her enamell'd
skin,²⁵⁵

crow,²⁶⁷

Puck. Fear not, my lord; your servant
shall do so. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her Train

Tita. Come now, a roundel and a fairy
song!

keep back

The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and
wonders

At our quaint songs of fairies,
Then to

1 Fairy.

Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; 10
Newts and blind-worms, do no
wrong,

Come not near our fairy Queen.

Chorus.

Philomel with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla,
lullaby. 15

Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby. 19

2 Fairy.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners,
hence.
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offence.

Philomel with melody, etc.
[Titania sleeps,

Hence away; now all is well, 25
One aloof stand sentinel.

[Exit Fairies.]

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on
Titania's eyelids.

[Exit.]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Fair love, you faint with wand'ring
in the wood; 35
to speak troth, I have forgot our
way;

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander; find you out a
bed,

For I upon this bank will rest my head. 40
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us
both;

One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one

lysander; for my sake,

do not lie so near,
sense, sweet, of my

innocence I 45

Love takes the meaning in love's confer-
ence.

Then to

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! [Exit.]

Flu. Must I speak now? 80

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew, 85

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninus's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb', man! Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire'. 91

Flu. O—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray masters! fly, masters! Help! 95

[Exeunt all but Bottom and Puck.]

Puck. I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound, A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, 100

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.]

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! What do I see on thee? 105

Bot. What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you? [Exit Snout.]

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! Thou art translated. [Exit.] 109

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.]

The ousel cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill, 115

The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

Bot. [Sings]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey, 120

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer nay—
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so? 124

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.

Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee. 129

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glean upon occasion. 134

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go; Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate; 140
The summer still doth tend upon my state;

And I do love thee; therefore, go with me.

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep; 145

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDEED.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; 150

Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs, 155

What, out of hearing gone?
word?

Alack, where are you? Spea
hear;

Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with
fear.

No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

[Exit.]

moonlight into a chamber; for, you know,
Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night
we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! Look in
the almanack; find out moonshine, find

ACT THREE

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying asleep*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE
SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous
convenient place for our rehearsal. This

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with
a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours
sweet—

Quin. 'Odious'—odorous!

Bot.—odours savours sweet;

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,

It cannot be but thou hast murd' red him ;
So should a murderer look—so dead, so
grim.

Dem. So should the murdered look ; and
so should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern
cruelty ;

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as
clear, 60

As yonder Venus in her gllmm'ring sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander ?
Where is he ?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my
hounds.

Her. Out, dog ! out, cur ! Thou driv'st me
past the bounds 65

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him,
then ?

Henceforth be never numb' red among men !
O, once tell true ; tell true, even for my
sake !

Durst thou have look'd upon him being
awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave
touch ! 70

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much ?
An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder
stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mis-
pris'd mood :

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood ; 75
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is
well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get
therefore ?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so ; 80
See me no more whether he be dead or no.

Dem. There is no following her in this
fierce vein ;

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow
owe ; 85

Which now in some slight measure it will
pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[Lies down.]
Obe. What hast thou done ? Thou hast
mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's
sight.

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue 90
Some true love turn'd, and not a false
turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man
holding troth,
A million fall, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the
wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find ; 95
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love that costs the fresh
blood dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here ;
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look how I go, 100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[Exit.]
Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.

When his love he doth espy, 105
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.

When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band, 110
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth mistook by me
Pleading for a lover's fee ;
Shall we their fond pageant see ?
Lord, what fools these mortals be ! 115

Obe. Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one.
That must needs be sport alone ;
And those things do best please me
That befall prepost' rously. 120

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should
woo in scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look when I vow, I weep ; and vows so
born,

In their nativity all truth appears. 125
How can these things in me seem scorn to
you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them
true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more
and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy
fray !

These vows are Hermia's. Will you give
her o'er ? 130

Weigh oath with oath, and you will
nothing weigh :

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I
swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give
her o'er. 135

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves
not you.

Dem. [Awaking] O Helen, goddess,
nymph, perfect, divine !

To what, my love, shall I compare thine
eyne ?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's
 eyes,
 To have my love to bed and to arise;
 And pluck the wings from painted butter-
 flies,
 To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping
 eyes.

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.
 Peas. Hail, mortal!
 Cob. Hail!
 Moth. Hail!
 Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily;
 I beseech your worship's name.
 Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaint-
 ance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my
 finger, I shall make bold with you. Your
 name, honest gentleman?
 Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress
 Squash, your mother, and to Master Peas-
 cod, your father, Good Master Pease-
 blossom, I shall desire you of more
 acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech
 you, sir?
 Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know
 your patience well. That same cowardly
 giant-like ox-beef hath detour'd many a
 gentleman of your house. I promise you
 your kindred hath made my eyes water ere
 now. I desire you of more acquaintance,
 good Master Mustardseed.

Tia Come, wait upon him; lead him to
 my bower.
 The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry
 eye;
 And when she weeps, weeps every little
 flower,
 Lamenting some enforced chastity.
 Tie up my love's tongue, bring him
 silently.

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.
 Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
 ere now, what it was that next came in her eye,
 which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.
 Obe. I come my messenger. How now, mad
 spirit!
 What night-rule now about this haunted
 grove?
 Puck. My mistress with a monster is in
 love.

to her close and consecrated bower,
 where she was in her dull and sleeping bower,
 with patches, rude mechanicals,
 that work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
 and met together to rehearse a play
 for great Theseus' nuptial day.

The shallowest thickskin of that barren
 Who Pyramus presented, in their spo-
 Forsook his scene and ent'ed in a br-
 When I did him at this advantage tak-
 An ass's nose I fixed on his head.
 Anon his Thisby must be answered,
 And forth my mimic comes. When t-

him spy,
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler e-
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
 Sever themselves and madly sweep the sk-
 So at his sight away his fellows fly!
 And at our stamp here, o'er and o'er on-

falls;
 He murder cries, and help from Athen-
 calls.
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears
 thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them-
 wrong,
 For briars and thorns at their apparel
 snatch;
 Some sleeves, some bats, from yielders all
 things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
 When in that moment, so it came to pass,
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an
 ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could
 devise
 But hast thou et latch'd the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
 Puck. I took him sleeping—that is
 finish'd too—

And the Athenian woman by his side;
 That, when he wak'd, of force she must be
 ey'd

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA,
 Obe. Stand close; this is the same
 Athenian.
 Puck. This is the woman, but not this the
 man.
 Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves
 you so?
 Lay hreath so bitter on your bitter foe.
 Her. Now I but chide, but I should use
 thee worse,
 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to
 curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the
 deep,
 And kill me too.
 The sun was not so true unto the day
 As he to me. Would he have stolen away
 From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
 This whole earth may be bor'd, and that
 the moon
 May through the centre creep and se-
 displease
 Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.

30
 35
 40
 45
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 85
 90
 95
 100

Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he
this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth
Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd? 234
This you should pity rather than despise.
Her. I understand not what you mean by
this.
Hel. Ay, do—persever, counterfeit sad
looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my
back, 238
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well; 'tis partly my own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my
excuse; 245
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than
she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength than
her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee, by my life I do; 251
I swear by that which I will lose for thee
To prove him false that says I love thee
not.
Dem. I say I love thee more than he can
do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove
it too. 255
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiopel!
Dem. No, no, he will
seem to break loose—take on as you would
follow,
But yet come not. You are a tame man;
go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vie
thing, let loose, 260
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude? What
change is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated potion,
hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you. 263

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word
with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I
perceive

A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your
word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her,
kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270
Her. What! Can you do me greater harm
than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news
my love?

Am not I, Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night
you left me.

Why then, you left me—O, the gods
forbid!— 276

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life I

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of
doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest 280
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-
blossom!

You thief of love! What! Have you come
by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, if faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What! Will you
tear 286

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. 'Puppet!' why so? Ay, that way
goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made com-
pare 290

Between our statures; she hath urg'd her
height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with
him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish and so low? 295

How low am I, thou painted maypole?
Speak.

How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me,
gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me. I was never cursed; 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may
think,

Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. 'Lower' hark, again. 303

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter
with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd
you;

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting
 grow! ¹⁴⁰
 That pure congealed white, high Taurus'
 snow,
 Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a
 crow
 When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me
 kiss
 This princess of pure white, this seal of
 bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I
 bent

But you must join in haste to mark—
 too?

If you were men,
 You would not use
 To vow, and swe
 parts,

When I am sure
 hearts.

You both are rival

And now both rivals, to mock Helena.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
 With your derision! None of noble sort
 Would so offend a virgin, and extort ¹⁶⁰
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you
 sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not
 so;

For you love Hermia. This you know I
 know;

And here, with all good will, with all my

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy
 sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
 Lys. Why should he stay whom love doth
 press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander
 from my side? ¹⁵⁵

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let
 him bide—

cannot be.

spent. ¹⁰⁹
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us—O, is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood
 innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one
 flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one
 cushion, ²⁰⁵

Both warbling of one song, both in one
 key;

dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his

I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn
 me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in
 scorn,

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one. 400

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
Speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready.
Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground. [*Exit Lysander as following the voice.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander, speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou
hide thy head? 406

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to
the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for
wars.

And wilt not come? Come, recreant, come,
thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod. He is devil'd 410
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no
manhood here. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares
me on; 413

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I.
I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down*] Come,
thou gentle day.

For if but once thou show me thy grey
light, 419

I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
[*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st
thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I
wot
Thou run'st before me, shifting every
place,

And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the
face.

Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither; I am here. 425

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou
shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see;
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth
me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.

By day's approach look to be visited. 430
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious
night,

Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the
east,

That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up
sorrow's eye, 435

Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with
briers,

I can no further crawl, no further go; 444
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a
fray! [*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound;
I'll apply 450
To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.*]

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight 455
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his
own,

In your waking shall be shown.

Jack shall have Jill; 461

Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all
shall be well. [*Exit.*]

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *The wood. Lysander, Demetrius,
Helena, and Hermia, lying asleep.*

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASE-
BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED
and other Fairies attending; OBERON
behind, unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this
flow'ry bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth
head,

And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threat'ned
me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me for;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,

Her. What! with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius. 320

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm
thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you
take her part.

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her

Lys.

You manum
made;

You head, you at

Dem. You are too officious 330
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not. 335
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose
right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee,
cheek by jowl.

[Exit Lysander and Demetrius]
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long
of you.

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I; 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a
fray;

My legs are longer though, to run away
[Exit.]

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what
to say. [Exit.]

Obe. This is thy negligence. Still thou
mistak'st, 345

Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I
mistook.

And so far am I glad it so did sort, 352
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest these lovers seek a place
to fight.

ne come not within another's way,
to Lysander sometime frame thy
tongue, 360

Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
sometime rail thou like Demetrius;

And from each other look thou lead them
thus,

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting
sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth
creep. 365

Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
wend
shall

boy;

And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall
be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done
with haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full
fast;

And yonder shines Aurora's barbinger, 380
At whose approach ghosts, wand'ring here
and there,

Troop home to churchyards Damned
spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,

For fear lest day should look their shames
upon, 385

They wilfully themselves exil'd from light,
And must for aye consort with black-
brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the Morning's love have oft made
sport; 389

And, like a forester, the groves may tread
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed
beams,

Turns into yellow gold his salt
streams.

Tell me how it came this night 97
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.
[*Exit.*]

To the winding of horns, enter THESEUS,
HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester ;
For now our observation is perform'd, 101
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley ; let them
go.

Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. 105
[*Exit an attendant.*]

We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's
top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus
once

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the
bear 110

With hounds of Sparta ; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding, for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the
Spartan kind, 116

So flew'd, so sanded ; and their heads are
hung

With ears that sweep away the morning
dew ;

Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thes-
salian bulls ;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
bells, 120

Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

Judge when you hear. But, soft, what
nymphs are these ?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here
asleep, 125

And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.

I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to
observe 129

The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speak, Egeus ; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her
choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them
with their horns. 135

[*Horns and shout within. The
sleepers awake and kneel to Theseus.*]

Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine
is past ;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies ;
How comes this gentle concord in the
world 140

That hatred is so far from jealousy
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking ; but as yet, I
swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here, 145
But, as I think—for truly would I speak,
And now I do betwixt me, so it is—

I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we
might,

Without the peril of the Athenian law— 150
Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord ; you
have enough ;

I beg the law, the law upon his head.
They would have stol'n away, they would,
Demetrius, 153

Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You of your wife, and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood ;
And I in fury hither followed them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me. 160

But, my good lord, I wot not by what
power—

But by some power it is—my love to
Hermia,

Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud 164
Which in my childhood I did dote upon ;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord, 168
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia.
But, like a sickness, did I loathe this food ;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, 172
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met ;
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will ; 176
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something
worn,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens, three and three ;
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. 182
Come, Hippolyta. [*Exit Theseus, Hip-
polyta, Egeus and Train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and un-
distinguishable, 184

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with
parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks ;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,

Turns them to shapes, and gives to aly
nothing

A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?
Hip. But all the story of the night told
over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,
But howsoever strange and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA,
and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
mirth.

Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days of
love

Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your
bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what
dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgment have you for
this evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we
begin?

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports
are ripe;

Make choice of which your Highness will
see first. [*Giving a paper.*]

The. 'The battle with the Centaurs,
to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
We'll none of that: that have I told my
love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
'The thrice three Muses mourning for the
death

Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisby; very tragical mirth.'
Merry and tragical; tedious and brief!

That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this dis-
cord?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten
words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the
play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself,
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess
Made mine eyes water; but more merry
tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in
Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till
now;

And now have toll'd their unbreathe
memories

With this same play against your nuptial
The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord

It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel
pain,

To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss
When simplicity and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in; and take your places
ladies. [*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er
charged,

And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no
such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this
kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thank
for nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they
mistake;

And what poor duty cannot do, noble
respect

Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have
purpos'd

To greet me with premeditated welcomes
Where I have seen them shiver and look
pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me
sweet,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome
And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most to my capacity.

Turns them to shapcs, and gives to airy
nothing

A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear, 21
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told
over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images, 25
And grows to something of great constancy,
But howsoever strange and admirable.

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mirth.

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love

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Lys. More than to us 30
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The. Come now; what masques, what
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To wear away this long age of three hours
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are ripe;

Make choice of which your Highness will
see first. [*Giving a paper.*]

The. 'The battle with the Centaurs,
to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.' 45
We'll none of that: that have I told my
love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
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Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device, and it was play'd 50
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cord? 60

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And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicit
In least speak most to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

His daughter

Phil. Enter

Quince as the PROLOGUE.

Prot. If we offend

and Moonshine.
Dem. I wonder if the lion be to speak.The actors are at hand; and, by their shows
You shall know all thatThe. This
points.Lys. He hat
colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral
my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to
speak true.Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this
prologue like a child on a recorder—a
sound, but not in government.The. His speech was like a tangled chain;
nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who
is next?Enter, with a Trumpet before them, as in
dumb show, PYRAMUS and THISBY, WALL,
MOONSHINE, and LION.Prot. Gentles, perchance you wonder at
this show;But wonder on, till truth make all things
plain.This man is Pyramus, if you would know,
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth
presentWall, that vile Wall which did these lovers
sunder;And through Wall's chink, poor souls
are content

To whisper. At the which let

This man, with
thorn.

Present

whisper often very secretly.
loam, this rough-cast, and this stone,
doth showThe. Would you desire lime and hair to
speak better?Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever
I heard discourse, my lord

Enter PYRAMUS.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall;
silence.Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with
hue so black!

O night which

O

I

At

Th

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with
mine eye.[Wall holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well
for this!

This. My love! thou art my love, my chink.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
grace ;

And like Limander am I trusty still. 195

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me
kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this
vile wall.

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips
at all. 200

Pyr. Will thou at Ninny's tomb meet me
straightway ?

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without
delay.

[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisby.*]

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part dis-
charged so ;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.
[*Exit Wall.*]

The. Now is the moon used between the
two neighbours. 206

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls
are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I
heard.

The. The best in this kind are but
shadows ; and the worst are no worse, if
imagination amend them. 211

Hip. It must be your imagination then,
and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than
they of themselves, they may pass for ex-
cellent men. Here come two noble beasts
in, a man and a lion. 215

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts
do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
floor,

May now, perchance, both quake and
tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth
roar.

Then know that I as snug the joiner am 220
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam ;

For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good
conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord,
that e'er I saw. 225

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord ; for his valour
cannot carry his discretion, and the fox
carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot
carry his valour ; for the goose carries not
the fox. It is well. Leave it to his discretion,
and let us listen to the Moon. 232

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon
present—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on
his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are
invisible within the circumference. 236

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon
present ;

Myself the Man i' th' Moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the
rest ; the man should be put into the
lantern. How is it else the man i' th' moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the
candle ; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon. Would
he would change ! 245

The. It appears, by his small light of
discretion, that he is in the wane ; but yet,
in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the
time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon. 249

Moon. All that I have to say is to tell
you that the lanthorn is the moon ; I, the
Man i' th' Moon ; this thorn-bush, my
thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the
lantern ; for all these are in the moon. But
silence ; here comes Thisby.

Re-enter THISBY.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is
my love ? 255

Lion. [Roaring] O— [Thisby runs off.]

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisby.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon
shines with a good grace. 261

[*The Lion tears Thisby's mantle, and exit.*]

The. Well mous'd, Lion.

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy
sunny beams ;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so
bright ; 265

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite !

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here ! 270

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What ! stain'd with blood ? 275

Approach, ye Furies fell.

O Fates ! come, come ;

Cut thread and thrum ;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

The. This passion, and the death of a
dear friend, would go near to make a man
look sad. 281

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the
man.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

*His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers train*

T₁
B₁
T₂
C₁

you, 125
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know,
The. This fellow doth not stand upon
points.

Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone,
doth show 160
That I am that same wall; the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to
whisper.

prologue like a child on a recorder—a

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyramus draws near the wall;

O grim-look'd night! O night with
hue so black!

Enter, with
dumb show
MOONSHIN

Prol. Gent

this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things
plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beautiful lady Thisby is certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth
present 130

mine.
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with
mine eye. 175

[Wall holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well
for this!

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note;
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Oberon leading, the Fairies sing and dance.

Obe. Now, until the break of day, 390
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best brlde-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate. 395
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar, 400
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait, 405
And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace, with sweet peace
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay; 4
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt all but Puck.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumb'ed here
While these visions did appear. 41
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck, 420
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all. 425
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.
[*Exit.*

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, dost thou lions
frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear;
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest
dame

That lov'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd
with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus,
Ay, that left pap.

Where heart doth hop

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus. [Stabs himself.]

Now am I dead;

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky

Tongue, lose thy sight;

Moon, take thy flight.

Now die, die, die, die, die. [Exit Moonshine.]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he
is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is
dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might
yet recover and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone
before Thisby comes back and finds
lover?

Re-enter THISBY.

The. She will find him by starlight. Here
she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long
one for such a Pyramus, I hope she will be
brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which
Pyramus, which Thisby, is the better—be
for a man, God warrant us: she for a
woman, God bless us!

Lys. She hath spied him already with
those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet:—
This.

Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise,
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,
This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone;

Lovers, make moan;
His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word.
Come, trusty sword;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue.

And farewell, friends; [Stabs herself.]
Thus Thisby ends;

Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies.]
The. Moonshine and Llon are left to bury
the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Hol. [Startling up] No, I assure you; the
wall is down that parted their fathers. Will
it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear
a Bergomask dance between two of our
company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your
play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for
when the players are all dead there
none to be blamed.

It is your epilogue alone. [A dance.]
The. Iron tongue of midnight hath told
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the comedy.
As much as we do.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity.

Enter PUCK with a broom. [Exeunt.]

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls

Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide,
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team

From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house.

I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TYTANIA, with all their
Train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering
light,
By the dead and drowsy fire,

Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note ;
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Oberon leading, the Fairies sing and dance.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

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 BASSANIO, his friend, suitor to Portia.
 SOLANIO, } friends to Antonio and
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 Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court
 of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other
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THE SCENE: Venice, and Portia's house at Belmont.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALERIO, and SOLANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so
 sad.
 It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came
 by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

Vaillog her high top lower than her ribs
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous
 rocks,
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's
 side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
 And, in a word, but even soow worth
 this,

wings.

Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate

Plucking the grass to know where sits the
 wind,
 Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and
 roads;

Ant. Fle, fie!
 Solan. Not in love neither? Then let us
 say you are sad
 Because you are not merry; and 'twere
 as easy

sea.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
 But I should think of shallows and of flats,
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in
 sand,

tune:

Some that will evermore peep through
 their eyes,
 And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
 And other of such vinegar aspect

man. If a throstle sing he falls straight a-cap'ring; he will fence with his own shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England? 60

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere. 65

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able; I think the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew? 75

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk. When he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him. 80

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him. 83

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets. 94

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure. 99

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a

soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Monterrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servingman.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. 105

Come, Nerissa. Strrah, go before. Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer another knocks at the door. [Exit

SCENE III. Venice. A public place.

Enter BASSANIO with SHYLOCK the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no; my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition: he hath a argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England—and other ventures he hath squand'rd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd you may.

Shy. I will be assur'd I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

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 But how I caught it, found it, or came
 by it,

rocks,
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's
 side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Erobe the roaring waters with my silks,
 And, in a word, but even now worth

The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass to know where sits the
 wind,
 Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and
 roads;

sad.
 Solan. Why then you are in love. 45
 Ant. Fie, fie!
 Solan. Not in love neither? Then let us
 say you are sad
 Because you are not merry; and 'twere

What should I say to you? Should I not say 115

'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or
Shall I bend low and, in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,

Say this: 120
'Fair sir, you spilt on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again, 125
To spilt on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends—for when did friendship
take

A breed for barren metal of his friend?—
But lend it rather to thine enemy, 130
Who if he break thou mayst with better
face

Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your
love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me
with,
Supply your present wants, and take no
doit 135

Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not
hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond, and, in a merry sport, 140
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound 144
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such
a bond,

And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond
for me;

I'll rather dwell in my necessity. 150
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not
forfeit it;

Within these two months—that's a month
before

This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these
Christians are, 155
Whose own hard dealings teaches them
suspect

The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me
this;

If he should break his day, what should I
gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture?

Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me
not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto
bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at
notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond
And I will go and purse the ducats straight
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I'll be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
[Exit Shylock]

The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows
kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villainous
mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be
no dismay;

My ships come home a month before
day. [Exit Bassanio]

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. Belmont. Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE
MOROCCO, a tawny Moor all in white,
three or four Followers accordingly, and
PORTIA, NERISSA, and Train.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion
The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near
Bring me the fairest creature northward
born,

Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his
or mine.

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love
I swear

The best-regarded virgins of our climate
Have lov'd it too. I would not change
my
hue,

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle
queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.

But, if my father had not scant'd me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I
love
you,

Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood
fair

As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to

Bass. If it please you to dine with us,
 Ch. *Var to small speak to get of the*

Ant. And what of him? Did he take
 Interest?

LATER ANTONIO.

rank.

75

I
 But more for that in low simplicity
 He lends out money gratis, and
 down

wands,

beat

Jacob's.

He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do
 congregate,

This was a way to thrive, and he was
 blest;

On me, my bargains, and my well-won
 thrift,

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. *85*
 Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob
 serv'd for;

Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
 if I forgive him!

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
 But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of
 heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good?
 Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as
 fast *91*

But note me, signior.

Tub
 Will

Do

You'

mouths. *35*
 Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor
 borrow

round sum.

Three months from twelve; then let me
 see, the rate—

By taking not by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom. [To Bassanio] Is he yet
 possess'd *59*

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding
 to you? *100*

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and
 oft

How much ye would?

In the Rialto you have rated me

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle
 Laban's sheep—
 This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
 As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
 The third possessor; ay, he was the third—

say so—

You that did void your rheum upon my
 beard

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Lam. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot my boy.

Lam. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Lam. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Lam. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have thought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Lam. Well, well; but, for mine own part, I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground.

Gob. Give him a halter. I am famish'd with service; you may tell every finger we have with my ribs. Father, I am glad to see Bassanio, who indeed gives rare news; if I serve not him, I will run as fast as God has any ground. O rare fortune! comes the man. To him, father, for a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, with a Follower or two.

You may do so; but let it be so that supper be ready at the farthest of the clock. See these letters, Gratiano to come anon to my father.

To him, father. God bless your worship!

Gramercy; wouldst thou aught ere's my son, sir, a poor boy—

Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich man, that would, sir, as my father

—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, a would say, to serve—

Lam. Indeed, the short and the long I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cousins—

Lam. To be brief, the very truth is this, the Jew, having done me wrong, doth call me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is—

Lam. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Lam. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Jew's service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Lam. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out. [To a servant] Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows'; see it done.

Lam. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no! I have ne'er a tongue in my head!

[Looking on his palm] Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book—I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life; here's a small trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing; a'teven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man.

And then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed—here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling.

[Exit Launcelot and Old Gobbo.]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.

These things being bought and orderly bestowed,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best esteem'd acquaintance

—

—

—

To try my fortune. By this scimitar, ²⁸ | the Jew my master, who—God bless the
 earth, | and, to run
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the | d be ruled by
 she-bear, ²⁹ | reverence!—
 Yea, mock the lion when 'a roars for | ly the Jew is
 prey, | and, in my
 conscience, my conscience is but a kind of
 hard conscience to offer to counsel me to
 stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the
 more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my
 heels are at your commandment; I will run.

wrong, ⁴⁰ | next turning, but, at the next turning of
 Never to speak to lady afterward | all, on your left; marry, at the very next
 In way of marriage; |
 Mer. Nor will not; |
 my chance. |
 Per. First, forward |
 dinner |

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

his father, though I say't, is an honest

heart, says very wisely to me 'My | terms, gone to heaven.
 honest friend Launcelot, being an honest | Gob. Marry, God forbid! The boy was

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind ; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me : it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing ; truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long ; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up ; I am sure you are not Launcelot my boy. 75

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing ; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son. 79

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that ; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother. 8

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be, what a beard hast thou got ! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail. 87

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward ; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him. 90

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now ? 93

Laun. Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present ! Give him a halter. I am famish'd in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come ; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune ! Here comes the man. To him, father, for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, with a Follower or two.

Bass. You may do so ; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exit a servant.]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship !

Bass. Gramercy ; wouldst thou aught with me ? 110

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve— 11

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins— 11

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is— 12

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you ?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir. 13

Bass. I know thee well ; thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman. 13

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir : you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out. [To a servant] Give him a livery 14

More guarded than his fellows' ; see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service no ! I have ne'er a tongue in my head [Looking on his palm] Well ; if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book—I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life here's a small trifle of wives ; alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man. And then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed—here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling. 15

[Exit Launcelot and Old Gobbo.]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.

These things being bought and orderly bestowed, 15

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best esteem'd acquaintance ; his thee go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where's your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit.]

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have sult to

Bass.

Gra. You must not with you to Belmont.

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.

Give him this letter; do it secretly.

And so farewell. I would not have my father

See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue.

they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest through thy wild
behaviour

I be misconstr'd in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look
demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine
eyes

'Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen,
Use all the observance of civility

Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar
not gauge me

By what we do to-night

Bass.

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have

friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you
well;

SCENE IV. Venice. A street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALERIO, and
SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-
time,

torch-bearers.

Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quietly
ordered;

And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have
two hours

To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

fair hand,

And whiter than the paper it writ on

Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith!

SCENE III. Venice. Shylock's house.

Lor. 21000, 2000, 2000, 2000, 2000, 2000
Jessica

thee;
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou
see

Solan. And so will I

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Saler. 'Tis good we do so.
 [Exeunt Salerio and Solanio.
 Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
 Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
 How I shall take her from her father's house;
 What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with; What page's suit she hath in readiness. If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven, It will be for his gentle daughter's sake; And never dare misfortune cross her foot, Unless she do it under this excuse,
 That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
 Come, go with me, peruse this as thou goest;
 Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Venice. Before Shylock's house.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.
 Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,
 The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—
 What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandize as thou hast done with me—What, Jessica!—
 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—
 Why, Jessica, I say!
 Laun. Why, Jessica!
 Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
 Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me could do nothing without bidding.
 Enter JESSICA.
 Jes. Call you? What is your will?
 Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica; here are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
 I am not bid for love; they flatter me; yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, lock to my house. I am right loath to go; here is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
 I did dream of money-bags to-night.
 Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my younger doth expect your reproach.
 Shy. So do I his.
 Laun. And they have conspired together; I do not say you shall see a masque, but I do, then it was not for nothing that you fell a-bleeding on Black Monday at six o'clock i' th' morning, falling that year on Ash Wednesday was four in th' afternoon.
 What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
 I'll open my doors, and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
 Clamber not you up to the casements the Nor thrust your head into the public street To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
 But stop my house's ears—I mean my casements;
 Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear I have no mind of feasting forth to-night But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah; Say I will come.
 Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window for all this.
 There will come a Christian by
 Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit.
 Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
 Jes. His words were 'Farewell, mistress'; nothing else.
 Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
 Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day More than the wild-cat; drones hive not with me,
 Therefore I part with him; and part with him
 To one that I would have him help to waste His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in; Perhaps I will return immediately.
 Do as I bid you, shut doors after you. Fast bind, fast find—
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
 [Exit.
 Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.
 SCENE VI. Venice. Before Shylock's house.
 Enter the maskers, GRATIANO and SALERIO.
 Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
 Desired us to make stand.
 Saler. His hour is almost past.
 Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
 For lovers ever run before the clock.
 Saler. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
 To seal love's bonds new made than they are wont
 To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
 Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
 With that keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse that doth untread again His tedious measures with the unbated fire That he did pace them first? All things that are
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
 How like a younker or a prodigal

Leon. My
here!

new master's guest,
do it secretly.
would not have my

they show
Something too liberal, Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest through thy wild
behaviour
I be misconstr'd in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look
demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine
eyes

not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have
friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you
well;

SCENE III. Venice. Shylock's house.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

But fare thee well; there is a ducat for
thee;
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou
see

SCENE IV. Venice. A street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALERIO, and
SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-
time,

torch-bearers.
Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly
ordered;
And better in my mind not undertook,
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have
two hours

To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up
this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a
fair hand,

And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith!

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master,
a Jew, to sup to-night with my new
master, the Christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this. Tell gentle
Jessica

I will not fall her; speak it privately.
Enter Launcelot

straight.

Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

As much as he deserves! Pause here, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand. 25

If thou beest rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself. 30

As much as I deserve? Why, that's the lady!

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose

here? 35

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many

men desire'. Why, that's the lady! All the world

desires her;

From the four corners of the earth they

come

To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing

salut. 40

The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilks

Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now

For princes to come view fair Portia.

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Splits in the face of heaven, is no bar 45

To stop the foreign spirits, but they come

As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly

picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere

damnation

To think so base a thought; it were too

gross. 50

To rish her cercleth in the obscure grave,

Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,

Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?

O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in

England 55

A coin that bears the figure of an angel

Stamp'd in gold; but that's abuscul'd

upon.

But here an angel in a golden bed

Lies all within. Deliver me the key;

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60

Por. There, take it, Prince, and if my

form lie there,

Then I am yours.

[He opens the golden casket.

Mor. O hell! what have we here?

A carrion Death, within whose empty eye

There is a written scroll! I'll read the

willing.

'All that glisters is not gold,

Often have you heard that told;

Many a man his life hath sold

65

But my outside to behold.

Gilded lombs do worms infold.

Had you been as wise as bold,

Young in lulls, in judgment old,

Your answer had not been inscroll'd.

Fare you well, your suit is cold.'

Cold indeed, and labour lost,

Then farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!

Porcia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.

[Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.

Porcia, A gentle riddance. Draw the

curtains, ga.

Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[Exit

SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.

Enter SALERIO and SOLANIO.

Saler. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under

sail;

With him is Galliano gone along;

And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is now

Solan. The villain Jew with ontler

rals'd the Duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's

ship.

Saler. He came too late, the ship was

under sail;

But there the Duke was given to under

stand

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his numerous Jessica;

Besides, Antonio certified the Duke

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so com

fus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets.

'My daughter! O my ducats! O my

daughter!

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian

ducats!

Justice! the law! My ducats and my

daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my

daughter!

And jewels—two stones, two rich and

precious stones,

Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! Find the

girl;

She hath the stones upon her and the

ducats.'

Saler. Why all the boys in Venice follow

him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his

ducats.

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep

his day,

Or he shall pay for this.

Saler. Marry, well rememb'rd

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Enter LORENZO.

Saler. Here comes LORENZO; more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode!

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait. When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. Approach; Here dwells my father Jew. Hol who's within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed;

For who love I so much? And now who knows

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, For I am much asham'd of my exchange;

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What I must I hold a candle to my shames?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love, And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet, Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once,

away;

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [Exit with Jessica and Salerio.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you;

No masque to-night; the wind is come about;

Bassanio presently will go aboard; I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Belmont. Portia's house.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their Trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains and discover

The several caskets to this noble Prince.

Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;

second, silver, which this promise carries;

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves';

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath';

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment!

Let me see,

73
rd

rd

ill

72

Presenting me a schedule I will read it. 53
How much milke art thou to Poullal
How much milke my hopes and my
deservings!

'Who chooseth me shall have as much as
he deserves.'

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no
better? 60

Pou. To attend and judge are distinct
offices.

And of opposed natures.
An. What is here? [Reads.

'The day seven times filed I had
Seven times filed that Judgment is
That all never choose milke,
Some there be that shadow's like,
Such have but a shadow's bliss,
There be fools alive
Silver'd o'er, and so was this,
Take what will you will to bed,
I will e'er be your head,
So be gone, you are sped.'

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here,
With one fool's head I came to woo, 73
But I go away with two,
Sweet, when I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exit with his Train.
Pou. Thus hath the riddle slung'd the
milk.

O, these deliberate fools! When they do
choose, 80

They have the wisdom by their will to lose.
Nec. The ancient saying is my heresy:
Hanging and wyling goes by destiny.

Pou. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

[Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Pou. Here; what would my lord? 83

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your
gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before
To shun the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets
To wit, besides commend and courteous
leaths, 90

Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly summer was at hand
As this late sputter comes before his lord.

Pou. No more, I pray thee; I am half
dead.

'Thou wilt say anon he is come kin to thee,
'Thou spend'st such high-day will in praising
him.

Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see 93
Quick Cupid's post that comes so merrily.

Nec. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it
be!

[Exit.

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

[Enter SOLANO and SALERIO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Saler. Why, yet it lives there unchecked
that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading
wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwin
I think they call the place, a very dangerous
flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many
a tall ship be hurled, as they say, if my
gossyp Report be an honest woman of her
word.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossyp
in that as ever knapp'd ginger or made her
neighbours believe she wept for the death
of a third husband. But it is true, without
my ships of profit or crossing the plain
highway of talk, that the good Antonio
the loaned Antonio -- O that I had
a title good enough to keep his name com-
pany!

Saler. Come, the full stop.
Solan. Ha! What sayest thou? Why
the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Saler. I would it might prove the end of
his losses.

Solan. Let me say amen bellies, lest the
devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in
the likeness of a Jew.

[Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? What news among
the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, mine so
well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Saler. That's certain; I, for my part,
knew the fallor that made the wings sh-
blew without.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part,
knew the bird was thge; and then it is
the complexion of thum all to leave the
dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Saler. That's certain, if the devil may be
her Judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!
Solan. Out upon it, old carion! Rebel
it in these years?

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and
my blood.

Saler. There is more difference between
thy flesh and hers than between jet and
iron; more between your bloods than
there is between red wine and Rhenish. But
tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have
had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a
bankrupt, a prodgal, who dare scarce show
his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was
w'd to come so ming upon the mart. Let
him look to his bond. He was wont to call

me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Solon. You were best to tell Antonio

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return. He answered 'Do not so;

see
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire'.
What many men desire—that 'many' may

thoughts

the martlet,

And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house!

With some delight or other.
Saler. Do we so. [Exit

me once more what title thou dost bear.
So chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

SCENE IX. Belmont. Portia's house.
Enter NEFRISA, and a Servitor.

And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume

ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their Trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets,
noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,

bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice.

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
desert. Give me a key for
unlock my fortunes here.
[He opens the silver casket,
'Too long a pause for that
you find there
Ar. What's here? The portrait of a
blinking idiot

How to choose right, but then I am
forsworn;

So will I never be; so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Bestrew your
eyes!

They have o'erlook'd me and divid'd me;
One half of me is yours, the other half
yours—

Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then
yours,

And so all yours. O! these naughty times
Puts bars between the owners and their
rights;

And so, though yours, not yours. Prove
it so,

Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long, but 'tis to pelze the thine,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? Then
confess

What treason there is mingled with your
love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of
mistrust,

Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my
love;

There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my
love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the
rack,

Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the
truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess' and 'love'

Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then; I am lock'd in one of
them.

If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof;

Let music sound while he doth make his
choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be
the stream

And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may
win;

And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects

To a new-crowned monarch; such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's
ear

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more
love,

Than young Alcides when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice.
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live. With much much more
dismay

I view the fight than thou that mak'st the
fray.

*A Song, the whilst Bassanio comments on the
caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head,

How begot, how nourish'd?

Reply, reply.
It is engend'rd in the eyes,

With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least
themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt

But, being season'd with a gracious voice
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,

What damned error but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

Holding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts
How many cowards, whose hearts are all

as false
As slabs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as

milk!

And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty

And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the
weight,

Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it!

So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the

wind
Upon supposed fairness often known

To be the dowry of a second head—
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous

scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times

put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;

for? Shy To halt fish without If it will stand

luck? ...

die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

swear he cannot choose but break. Shy I am very glad of it; I'll plague him. I'll torture him; I am glad of it. Tub One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey. Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Enter a Man from Antonio.

Man. Gentlemen, my master Antonio at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Saler. We have been up and down seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

65 Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Belmont. Portia's house.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and all their Train.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from

no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders;

Before you venture for me. I could teach you

100

10

Gra. I thank your lordship you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:

You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission ²⁰⁰
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry ²⁰⁵
With oaths of love, at last—if promise last—

I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune

Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal. ²¹⁰

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them : the first boy for a thousand ducats. ²¹⁶

Ner. What, and stake down ?

Gra. No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down—

But who comes here ? Lorenzo and his infidel ? ²²⁰

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio ?

Euler LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,

If that the youth of my new Int'rest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen, ²²⁵
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord ;

They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
But meeting with Salerio by the way, ²³⁰
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[Gives Bassanio a letter.

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth. ²³⁵

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;

Nor well, unless in mind ; his letter there
Will show you his estate.

[Bassanio opens the letter.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yond stranger ; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice ? ²⁴⁰

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?

I know he will be glad of our success :

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper ²⁴⁵

That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek :

Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world

Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ! ²⁵⁰

With leave, Bassanio : I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you, ²⁵⁵
I freely told you all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman ;
And then I told you true. And yet, dear

lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told

you

My state was nothing, I should then have told you

That I was worse than nothing ; for indeed

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper as the body of my friend, ²⁶⁰

And every word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio ?

Hath all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India, ²⁷⁰

And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks ?

Saler. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear that, if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,

He would not take it. Never did I know ²⁷⁵
A creature that did bear the shape of man

So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,

And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty mer-

chants, ²⁸⁰

The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with

him ;

But none can drive him from the envious
plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond. ²⁸⁵

Nor none of
 drudg
 'Tween man
 meag
 Which rather threaten'st than dost promise | stand,
 aught,
 Thy plainness mo
 quence,
 And here choose I.
Por. [Aside] Ho
 fleet to air,
 As doubtful
 despa
 And shudd'
 jealot

253

her hairs
 The painter plays the spider, and hath | 170 Are yours—my lord's. I give them with
 woven
 A golden mesh t'
 Faster than goat
 eyes—
 How could he see
 made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal | Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;

180

to-

hen

life

183

You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair and choose as true!
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no more.
 A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave ;

from hence ;
 O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead !
Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time
 That have stood by and seen our wishes
 prosper
 To cry ' Good joy '. Good joy, my lord and
 lady !
Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle
 lady,

190

I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time to-
gether,

Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit, 15
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it; hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house 25
Until my lord's return; for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret
vow

To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return. 30
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands. 36

Por. My people do already know my
mind,

And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again. 40

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours
attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's
content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am
well pleas'd

To wish it back on you. Fare you well,
Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthasar, 45
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same
letter,

And use thou all th' endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario;
And look what notes and garments he doth
give thee, 51

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd
speed

Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in
words,

But get thee gone; I shall be there before
thee. 55

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient
speed. [Exit.]

Por. Come on, Nerissa, I have work
in hand

That you yet know not of; we'll see our
husbands

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such
habit

That they shall think we are accomplishing
With that we lack. I'll hold thee an

wager,
When we are both accounted like young

men,

I'll prove the prettler fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace

And speak between the change of man and
boy

With a reed voice; and turn two mine
steps

Into a manly stride; and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint

lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love;

Which I denying, they fell sick and died—
I could not do withal. Then I'll repent,

And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them.

And twerty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued

school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within m

mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging
Jacks,

Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fic, what a question's that,

If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 8

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for u

At the park gate; and therefore hast
away.

For we must measure twenty miles to-day
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. Belmont. The garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sin
of the father are to be laid upon th
children; therefore, I promise you, I fear
you. I was always plain with you, and s
now I speak my agitation of the matter
therefore be o' good cheer, for truly I thin
you are damn'd. There is but one hop
in it that can do you any good, and tha
is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope tha
your father got you not—that you are no
the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope
indeed; so the sins of my mother should
be visited upon me.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard
him swear

lord,
If law, authority, and power, deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus
in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the
kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
in doing courtesies; and one in whom

against my bond.

I have sworn an oath that I will have my
bond.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a
cause,

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs;
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do
wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee hear me speak.

away;

For you shall hence upon your
day.

Bid your friends welcome, show
cheer;

Since you are dear bought, I will love you

of law;

gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go
away,

I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Venice. A street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SOLANIO, ANTONIO, and
Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell out me of
mercy—

SCENE IV. Belmont. Portia's house.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,
and BALTHASAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your
presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity, which appears most
strongly

In bearing thus the absence of your lord
But if you knew to whom you show this
honour,

How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too.

That thou but ledest this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty; And where thou now exacts the penalty,

Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,

Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture, But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,

Forgive a moiety of the principal, Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,

That have of late so huddled on his back—

Enow to press a royal merchant down, And pluck commiseration of his state

From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,

From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd

To offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose,

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh than to receive

Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that,

But say it is my humour—is it answer'd? What if my house be troubled with a rat,

And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats

To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;

Some that are mad if they behold a cat;

And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose,

Cannot contain their urine; for affection, Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:

As there is no firm reason to be rend' red Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;

Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force Must yield to such inevitable shame

As to offend, himself being offended; So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing

I hear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,

To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ans. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach And bid the main flood bate his usual height;

You may as well use question with the wolf, Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines To wag their high tops and to make no noise

When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;

You may as well do any thing most hard As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—

His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,

Make no more offers, use no farther means, But with all brief and plain conveniency

Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,

Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts, Because you bought them; shall I say to you

'Let them be free, marry them to your heirs—

Why sweat they under burdens?—let their beds

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

Be season'd with such viands?' You will answer

'The slaves are ours'. So do I answer you: The pound of flesh which I demand of him

Laun. Truly then I fear ye
both by father and mother;
shun Scylla, your father, I
rybdis, your mother; well,
both ways.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what

ly match,

70

you forth. [Exeunt.]

OUR

The court of justice.

parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare
for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all
stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper
are you! Then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir, only 'cover'
is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my
duty.

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO,
BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and Others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art
come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath taken great pains to

nds

e

so

the

ces,

25

243

Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that. 178
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest: It blesseth him that gives and him that takes. 182
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown; His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, 185
 The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway, It is enthroned in the hearts of kings, It is an attribute to God himself; 190
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this— That in the course of justice none of us Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy, 195
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea, Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there. 200
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes; here I tender it for him in the court; 204
 Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;
 If this will not suffice, it must appear That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority; 210
 To do a great right do a little wrong, And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established;
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent, 215
 And many an error, by the same example, Will rush into the state; it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!
 O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond. 220

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor; here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money off'red thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven.
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
 No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit; 225
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful. Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour. 230
 It doth appear you are a worthy judge; You know the law; your exposition Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me. I stay here on my bond. 235
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is: You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man! 241
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation to the penalty, Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge, 245
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast—
 So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
 'Nearest his heart', those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh 250
 The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
 To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd, but what of that? 255
 'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd. 259
 Give me your hand Bassanio; fare you well. Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,

Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will
have it. 100
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I
have it?

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so
loud; 100
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth
commend

messenger. 110
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man,
courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, b'
and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me c
blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether
Meetest for death; the weak

letter. 110
Clerk. [Reads] * Your Grace shall under-
stand that at the receipt of your letter I

earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that
bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul,
harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal
can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the
keenness 125
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce
thee?

Enter PORTIA for BALTHAZAR, dressed like
a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario,
what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come. 135
Give me your hand; come you from old
Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome; take your
place.

Even from the gallows did his fell soul
flee,

See you acquainted with the difference

my bond,

1 Por. Do you c

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy ³⁵⁰
 Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
 For it appears by manifest proceeding
 That indirectly, and directly too, ³⁵⁴
 Thou hast contrived against the very life
 Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the
 Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to
 hang thyself;
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the
 state, ³⁶⁰

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
 Therefore thou must be hang'd at the
 state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference
 of our spirit,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; ³⁶⁵
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a
 fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon
 not that.

You take my house when you do take the
 prop ³⁷⁰
 That doth sustain my house; you take my
 life

When you do take the means whereby I
 live.

Por. What mercy can you render him,
 Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for
 God's sake!

Aul. So please my lord the Duke and
 all the court ³⁷⁵

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it
 Upon his death unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter— ³⁸⁰
 Two things provided more: that, for this
 favour,

He presently become a Christian;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. ³⁸⁵

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What
 dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go
 from hence; ³⁹⁰

I am not well; send the deed after me
 And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christ'ning shalt thou have two
 god-fathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had
 ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not to the
 font. [Exit Shylock]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with
 me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace
 pardon;

I must away this night toward Padua,
 And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serveth
 you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
 For in my mind you are much bound
 to him.

[Exit Duke, Magnificoes, and Traversio]
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my
 friend

Have by your wisdom been this day
 acquitted

Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof
 Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
 We freely cope your courteous pains
 withal.

Aul. And stand indebted, over and
 above,

In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
 And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
 And therein do account myself well paid.
 My mind was never yet more mercenary.
 I pray you, know me when we meet again.
 I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attend
 you further;

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
 Not as fee. Grant me two things, I pray
 you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore
 will yield.

[To Antonio] Give me your gloves, I'll
 wear them for your sake.

[To Bassanio] And, for your love, I'll take
 this ring from you.

Do not draw back your hand: I'll take
 more,

And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir—alas, it is
 trifles;

I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but on
 this;

And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this than
 on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you
 And find it out by proclamation;

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offer:
 You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,

You teach me how a beggar should
 answer'd.

- For herein Fortune shows herself more
kind
Than is her wont to do.
- An age of poverty; from which hanging
penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you; speak me fair in
death;
- And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repeat not you that you shall lose your
friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt—
For if the Jew do so,
- Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew. O
learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou
desir'st.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew. A
learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then: pay the
bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft! No
The Jew shall have all justice. Soft! No
haste.
- But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st
more
Or less than a just pound—be it but so
much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do
turn
- here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little
thanks for that.
If she were by to hear you make the offer,
Gra. I have a wife who I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish
Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind
back;
The wish would make else an unquiet ho!
Shy. [Aside] These be the Christ
husbands! I have a daughter—
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather t
Christian!—
We trifle time; I pray thee
sentence.
Por. A pound of that same mercantile
flesh is thine.
The court awards it and the law doth
give it.
Shy. Most rich!
- Daniel
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that
word.
Shy. Shall
- I'll stay no longer question
Por. Tarry, Jew.
The law hath yet another half
contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other
half
- else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of
blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound
of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and
goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola ! wo ha, ho ! sola, sola !

Lor. Who calls ? 40

Laun. Sola ! Did you see Master Lorenzo ?

Master Lorenzo. Sola, sola !

Lor. Leave hollaing, man. Here !

Laun. Sola ! Where, where ?

Lor. Here ! 45

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from
my master with his horn full of good news ;
my master will be here ere morning. [Exit.]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming. 49

And yet no matter—why should we go in ?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at
hand ;

And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit Stephano.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank ! 51

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the
night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick laid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st 60

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay 64
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress'
ear,

And draw her home with music. [Music.]

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet
music.

Lor. The reason is your spirits are
attentive ; 70

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and
neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood—
If they but hear perchance a trumpet
sound, 75

Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual
stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. Therefore
the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,
and floods ; 80

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of
rage,

But music for the time doth change his
nature.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet
sounds, 8

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils

The motions of his spirit are dull as night

And his affections dark as Erebus.

Let no such man be trusted. Mark the
music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my
hall. 8

How far that little candle throws his beams

So shines a good deed in a naughty world

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not
see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the
less :

A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state 9

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the
house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without
respect ;

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by
day. 10

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it
madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as
the lark

When neither is attended ; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by
day,

When every goose is cackling, would be
thought 105

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection

Peace, ho ! The moon sleeps with Endymion,

And would not be awak'd. [Music ceases.]

Lor. That is the voice, 110
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man
knows the cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home

Por. We have been praying for our
husbands' welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our
words. 115

Are they return'd ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet

But there is come a messenger before,

To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa ;

Give order to my servants that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence ;

Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you. 120

[A lucket sounds.]

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

the ring.

Let his deservings, and my love withal, Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;

Give him the ring, and bring him, if you canst,

Unto Antonio's house. Away, make haste!

Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. Venice. A street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice, Hath sent you here this ring, and entreat

Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be. His ring I do accept most thankfully, And so, I pray you, tell him. Furthermore, I pray you show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.

[Aside to Portia] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

too.

[Aloud] Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? *[Exeunt.]*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Belmont. The garden before Portia's house.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night

As this,

The wind did gently kiss the

Shades of the trees—no noise—no noise—

As mounted the Trojans

walls,

And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,

Where Cressid lay that night,

So here I sigh, to see you

So late from company.

Jes. In such a night

As this, the enchanted

Herbs that did renew old Æson,

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an untrifling love did run from

Venice.

Lor. And ne'er a true one

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an untrifling love did run from

Venice.

Jes. And ne'er a true one

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an untrifling love did run from

Venice.

Lor. And ne'er a true one

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an untrifling love did run from

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Venice.

Jes. And ne'er a true one

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an untrifling love did run from

Venice.

Lor. And ne'er a true one

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an untrifling love did run from

Venice.

With any terms of zeal, wanted the
modesty 205

To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my
soul,

No woman had it, but a civil doctor, 210

Which did refuse three thousand ducats
of me,

And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny
him,

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away—

Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say,
sweet lady? 215

I was enforc'd to send it after him;

I was beset with shame and courtesy;

My honour would not let ingratitude

So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;

For by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would
have begg'd 221

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near
my house;

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for
me, 225

I will become as liberal as you;

I'll not deny him anything I have,

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.

Lie not a night from home; watch me like
Argus; 230

If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now, by mine honour which is yet mine
own,

I'll have that doctor for mine bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well
advis'd

How you do leave me to mine own pro-
tection. 235

Gra. Well, do you so, let not me take him
then;

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these
quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are wel-
come notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced
wrong; 240

And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Por. Mark you but that I
In both my eyes lie doubly sees himself,
In each eye one; swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his
wealth,

Which, but for him that had your husband's
ring, 250

Had quite miscarried; I dare be bound
again,

My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give
him this, 254

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep
this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave
the doctor!

Por. I had it of him. Pardon me,
Bassanio,

For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's
clerk, 261

In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of
highways

In summer, where the ways are fair
enough.

What, are we cuckolds ere we have
deserv'd it? 265

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all
amaz'd.

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario;
There you shall find that Portia was the
doctor,

Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here 270

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not
yet

Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are
welcome; 273

And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly. 277

You shall not know by what strange
accident

I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew
you not? 280

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make
me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means
to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet Doctor, you shall be my bed-
fellow; 284

When I am absent, then lie with my
wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life
and living;

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!

My clerk hath some good comforts too for
you.

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his
 trumpet.

We
 I

It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
 such as the day is when the sun is hid. 125

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
 their Followers.

light,
 For a light wife doth make a heavy
 husband. 130

And never be Bassanio so for me;
 But God sort all! You are welcome home,
 my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam; give wel-
 come to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,
 To whom I am so infinitely bound. 135

Por. You should in all sense be much
 bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted
 of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our
 house. 139

Por. A quarrel, ho, already!
 matter?

value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,
 That you would wear it till your hour of
 death.

And that it should lie with you in your
 grave;

Though not for me, yet for your vehement
 oaths. 155

You should have been respective and have
 kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! No, God's my
 judge,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face
 that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160

Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a
 youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy

Who looks ten times the self that he doth look;

with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first
 gift,

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your
 finger. 163

leave it

Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
 That the world masters. Now, in faith,

Gratiano,
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of
 grief. 175

An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [Aside] Why, I were best to cut my
 left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring
 away. 179

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
 Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his
 clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd
 mine;

me.

will ne'er come in your bed
 ring.

Nor I in yours
 mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,

And would conceive for what I gave the
 ring. 195

And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the
 ring.

You would abate the strength of your
 displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the
 ring. 199

Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the
 ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in exile.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished Duke.

JAQUES, } Duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.

JAQUES, }

ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } servants to Oliver.

DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, the court jester.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, } shepherds.

SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing HYMEN.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants

THE SCENE: Oliver's house; Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [Adam retires]

Oli. Now, sir, what make you here?

Orl. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What may you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to make that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and call husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy

Tt
Tt

to bed now, being two hours to
day.

were the day come, I should wish it
dark,

95 Till I were couching with the doctor's
clerk.

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[Exit.]

full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

SCENE II. A lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosallind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Hereby I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; and wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father before, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the pious blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay; now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a creature, may she not by Fortune fall in the fire? Though Nature hath given us the flint at Fortune, hath not Fortune struck in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune work neither, but Nature's, who perceives our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural fool to strike the wheelstone of the wits. He now, wit! Whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away with your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I would to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them; thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithce, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough, speak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for, since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

tongue for saying so. Thou has rail'd on
thyself.

Adam. [Coming forward] Sweet masters,
be patient; for your father's remembrance,
be at acc-

Oli. Let
Ori. I v

hear me.

to give r

train'd me not a peasant, obscuring and
hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities.
The spirit of my father grows strong in me,
and I will no longer endure it; therefore

leave me.

Ori. I will no further offend you than

have spoke s

Oli. Is it e
upon me? I
yet give no
Holla, Dennis

Enter DENNIS.

Denn. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

put themselves into voluntary exile with
him, whose lands and revenues enrich the
new Duke; therefore he gives them good
leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the
Duke's daughter, be banished with her

beloved of her uncle than his own da
and never two ladies loved as they d

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?
Cha. They say he is already in the F

WORD.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before
the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to

and, for your love, I would be loath to foil
him, as I must, for my own honour, if he

but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it
is the stubbornest young fellow of France;
full of ambition, an envious emulator of
every man's good parts, a secret and

entrap thee by some treacherous device,

him to thee as he is, a trusty man and deep,
and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad to come hither to
you. If he come to-morrow I'll give him
his payment. If ever it be done again, I'll
never wrestle for pay more. And so, God

Exit
Now will I
I hope I shall see ar
but yet I know not wh
re than he. For
hoof'd and yet

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 186

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[Charles is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breath'd.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy.

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke, Train, and Le Beau.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,

His youngest son—and would not change that calling

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind; Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin, let us go thank him, and encourage him; My father's rough and

Sticks me at heart. I should have given him tears unto entreaties

If you do keep your promises in love But justly as you have exceeded all promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[Gives him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman

Orl. Can I not say 'I thank you'? My better parts

Are all thrown down; and that which her stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! Or Charles or something weaker master thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have high commendation, true applause, and love,

Yet such is now the Duke's condition That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and pray you tell me this:

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if you judge by manners;

But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter

The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep his daughter company; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sister: But I can tell you that of late this Duke

Hath taken displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument But that the people praise her for her virtues

And pity her for her good father's sake; As, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.

much good sport.
Cel. Sport! of what colour?
Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?
Ros. As wit and fortune will.
Tench. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.
Beau.
Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

perform it.
Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.
Le Beau. There comes an old man and
duty.
Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?
Orl. No, fair Princess; he is the general

another dotes upon rib-breaking
 when I have made it empty.
 length that I have,
 ke out bers.
 L. Pray heaven I be

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.
Duke F. Come on; since the youth will
Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!
Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother
 earth?

I cannot live out of her company.
 Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece,
 provide yourself. 83
 If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.
 [Exeunt Duke and Lords.]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! Whither wilt
 thou go? 86
 Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
 mine.

I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than
 I am.

Ros. I have more cause.
 Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
 Prithee be cheerful. Know'st thou not the
 Duke 90

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
 Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks, then,
 the love
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am
 one.

Shall we be sund' red? Shall we part, sweet
 girl?

No; let my father seek another heir. 95
 Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
 And do not seek to take your charge upon
 you.

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me
 out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows
 pale, 100

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
 Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the Forest of
 Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far! 105
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean
 attire,

And with a kind of umber smilch my
 face;

The like do you; so shall we pass along, 110
 And never stir assallants.

Ros. Were it not better,
 Because that I am more than common tall,
 That I did sult me all points like a man?
 A gallant curtie-axe upon my thigh,
 A boar spear in my hand; and—in my
 heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there
 will— 115

We'll have a swashing and a martial out-
 side,

As many other mannish cowards have
 That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art
 a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than
 Jove's own page, 120

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
 But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to
 my state:

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to
 steal 122

The clownish fool out of your father's court?
 Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world
 with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
 And get our jewels and our wealth together.

Devise the fittest time and safest way 130
 To hide us from pursuit that will be made
 After my flight. Now go we in content
 To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt]

ACT TWO

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two of
 three LORDS, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers
 in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more
 sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
 woods

More free from perill than the envious court?
 Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,

The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind

Which when it bites and blows upon my
 body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 'This is no flattery; these are counsellors:

That feelingly persuade me what I am'.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; 140

And this our life, exempt from public haunt
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running

brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything

I would not change it.

Amf. Happy is your Grace
 That can translate the stubbornness of
 fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 150

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us
 venison?

And yet it lirks me the poor dappled fools
 Being native burghers of this desert city.

Should, in their own confines, with forked
 heads 155

Have their round haunches gor'd.
 1 Lord. Indeed, my lord

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more

usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd
 you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along 160

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of
you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare
you well. [Exit *Le Beau*.
Thus must I from the smoke into the
smother; 266

Ros. Me, uncle?
Duke F. You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou beest
found 39

So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

desires; 44

these bars are in my heart.

traitor.

That good men have mistak'n me not 50
60

Ros. O, they take the part of a better
wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wrestler you are. You will

your sake,

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her 63
60

Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, if

Cel. Why should I not? E
deserve well?

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, w

Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—

Yet not the son; I will not call him son 20
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him and his practises. 26

This is no place; this house is but a
butchery;

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou
have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come
not here. 30

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and
beg my food,

Or with a base and bolst'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can. 35

I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five
hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse, 40

When service should in my old limbs lie
lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that, and He that doth the ravens
feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; 45

All this I give you. Let me be your
servant;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and
lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility; 51

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities. 55

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee
appears

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for need!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,

And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having; it is not so with
thee. 60

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten
tree

That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry. 65

But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow
thee

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost four
score

Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes
seek,

But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master
debtor. [Exit

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA
ALIENA, and Clown alias TOUCHSTONE

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if
legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace
my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman;
but I must comfort the weaker vessel,
doublet and hose ought to show its
courageous to petticoat; therefore, com-
age, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you bear with me; I cannot
go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear
with you than bear you; yet I should bear
no cross if I did bear you; for I think you
have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.
Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; but
more fool I; when I was at home I was
a better place; but travellers must
content.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Ros. Ay, he so, good Touchstone. Look
you, who comes here, a young man and
an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her see
you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I
love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd
now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not
guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true
lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantas-
Cor. Into a thousand that I have
gotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then never love
heartily!

If thou rememb'rest not the slightest foot
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd;

Under an oak whose antique root peeps
out
Upon the brook that brawls along this
wood!
To the which place a poor sequest' red
stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a
hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my
lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such
groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern
coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round
tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent
nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift
brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said
Did he not moralize this spectacle
I Lord, O, yes, into a thousand
First, for his weeping into the
stream:
'Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou mak'st a testa-
ment

part
The flux of company'. Anon, a careless
herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth
Jaques

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 55
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you
look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt
there?'

Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court, 59
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that
we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's
worse,

To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this
contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and
commenting 65

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. 6
[Exit.

SCENE II. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw
them?

It cannot be; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot bear of any that did see
her. 4

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their
mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at
whom so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also
missing.

Hesperia, the Princess' gentlewoman, 10
Confesses that she secretly o'erhard
Your daughter and her cousin much com-
mend

The rest and many of the messenger

.....

.....

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
.....

.....

SCENE III. *Before Oliver's house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my
gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you
here?

Why are you virtuous? Why do people
love you? 5

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and
valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prizer of the humorous Duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before
you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of
men 10

Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours. Your virtues gentle

master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this when what is
comely

Envenoms him that bears it! 15

Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Adam O unhappy youth!

Come not with n these doors, within the
roof
The enemy of all your graces live

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come. 33

Song.

All together here.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' th' sun, 35
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy 40
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes: 45

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame; 50
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'ducdame' ? 54

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master. 3

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! No greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and Lords, like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;

For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical, 5

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Go seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? 10

What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,

A motley fool. A miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, 15

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.

'Good morrow, fool' quoth I; 'No, sir,'
quoth he

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely 'It is ten o'clock;

Thus we may see' quoth he 'how the world wags;

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine; 24

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale'. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer 30

That fools should be so deep contemplative;

And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this? 35

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd 40

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!

ce, there is nothing
but what is, come

ROS. Alas, poor shepherd I searching of
thy wound.
I have by hard adventure found mine own.
Touch. And I have

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock
and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw
here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I know that

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art
ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine
own

thing shall with me.

Cor. I pray you, one of you question yond
man

If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman
Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you,
friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you
all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or
gold

Cao in this desert place buy anything
Bring

Here's

And he

Cor.

And w

own,

My fortunes were more able to
But I am shepherd to another,
And do not shear the fleeces till
My master is of churlish dispos
And little reckes to find the way
By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of
feed,

Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,

SCENE V. Another part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and Others.

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither. 3
Here shall he see
No enemy

But winter and tough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy,
Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more.
I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a
weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I
cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me. I

longues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs
the while; the Duke will drink u
tree. He hath been all this day to

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out.

And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

[Exit.]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:

136

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene

138

Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

145

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,

150

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide

160

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

166

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden.

And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to. I will not trouble you

171

As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin,
sing.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind

175

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly.

180

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

185

As benefits forgot;

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend rememb' red not.

Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

Most truly limn'd and living in your face,

Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke

That lov'd your father. The residue of your

fortune,

196

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,

Thou art right welcome as thy master is.

Support him by the arm. Give me your

hand,

199

And let me all your fortunes understand.

[Exeunt.]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. The palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, and Lords.

Duke F. Not see him since! Sir, sir, that cannot be.

But were I not the better part made mercy,

I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:

Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is; seek him with candle; bring him dead or living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more

To seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine

9

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth

Of what we think against thee.

Orl. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;

15

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit,
Provided that you weed your better judg-
ments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them 45
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my
folly,

They most must laugh. And why, sir, must
they so?

The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not, 55
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and
through

Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou
wouldest do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but
good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in
chiding sin;

For thou thyself hast been a libertine, 65
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossed sores and headed
evils

That thou with licence of free foot hast
caught

Wouldest thou disgorge into the general
world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride 70
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very man?

What woman in this

When t

The cos

Who ca

When such a one as she such is her neigh-
bour?

Or what is he of basest function
That says his brav'ry is not

Thinks
His foll
There t

My tong

Then he

free, 85
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes
here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come
of?

Duke S. Art thou thus holden'd, man, by
thy distress?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the
thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the
show

Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I
say;

He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answer'd with
reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your
gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me
have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome
to our table

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I
pray you;

I thought that all things had been savage
here,

And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you
are

That in this desert inaccessible, 110
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of
time;

If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to
church,

If ever

..

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..

That to your wanting may be ministr'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little
while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor
man

Who after me hath many a weary st
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first

Are but black to Rosalinde.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalinde.' 85

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours, excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste : 90

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalinde.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalinde.
Winter garments must be linn'd, 95
So must slender Rosalinde.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalinde. 100
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalinde.

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree. 105

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar. 110

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. 'Why should this a desert be? 115

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree

That shall civil sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage, 120

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;

But upon the fairest boughs, 125

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show. 130

Therefore heaven Nature charg'd

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide-enlarg'd.

Nature presently distill'd 135

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalinde of many parts 135

By heavenly synod was devis'd,

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest priz'd.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.' 140

Ros. O most gentle pulpit! What tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people'!

Cel. How now! Back, friends; shepherd, go off a little; go with him, sirrah. 145

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with baggage and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses? 150

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear. 155

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 159

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees? 161

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. 165

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who? 170

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible? 175

Ros. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his hold-
lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of
my love;
And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of Night,
survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere
above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth
sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll
character,
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every
where.

Touchstone.

court. You told me you salute not at the
court, but you kiss your hands; that
courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers
were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes;
and these fellows, you know, are

swi

as

St.

come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the
sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder
instance; come.

Cor. And these fellows, you know, are

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's
life, Master Touchstone?

meat in respect of a good piece of flesh
indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend:

as there is no more plenty in it, it goes
much against my stomach. Hast any

that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man
hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of

burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep;
and that a great cause of the night is lack

copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a
bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of

Cor. Nay, I hope.
Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an
ill-roasted egg, all on one side.
Cor. For not being at court? Your
reason.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. 'From the east to western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalinde
Her worth, being mounted on the
wind,
Through all the world
Rosalinde.
All the pictures fairest

os. By no means, sir. Time travels in
its paces with divers persons. I'll tell
you who Time ambles withal, who Time
gallops withal, who Time gallops withal, and
who stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

os. Marry, he trots hard with a young
d between the contract of her marriage
the day it is solemniz'd; if the interim
out a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard
it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

os. With a priest that lacks Latin and a
man that hath not the gout; for the
sleeps easily because he cannot study,
the other lives merrily because he feels
pain; the one lacking the burden of lean
wasteful learning, the other knowing
burden of heavy tedious penury. These
ie ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

os. With a thief to the gallows; for
ough he go as softly as foot can fall, he
icks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

os. With lawyers in the vacation; for
y sleep between term and term, and
n they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

os. With this shepherdess, my sister;
e in the skirts of the forest, like fringe
n a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

os. As the coney that you see dwell
ere she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than
I could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

os. I have been told so of many; but
eed an old religious uncle of mine taught
to speak, who was in his youth an inland
n; one that knew courtship too well,
there he fell in love. I have heard him
d many lectures against it; and I thank
d I am not a woman, to be touch'd with
many giddy offences as he hath generally
d their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the
ncipal evils that he laid to the charge of
men?

os. There were none principal; they
re all like one another as halfpence are;
ery one fault seeming monstrous till his
low-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

os. No; I will not cast away my physic
t on those that are sick. There is a man
unts the forest that abuses our young
ants with carving 'Rosalind' on their
rks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and
gies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying
e name of Rosalind. If I could meet that
ncy-monger, I would give him some good
unsel, for he seems to have the quotidian
love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I
pray you tell me your remedy.

os. There is none of my uncle's marks
upon you; he taught me how to know a
man in love; in which cage of rushes I am
sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

os. A lean cheek, which you have not;
a blue eye and sunken, which you have
not; an unquestionable spirit, which you
have not; a beard neglected, which you
have not; but I pardon you for that, for
simply your having in beard is a younger
brother's revenue. Then your hose should
be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your
sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and
every thing about you demonstrating a
careless desolation. But you are no such
man; you are rather point-device in your
accoutrements, as loving yourself than
seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make
thee believe I love.

os. Me believe it! You may as soon
make her that you love believe it; which,
I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess
she does. That is one of the points in the
which women still give the lie to their
consciences. But, in good sooth, are you
he that hangs the verses on the trees where-
in Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white
hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that un-
fortunate he.

os. But are you so much in love as your
rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can ex-
press how much.

os. Love is merely a madness; and, I
tell you, deserves as well a dark house and
a whip as madmen do; and the reason why
they are not so punish'd and cured is that
the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers
are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by
counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

os. Yes, one; and in this manner. He
was to imagine me his love, his mistress;
and I set him every day to woo me; at
which time would I, being but a moonish
youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable,
longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish,
shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of
smiles; for every passion something and
for no passion truly anything, as boys and
women are for the most part cattle of this
colour; would now like him, now loathe
him; then entertain him, then forswear
him; now weep for him, then spit at him;
that I drove my suitor from his mad humour
of love to a living humour of madness;
which was, to forswear the full stream of
the world and to live in a nook merely
monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this

bottle—either too much at once or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. 259

good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion little

letter

will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd the wrestler's heels and your heart both an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mockir
Speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

writing love songs in their barks. 243

Orl. I pray you mar no moe of my

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Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word. 269

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no

studied your questions. 259

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when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along like wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'Holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter. 270

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a ciphers.

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Enter ORLANDO and JAKUES.

Ros. 'Tis he; sink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, had not that been as proper?

Jaq. Go thou with me; and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver. Not— 85

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee.

But—

Wind away, 90
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep. 5

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour. 11

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them. 16

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Yes, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so? 20

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in. 25

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is'; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke, your father. 30

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of

what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando? 35

Cel. O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here? 41

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess: That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd 47

Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you: If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove! The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. 53

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe.

Say that you love me not; but say not so in bitterness. The common executioner,

Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck: But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner; I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye. 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, 11

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! 17

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.

Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down:

where i

Orl.
Ros.
Come,

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY, with goats behind. | no; the noblest deer hath them as huge

Touch. Come apace,
will fetch up your goats, /
Audrey, am I the man
simple feature content ye

Aud. Your features!

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well; but I have met him oft; 105
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
 [that the old carlot once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
 'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well. But what care I for words? Yet words do well 110
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
 [It is a pretty youth—not very pretty; But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
 He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
 Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue 115
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up. He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall;
 His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well. There was a pretty redness in his lip, A little riper and more lusty red 120
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him 123
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near To fall in love with him; but, for my part, I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet I have more cause to hate him than to love him; 127
 For what had he to do to chide at me? He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
 And, now I am rememb'rd, scorn'd at me. I marvel why I answer'd not again; 131
 But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter, And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, *Silvius*?
Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight; The matter's in my head and in my heart; I will be bitter with him and passing short. Go with me, *Silvius*. [Exit *Silvius*.]

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. The forest.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.
Jaq. I prithce, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.
Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.
Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing. 4

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.
Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.
Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.
Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 18
Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 22
Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.
Enter ORLANDO.
Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad—and to travel for it too. 26
Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear *Rosalind*!
Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. 29
Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller; look you lip and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [Exit *Jaques*] Why, how now, *Orlando*! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.
Orl. My fair *Rosalind*, I come within an hour of my promise. 39
Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapp'd him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.
Orl. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*. 45
Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.
Orl. Of a snail!
Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head—a better jointure, I think, than you make a

Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for
shame,

Cry the man mercy, love him, take his
offer;

remains

Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now
mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee
not;

Nor, I am sure, there is not force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,

If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy,

year together;

I had rather bear you chide than this man
woo.

Ros. He's fall'n in love with your soul-
ness, and she'll fall in love with my anger.
If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with
frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter
words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with
me,

For I am fals'er than vows made in wine;
Besides, I like you not. If you will know

time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him
better.

And be not proud, though all the world

have no beauty—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look
on me?

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw
of might;

Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first
sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe pity me.

cream,

That can entame my spirits to your
worship.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you
follow her,

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that
neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;

children.

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too.

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool! 157

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours! 159

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come death! Two o'clock is your hour? 166

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise. 175

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [Exit Orlando.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest. 153

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 189

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out—let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come. 195

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song forester, for this purpose?

Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.

[The rest shall bear this burden]

Then sing him home.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it;

And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. The forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this. I know not the contents; but, as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me, I am but as a gulltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all! She says I am not fair, that I lack manners. She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as Phoenix. 'Od's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt;
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd well,

This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;

Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool, And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;

woman; besides, he brings his destiny
with him.

Orl. What's that?

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and
Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And will they love me?

103

're too much
you shall be
ive me your
say, sister?

112

Will you,

you, Orlando, have to

115

n?
as fast as she can marry

ust say 'I take thee,

120

kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

70

Rosalind, for wife.

120

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and
there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his
beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were
your mistress; or I should think my
honesty ranker than my wit.

75

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out
of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl.
because:

Ros.
have yo

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commis-
sion; but—I do take thee, Orlando, for my
husband. There's a girl goes before the
priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought
runs before her actions.

125

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would
have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

129

Ros. Say 'a day' without the 'ever'.

when they
maids are
it the sky

I will be

Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ;
for 'tis 115

The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ; 121

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there, 124

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so ;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion.
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which

hurting 130

From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd ?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I. I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion 135

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,

As how I came into that desert place— 140
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,

Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm 145

The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And, after some small space, being strong at heart, 150

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin, 143

Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[Rosalind swears.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet

Ganymede !

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood. 15

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede !

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither. 16

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man ?

You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho ! 16

Oli. This was not counterfeited ; there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man. 17

Ros. So I do ; but, if faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you draw homewards. Good sir, go with us. 17

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something ; but, pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go ? [Exit

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey, patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest in me in the world ; here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for : we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, William.

Will. And good ev'n to you, sir.

Touch. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, prithee cover'd. How old are you, friend ?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William ?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born in the

She has a huswife's hand—but that's no matter.

I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers. 30

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style;

A style for challengers. Why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention, 31

Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;

Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes. [Reads.]

'Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?'

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart, 44
Wat'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you

Meaning . . .

'If the scorn of your bright eye 50
Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move! 55

He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And he that . . .

Let me by that my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.'

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd! 63
Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves

no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman?
What, to make thee an instrument, and
play false strains upon thee! Not to be
endur'd! Well, go your way to her, for I
see love hath made thee a tame snake and
say this charge I
will never
her. If . . .

a word; for here comes more company. 73
[Exit SILVIUS.]

Enter OLIVER.

OLL. Good morrow, fair ones; pray you,
if you know, 74

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the
neighbour bottom.

The rank of osiers by the murmuring
stream

Left on your right hand brings you to the
place. 75

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

OLL. If that an eye may profit by a
tongue,

Then should I know you by description—
Such garments, and such years: 'The boy
is fair,

Of female favour, and bestows himself 85
Like a ripe sister; the woman low,

And browner than her brother'. Are not
you

The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say
we are.

OLL. Some of my shame; if you will know
of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and
where, 95

This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

OLL. When last the young Orlando parted
from you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the
forest, 100

with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with
hair, 103

Lay sleeping on his back. About his
neck

A green and gilded snake had wreath'd
itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats
approach'd 105

The . . .

ily,

110

YOU LIKE IT

men, if you please, that I can do things. I have, since I was three d, convers'd with a magician, most nd in his art and yet not damnable. do love Rosalind so near the heart ur gesture cries it out, when your er marries Aliena shall you marry I know into what straits of fortune s driven; and it is not impossible to let her before your eyes to-morrow, an as she is, and without any danger. l. Speak'st thou in sober meanings? 64
 Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender rly, though I say I am a magician. erefore put you in your best array, bid ur friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you 68

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

ook, here comes a lover of mine, and a ver of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness 70

To show the letter that I writ to you. Ros. I care not if I have. It is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;

Look upon him, love him; he worships you. 75

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of falsh and service; 80

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman. Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; 85

All adoration, duty, and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all obedience;

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman. 90

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too? Why blame 95

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [To Silvius] I will help you if I can.

[To Phebe] I would love you if I could.—

[To-morrow meet me all together. [To Phebe] I will marry you if ever I marry

woman, and I'll be married to-morrow.

[To Orlando] I will satisfy you if ever I

satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Silvius] I will content you

if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Orlando] As you love Rosalind, meet. [To Silvius] As you love Phebe, meet;—and

as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well; I have left you commands. 112

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I. [Exeunt.]

Orl. Nor I.

SCENE III. The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages. 5

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman. Touch. By my troth, well met. Come sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you; sit i' th' middle out hawking, or splitting, or saying we a hoarse, which are the only prologues to bad voice? 80

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nono,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, di

Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nono,
 These pretty country folks would li

In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nono,
 How that a life was but a flower,

In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nono

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God.' A good answer.
Art rich?

suddenly consenting; but say with me, I
love Aliena; say with her that she loves

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou
learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have is
to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that
drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been
wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of
a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I

thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with
the very wrath of love, and they will

Clubs cannot part them.
hey shall be married to-morrow;
ill bid the Duke to the nuptial.

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little
acquaintance you should like her? that

serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer
with idle talking. Know of me then—for

now I speak to some purpose—that I know
you are a gentleman of good conceit. I

should bear a good

in mind. I say

to I honour for a

in some little

rom you, to do

grace me.

For love is crowned with the prime,
In the spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not our time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; time lost to hear such a fool buy you; and God mend Come, Audrey, [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES,

Duke

Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Rosalind. O Duke, my father's brother,

How long have you been thus in banishment?

Duke. More than thirteen years.

Rosalind. How comes it that you are thus banish'd?

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Rosalind. Pray you, tell me of it.

Duke. O, it is a heavy burden that I bear.

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter.

Touch. My lord, I have seen him

Many times, and he hath been

Very much beloved of me.

Orl. My lord, I have seen him

Many times, and he hath been

Very much beloved of me.

Orl. My lord, I have seen him

Many times, and he hath been

Very much beloved of me.

Orl. My lord, I have seen him

Many times, and he hath been

Very much beloved of me.

Orl. My lord, I have seen him

Many times, and he hath been

Very much beloved of me.

Orl. My lord, I have seen him

Many times, and he hath been

Very much beloved of me.

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Very much beloved of me.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark.

Touch. My lord, I have seen him

Many times, and he hath been

Very much beloved of me.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome.

This is the motley-minded gentleman that

I have so often met in the forest. He hath

been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him

put me to my purgation. I have trod a

measure; I have flatt'rd a lady; I have

been a courtier, he swears.

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measure; I have flatt'rd a lady; I have

been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him

put me to my purgation. I have trod a

he Reply Churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true. This is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie. This is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome. And so to Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jag. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur'd swords and parted.

Jag. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as: 'If you said so, then I said so'. And they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jag. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA. Still music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand
with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. [To Duke] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orlando] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;

I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion;
'Tis I must make conclusion;

Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents;
You and you no cross shall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord;
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things
finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured.
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jag. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise and from the world;

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man.
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding;

To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

Duke S. Proceed, proceed. We will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[A dance. Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE

With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhand-

thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd.—So to
your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many
as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet
breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I
make curtsy, bid me farewell.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord, CHRISTOPHER SLY, a linker, Hostess, Page, Players, Hunts- men, Servants,	} Persons in the Induction.	TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, CURTIS, A Pedant.	} servants to Lucentio. servants to Petruchio.
BAPTISTA MINOLA, a gentleman of Padua. VINCENTIO, a merchant of Pisa. LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.		KATHERINA, the shrew, BIANCA, A Widow.	
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katherina.		Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.	
GREMIO, HORTENSIO,	} suitors to Bianca.		

THE SCENE : Padua, and Petruchio's house in the country.

INDUCTION

SCENE I. Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles: we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, paucas pallabris; let the world slide. Sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough. [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Falls asleep.]

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;

Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd; And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hum. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent;

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such. But sup them well, and look unto them all; To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hum. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? One dead, or drunk? Sec, doth he breathe?

2 Hum. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hum. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hum. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber, And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters, And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;

Procure me music ready when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound; And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, And with a low submissive reverence

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

Duke S. Proceed, proceed. We will begin
these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[A dance. *Exeunt.*]

173
le-
EPILOGUE

bequeath;

174 | begin with the women. I charge you, O

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink
a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of
these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour
wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me
'honour' nor 'lordship'. I ne'er drank
sack in my life; and if you give me any
conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er
ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have
no more doublets than backs, no more
stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than
feet—nay, sometime more feet than shoes,
or such shoes as my toes look through the
overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in
your honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad?
Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of
Burton Heath; by birth a pedlar, by educa-
tion a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-
herd, and now by present profession a
tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-
wife of Wineot, if she know me not; if she
say I am not fourteen pence on the score
for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st
knave in Christendom. What! I am not
bestraught. [*Taking a pot of ale*] Here's—

3 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady
mourn!

2 *Serv.* O, this is it that makes your
servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred
slurs your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth!

Call home thy ancient thoughts from
banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly
dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo
plays,

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a
couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Sentirams.

Say thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the
ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be
trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and
pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks
will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou
hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer
them

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow
earth.

1 *Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy gro-
hounds are as swift

As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the
roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? We will
fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with the
breath

Even as the waving sedges play with the
wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was
mild

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through
thorny wood,

Scratching her legs, that one shall swoon
she bleeds;

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears
drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but
a lord.

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she has
shed for thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world

And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd
now?

I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel
things.

Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' th' smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your Mightiness
wash your hands?

O, how we joy to see your wilt restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you
are!

These fifteen years you have been in
dream;

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you
slept.

Sly. These fifteen years I by my fay,
goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord, but very few
words;

For though you lay here in this good
chamber,

Yet would you say ye were beaten out
door;

Say 'What is it your honour will command?'

Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd
flowers;

dreams.

He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed
with him;

And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Sly is carried out. A trumpet sounds*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that

With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say 'What is't your honour will com-
mand,

Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her
love?'

How now! who is it?

Serv. An't please your honour, players
that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Blic

him
No better than a poor and loathsome
beggar.

Players.

Lord. D.
to-night?

Player. So please your lordship to accept
our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I
remember

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so
well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that
part

Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd

Player. I think 'twas Soto that

honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; thou did:
excellent.

canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit a Servingman.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace.

Voice, gait, and action, of a gentlewoman;
I long to hear him call the drunkard
'husband';

And how my men will stay themselves
from laughter

When they do homage to this simple
peasant.

II. A bedchamber in the Lord's
house

aloft *SLY*, with Attendants; some
apparel, basin and ewer, and other
urnences; and Lord.

This virtue and this moral discipline, 30
 Let's be no Stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
 Balklogic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk ;
 Music and poesy use to quicken you ; 36
 The mathematics and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach
 serves you.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en ;
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou
 advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness,
 And take a lodging fit to entertain 44
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

*Enter BAPTISTA with his two daughters,
 KATHERINA and BIANCA ; GREMIO, a
 pantaloon, HORTENSIO, suitor to Bianca.
 Lucentio and Tranio stand by.*

But stay awhile ; what company is this ?
Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to
 town.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no
 farther,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
 That is, not to bestow my youngest
 daughter 50

Before I have a husband for the elder.
 If either of you both love Katherina,
 Because I know you well and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your
 pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough
 for me. 53

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?
Kath. [To Baptista] I pray you, sir, is it
 your will

To make a stale of me amongst these
 mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid ! How mean you that ?
 No mates for you, 59

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need
 to fear ;

Iwis it is not halfway to her heart ;
 But if it were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd
 stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a
 fool. 63

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord
 deliver us !

Gre. And me, too, good Lord !
Tra. Hush, master ! Here's some good
 pastime toward ;

That wench is stark mad or wonderful
 froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see 70
 Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio !

Tra. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze
 your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make
 good

What I have said—Bianca, get you in ;
 And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
 For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat ! it is best
 Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discretion.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe
 My books and instruments shall be my
 company,

On them to look, and practise by myself.
Luc. Hark, Tranio, thou mayst hear
 Minerva speak !

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so
 strange ?

Sorry am I that our good will effects
 Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up
 Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
 And make her bear the penance of her
 tongue ?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am
 resolv'd.

Go in, Bianca. [Exit Bianca]

And for I know she taketh most delight
 In music, instruments, and poetry,
 Schoolmasters will I keep within my house
 Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,

Or, Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
 Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men
 I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing-up
 And so, farewell. Katherina, you may stay
 For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[Exit Bianca]
Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too
 may I not ?

What ! shall I be appointed hours, as
 though, belike,

I knew not what to take and what to
 leave ? Ha ! [Exit Bianca]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam
 your gifts are so good here's none will hold
 you. There ! Love is not so great, Hortensio,
 but we may blow our nails together, and
 fast it fairly out ; our cake's dough on both
 sides. Farewell ; yet, for the love I bear
 my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means
 light on a fit man to teach her that wherewith
 she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio ; but
 word, I pray. Though the nature of our
 quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now
 upon advice, it toucheth us both—that we
 may yet again have access to our fair
 mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's
 love—to labour and effect one thing
 specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray ?

Tra. So had you need. 205

[They exchange habits.]

brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
I am tied to be obedient—
so your father charg'd me at our
parting:

serviceable to my son's quoth he, 209
though I think 'twas in another sense—
I am content to be Lucentio,
because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so because Lucentio
loves;

and let me be a slave t' achieve that maid
whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my
wounded eye. 215

Enter BIONDELLO.

Where comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have
you been?

Bio. Where have I been! Nay, how
now! where are you?
My master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your
clothes?

Did you stol'n his? or both? Pray, what's
the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time
to jest, 220
and therefore frame your manners to the
time.

My fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
and I for my escape have put on his;
or in a quarrel since I came ashore 225
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
To alert you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
while I make way from hence to save my
life.

Do you understand me?

Bion. I, sir? Ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your
mouth: 230

Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; would I were
so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the
next wish after,
that Lucentio indeed had Baptista's
youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake but your
master's, I advise 235

you use your manners discreetly in all kind
of companies.

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
but in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.
No more rests, that thyself execute—
to make one among these wooers. If thou
ask me why— 240

It sufficeth, my reasons are both good and
weighty. *[Exit.]*

The Presenters above speak.

I Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not
mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne do I. A good
matter, surely; comes there any more of
it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun. 245

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work,
madam lady. Would 'twere done!

[They sit and mark.]

SCENE II. Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man

GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say. 3

Grumio. Knock, sir! Whom should I knock?
Is there any man has rebused your
worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here
soundly.

Grumio. Knock you here, sir? Why, sir,
what am I, sir, that I should knock you
here, sir? 10

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's
gate.

Grumio. My master is grown quarrelsome. I
should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the
worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock I'll
ring it; 15
I'll try how you can sol-fa, and sing it.

[He wrings him by the ears.]

Grumio. Help, masters, help! My master is
mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you, sirrah
villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? My
old friend Grumio and my good friend
Petruccio! How do you all at Verona? 21

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part
the fray?

'Con tutto il cuore ben trovato' may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto,

Molto honorato signor mio Pet-
rucio. 26

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this
quarrel.

Grumio. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he
'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful
cause for me to leave his service—look you,
sir: he bid me knock him and rap him
soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant
to use his master so; being, perhaps, for
ought I see, two and thirty, a pip out? 31
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at
first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not

any more to see it a fool to be in hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! Though it patience and mine to endure her loud alarms who man should

Luc. Tranio

any more with this condition—to be whip'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you

I pray, awake, sir. If you love the maid, Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd That, till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home;

And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

But art thou not advis'd he took some care

To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible.

If love have touch'd you, I but so:

Luc. Gramercies, lad. Go contents;

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

We have not yet been seen in

should;

I will some other be—some Florentine, Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so. Tranio, at once

Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak.

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee; But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

TRAINING OF THE SHREW

Baptista as a schoolmaster
en in music, to instruct Bianca ;
I may by this device at least
leave and leisure to make love to her,
unsuspected court her by herself.
GREMIO with LUCENTIO disguised as
Cambio.

Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile
old folks, how the young folks lay their
s together ! Master, master, look
at you. Who goes there, ha ?
Peace, Grumio ! It is the rival of my
Petruchio, stand by awhile.
A proper stripling, and an amorous !
[They stand aside.]
O, very well ; I have perus'd the
note.

ark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly
bound—
all books of love, see that at any hand ;
and see you read no other lectures to her.
ou understand me—over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your
paper too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd ;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read
to her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for
you
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place ;
Yea, and perhaps with more successful
words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is !
Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is !
Pet. Peace, sirrah !
Hor. Grumio, mum ! [Coming forward]
God save you, Signior Gremio !
Gre. And you are well met, Signior
Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going ? To Baptista
Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca ;
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man ; for learning and
behaviour

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books—good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well ; and I have met a gentle-
man

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.
Gre. Beloved of me—and that my deeds
shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent
our love.

130 Listen to me, and if you speak me fair
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking ;
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling
scold ;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What
countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonlo's son.
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life with such a wife
were strange !
But if you have a stomach, to't a God's-

name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat ?
Pet. Will he woo her ? Ay, or I'll hang
-her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that
intent ?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with
winds,

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the
field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud- 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets
clang ?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue
That gives not half so great a blow to her
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears not
Gre. Hortensio, hark :

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good
ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contribu-
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso-
Gre. And so we will—provided that
win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a
dinner.

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled
Lucentio, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! I
be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the
way

To the house of Signior-Baptista ?
Bion. He that has the two fair da-
is't he you mean ?
Tra. Even he, Biondello.

'd thus

"st.

; and

gentle-

83
enough,

, and all

pledge ;

measure

Why, this s a heavy chance

you,

Your ancient, trusty, plec

Grumio

friend,

And I'll not wish the

Pet. Signior Horten

as we

Few words suffice ;

know

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio I must go with

least,

20

more,

tooth in her head, though she have as many
 diseases as two and fifty horses. Why,
 nothing comes amiss, so money comes
 withal.

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.
 Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do
 me grace,
 And offer me disguis'd in sober robes

Bianca, stand aside—poor girl! she weeps.

[He unbinds her.

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er
wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be
reveng'd. [Flies after Bianca.

Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get
thee in. [Exit Bianca.

Kath. What, will you not suffer me?
Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a
husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-
day,

And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit Katherina.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd
as I?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of
a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio
as a musician; and Tranio, as
Lucentio, with his boy, Biondello,
bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.

God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you
not a daughter

Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd
Katherina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give
me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the
witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine,
[Presenting Hortensio.

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong—

His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. Y're welcome, sir, and he for
your good sake;

But for my daughter Katherina, this I
know,

She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with
her;

Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I
find.

Whence are you, sir? What may I call
your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome
for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us that are poor petitioners speak too.

Bacare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio! I
would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will
curse your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am
sure of it. To express the like kindness,

myself, that have been more kindly behold-
ing to you than any, freely give unto you

this young scholar [presenting Lucentio]
that hath been long studying at Rheims;

as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other
languages, as the other in music and mathe-

matics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept
his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.
Welcome, good Cambio. [To Tranio] But,

gentle sir, methinks you walk like a
stranger. May I be so bold to know the

cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine
own

That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,

Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me
In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that
woo,

And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your

daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin
books.

If you accept them, then their worth is
great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? Of whence,
I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa. By report
I know him well. You are very welcome,
sir.

Take you the lute, and you the set of
books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty
sounded, 191

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! In good time! Let him
that mov'd you hither 191

Remove you hence. I knew you at the
first

You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are
you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are
you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you
mean. 200

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden
thee!

For, knowing thee to be but young; and
light—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you
to catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should he be I should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a huzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a huz-
zard take thee? 201

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a
huzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; I' faith, you
are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my
sting. 201

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where
it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does
wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tales; and so
farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail?
Nay, come again, 213

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.
[She strikes him.]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike
again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms.
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy
books! 213

Kath. What is your crest—a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my
hen.

Kath. No cock of mine: you crow too
like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must
not look so sour. 215

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore
look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too
young for you. 231

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate—in sooth, you
scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing
gentle. 235

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy,
and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing
courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-
time flowers.

'Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look
askance, 240

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy
wooers;

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth
limp? 245

O stand'rous world! Kate like the hazel-
twig

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st
command. 250

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely
gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian
sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this
goodly speech? 255

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her
son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes, keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine,
in thy bed. 259

And therefore, settling all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath
consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry
'greed on; 263

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

welcome,
 And so I pray you all to think yourselves.
Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh
 haste,
 And every day I cannot come to woo. ¹²⁴
 You knew my father well, and in him me,
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
 Which I have bettered rather than de-
 creas'd.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
 Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
 In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
 Let specialties be therefore drawn between

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you,
 father, ¹²⁷

Though little fire grows great with little

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! Why dost
 thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look
 pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a

her hand to teach her fingering,
 h a most impatient devilish
 it, ¹³⁰
 you these? quoth she 'I'll
 ie with them'.
 hat word she struck me on the

head,
 And through the instrument my pate made
 way;

And there I stood amazed for a while, ¹³⁴
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
 While she did call me rascal fiddler
 And twangling Jack, with tweety such vile
 terms,
 As had she studded to misuse me so.

Proceed in practice with my younger
 daughter;
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good
 turns.

And woo her with some spirit when she
 comes.

clear

and now, Petruchio, ¹⁴⁰

Enter KATHERINA.

Good morrow, Kate—for that's your name,
 I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but some-
 thing hard of hearing;

They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd

have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
score fat oxen standing in my stalls, 350
and all things answerable to this portion.
If self am struck in years, I must confess;
and if I die to-morrow this is hers,
whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list
to me: 355

am my father's heir and only son;
I may have your daughter to my wife,
I leave her houses three or four as good
I thin rich Pisa's walls as any one
and Signior Gremio has in Padua; 360
besides two thousand ducats by the year
of fruitful land, all which shall be her
jointure.

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of
land!

[aside] My land amounts not to so much
in all.— 365

What she shall have, besides an argosy
that now is lying in Marseilles road.

What, have I choic'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath
no less

than three great argosies, besides two
gallasses, 370

and twelve tight galleys. These I will
assure her,

and twice as much whate'er thou off'rest
next.

Gre. Nay, I have off'red all; I have no
more; 375

and she can have no more than all I have;
you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from
all the world 376

by your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
and let your father make her the assurance;

he is your own. Else, you must pardon me;
if you should die before him, where's her
dower? 381

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I
young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well
as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you
know 385

my daughter Katherine is to be married;
now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

if not, to Signior Gremio.

And so I take my leave, and thank you
both. 390

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.

[Exit Baptista.

Now, I fear thee not.

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a
fool

To give thee all, and in his waning age
set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.
[Exit.]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered
hide! 396

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:

I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vin-
centio; 400

And that's a wonder—fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of
woolng

A child shall get a sire, if I fall not of my
cunning. *[Exit.]*

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Padua. Baptista's house.

*Enter LUCENTIO as Cambio, HORTENSIO as
Licio, and BIANCA.*

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too
forward, sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony. 5

Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so
far 9

To know the cause why music was ordain'd
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves
of thine. 15

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double
wrong

To strive for that which resteth in my
choice.

I am no breeching scholar in the schools,
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20

And to cut off all strife: here sit we down;
Take you your instrument, play you the
whiles;

His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am
in tune?

Luc. That will be never—tune your in-
strument. 25

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigieia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis'.

Bian. Construe them. 30

Luc. 'Hic ibat' as I told you before—
'Simois' I am Lucentio—'hic est' son
unto Vincentio of Pisa—'Sigieia tellus'
disguis'd thus to get your love—'Hic
steterat' and that Lucentio that comes

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
 A mad, unmanner'd, and ungentle lack-
 of-love, that would have made a girl
 that is a dove;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity.
 And, to conclude, we have 'greed so well
 together
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
 Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
 Gre. Ilark, Petruchio; she says she'll see
 thee hang'd first.
 Tra. Is this your speeding? Nay, then
 good-night our part!
 Pet. Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her
 for myself!

shall be fine,
 say; but give
 'Tis a match.
 we will be
 id gentlemen,

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.
 Here comes your father. Never make
 denial;
 I must and will have Katherine to my wife

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace;
 We will have rings and things, and fine
 array;
 And kiss me, Kate; we will be married a
 Sunday.

promise you
 You have show'd a tender fatherly regard
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
 A mad, unmanner'd, and ungentle lack-

you;
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
 Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match,
 Gre. No doubt but he hath not a quiet

dove;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity.
 And, to conclude, we have 'greed so well
 together
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
 Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
 Gre. Ilark, Petruchio; she says she'll see
 thee hang'd first.
 Tra. Is this your speeding? Nay, then
 good-night our part!
 Pet. Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her
 for myself!

can guess
 Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so
 dear as I
 Tra. Grey beard, thy love doth freeze.
 Gre. But thine doth fry.
 Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nour-
 isheth.
 Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flour-
 isheth.
 Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will
 compound this strife.
 'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of
 both
 That can assure my daughter greatest

A meacock wretch can make the curstest
 shrew.
 Give me thy haod, Kate; I will unto
 Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the
 guests;

fine linen, turkey cushions boss'd with
 pearl.
 Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
 Pewter and brass, and all things that
 belongs
 To house or housekeeping. The
 farm

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katherine had never seen him though! 26

[*Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep,

For such an injury would vex a very saint;

Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! News, and such old news as you never heard of! 31

Bap. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir. 35

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there. 39

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bian. Why, Petruchio is coming—in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipp'd, with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lam-pass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-cheek'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him? 60

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse—with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gart'ed with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather; a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey. 67

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes. 70

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back. 76

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man 80

Is more than one,

And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd As I wish you were. 86

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown; 89

And wherefore gaze this goodly company As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come; 94

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself? 100

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;

Sufficieth I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress,

Which at more leisure I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal. 105

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these un-reverent robes;

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her. 111

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes. Could I repair what she will wear in me As I can change these poor accoutrements, 'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.

a-woolog—'Priami' is my man Tranio—

Enter a Servant.

Bian. Now let me see if I can coostrue
it: 'Hic ibat Simois' I know you not—
'hic est Sigela tellus' I trust you not—
'Hic steterat Priami' take heed he hear us
not—'regia' presume not—'celsa senis'
despair not. 43

must be gone.

[Exit Bianca and Servant.]

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no
cause to stay. [Exit.]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this
pedant; 45

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I
mistrust. 49

Luc. Mistrust it not—for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I
promise you,

SCENE II. Padua, Before Baptista's house.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO as
Lucentio, KATHERINA, BIANCA, LU-
CENTIO as Cambio, and Attendants.

Bap [To Tranio] Signior Lucentio, this is
the 'pointed day

athenne and Petruchio should be
married,

we hear not of our son-in-law,

ill be said? What mockery will
it be

t the bridegroom when the priest
attends

k the ceremonial rites of marriage I
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine, I must,
for ooth, be forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my
heart,

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at
leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;

And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of
marriage,

Make friends invited, and proclaim the
banns;

Yet mean to wed where he hath

must wait,

[Aside] And watch withal; for, but I be
deceiv'd, 50

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the in-
strument

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;

And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of
marriage,

Make friends invited, and proclaim the
banns;

Yet mean to wed where he hath

trade;

And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long
ago.

nic

To chaoge true rules for odd inventions.

Though he be blunt, I know him
wise;

Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay ?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gr. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horses. 202

Kath. Nay, then,
 Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
 No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
 The door is open, sir ; there lies your way ;
 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green ; 207

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.
 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee ; prithee be not angry. 211

Kath. I will be angry ; what hast thou to do ?

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner. 215

I see a woman may be made a fool.
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her ;
 Go to the feast, revel and domineer, 220
 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead ;
 Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;

I will be master of what is mine own— 225
 She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing,
 And here she stands ; touch her whoever dare ; 229

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
 Draw forth thy weapon ; we are beset with thieves ;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
 Fear not, sweet wench ; they shall not touch thee, Kate ;

I'll buckler thee against a million. 235

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katherine, and Grumio.*
Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kate's

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,
 You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. Petruchio's country house.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gr. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all masters, and all foul ways ! Was ever man so beaten ? Was ever man so ray'd ? Was ever man so weary ? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now were not I a little warm and soon hot, my very lips might freeze my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me. But I will blowing the fire shall warm myself ; for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho ! Curtis !

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly ?
Gr. A piece of ice. If thou doubt thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head a my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife come, Grumio ?

Gr. O, ay, Curtis, ay ; and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she is reported ?

Gr. She was, good Curtis, before the frost ; but thou know'st winter tames the woman, and beast ; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

Gr. Am I but three inches ? Why, the horn is a foot, and so long am I at the leather. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand—she being now at hand—thou shalt so feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow thy hot office ?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me how goes the world ?

But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my
bride

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the
book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Bonello,
and Attendants.*]

Gre. Trembled and shook, for why he
stamp'd and swore

master
Doth watch Blanca's steps so narrowly, 135
There good, methinks, to steal our
marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say
no,
I'll keep mine own despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look
into 137
And watch our vantage in this business.

the bride about the neck,
with such a clamorous
smack 174
That at the parting all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very
shame.
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.
[Music plays.]

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, BLANCA,
BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GREMIO, and
Train.*

Re-enter GREMIO.
Signior Gremio, came you from the
church? 143
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from
school.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom
coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a
groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall
find.
Tra.
Gre.
Tra.
Gre.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you
for your pains 145
I know you think to dine with me to-day;
And have prepar'd great store of wedding
cheer;
But so it is—my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my
leave.
Bap. Is't possible you will away to-
night? 155
Pet. I must away to-day before night
come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my
business,

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns' quoth he, and swore
so loud 156

dinner. 144
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.

Sit down, Kate, and welcome. Soud, soud,
soud, soud! 126

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate,
be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains,
when? 125

[Sings] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry;
Take that, and mend the plucking off the
other. [Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here, what,
ho! 133

Enter One with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get
you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
[Exit Servingman.]

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be
acquainted with. 136

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some
water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome
heartily.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[Strikes him.]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a
fault unwilling. 140

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-
car'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have
a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else
shall I?

What's this? Mutton?

I Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these? Where is the rascal
cook? 146

How durst you villains bring it from the
dresser

And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and
all;

[Throws the meat, &c., at them.]

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd
slaves! 150

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you
straight. [Exit Servants.]

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so
disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and
dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it; 155
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal
chamber. [Exit.]

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gril. Where is he? 165

Curl. In her chamber. Making a sermon
of continency to her,

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she,
poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to
speak,

And sits as one new risen from a dream. 170
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[Exit.]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my
reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,

And till she stoop she must not be full-
gorg'd, 175

For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's
call,

That is, to watch her, as we watch these
kites

That bate and beat, and will not be
obedient. 180

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she
shall not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the
bolster, 185

This way the coverlet, another way the
sheets;

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her—

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl

And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
humour. 193

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

*Enter TRANIO as Lucentio, and HORTENSIO
as Licio.*

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that
Mistress Bianca

hey kiss their hands. Are

hear, ho? You must meet

Grü. Why, ' Jack boy I ho, how much news as wilt thou.

Curt. Come, you are so full catching!

Grü. Why, therefore, fire: I caught extreme cold. Where's

thee, news

Grü. First know my horse is tired; my master and mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Grü. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Grü. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Grü. There.

Curt. This

a tale.

Grü. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech list'ning. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Grü. What's that to thee?

place, how she was bent on, how he fell

never pray'd before, how I cried, how the

than she.

Grü. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsope, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's

Enter four or five Servingmen.

Welcome home, Grumio!

How now, Grumio!

What, Grumio!

Nath. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Grü. Welcome, you!—how now, you!

what, you!—fellow, you!—and thus much

for greeting. Now, my spruce companions,

is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is

our master?

Enter PETRUCIO and KATHERINA.

Enter PETRUCIO and KATHERINA.

Enter PETRUCIO and KATHERINA.

Enter PETRUCIO and KATHERINA.

Enter PETRUCIO and KATHERINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no

man at door

man at door

man at door

man at door

man at door

man at door

man at door

man at door

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man at door

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man at door

Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly. 'Tis marvel—but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so I
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard
of him,

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,

In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [Aside] As much as an apple doth
an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes

That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;

Look that you take upon you as you should.
You understand me, sir. So shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.

If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you
ever

The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the
matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here look'd for every day
To pass assurance of a dow'r in marriage
'twixt me and one Baptista's daughter
here.

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Petruchio's house.*

Enter *KATHERINA* and *GRUMIO*.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my
life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his
spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity;
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of
sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling
fed;

And that which spites me more than all
these wants—

He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep on
cat,

'Twere deadly sickness or else present
death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me
have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch
it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and
mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a
little.

Kath. Why then the beef, and let the
mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall
have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything
thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the mustard without the
beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false
deceiving slave,

That feed'st me with the very name of
meat.

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter *PETRUCHIO*, and *HORTENSIO* with
meal.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweet-
ling, all amok?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Falth, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully
upon me.

Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits
thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st
it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching. [They stand aside.]

Enter *BIANCA* and *LUCENTIO* as *Cambio*

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

Blan. What, master, read you ? First resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, 'The Art to Love'.

Blan. And may you prove, sir, master of your art ?

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry ! Now tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca

Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O spiteful love ! unconstant womankind !

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more ; I am not Licio, Nor a musician as I seem to be ;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise

Of your entire affection to Bianca ;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeign'd oath,

Never to marry with her though she would entreat ;

Fie on her ! See how beastly she doth court him !

Hor. Would all the world but be had quite forsworn !

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard,

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love ; and so I take my leave.

In resolution as I swore before. [Exit.]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case ! Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love, And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest ; but have you both forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I faith, he'll have a lusty widow now.

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school ! What, is there such a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress ; and Petruchio is the master,

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,

To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter *BIONDELLO*.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long

That I am dog-weary ; but at last I spied

An ancient angel coming down the hill

Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatante or a pedant, I know not what ; but formal in apparel,

In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale, I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,

And give assurance to Baptista Minola

As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

Enter a *Pedant*.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ; you are welcome. Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two ;

But then up farther, and as far as Rome ;

And so to Tripoli, if God lead me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir ? Marry, God forbid,

And come to Padua, careless of your life !

Ped. My life, sir ! How, I pray ? For that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua. Know you not the cause ?

be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo, thou liest. 127

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so. 130

Tai. [Reads] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown'—

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a bottom of brown bread; I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed. 135

Tai. [Reads] 'With a small compass'd cape'—

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [Reads] 'With a trunk sleeve'—

Gru. I confess two sleeves. 137

Tai. [Reads] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, sir; error i' th' bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble. 145

Tai. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight; take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! Then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me. 151

Gru. You are i' th' right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that? 156

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more. 161

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow;

Take no unkindness of his hasty words. Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Tailor.]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's 165

Even in these honest mean habiliments; Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit. 175
What, is the jay more precious than the lark

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse 175

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. 182

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two, 185

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.

Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone;

I will not go to-day; and ere I do, 190

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter TRANIO as Lucentio, and the Pedant dress'd like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? And, but I be deceived,

Signior Baptista may remember me

Near twenty years ago in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus. 5

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good he were school'd. 9

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice, 15

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Pat. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruccio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pat. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart I
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden
rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and
things,
With scarfs and fans and double change of
brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this
knav'ry.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays
thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments,
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did
bespeak.

Pat. Why, this was moulded on a
porringer;

A velvet dish. Fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap,
Away with it. Come, let me have a bigger

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit
the time.

and gentlewomen wear such caps as these,
Pat. When you are gentle, you shall have
one too,
and not till then

Hor. [Aside] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave
to speak;

I speak I will. I am no child, no babe,
nor betters have endur'd me say my mind,
if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
and use my heart, concealing it, will break;
rather than it shall, I will be free
to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry
cap,
ward-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie;
I care not for thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
Love me or love me not, I like the
cap;
I will have, or I will have none.

[Exit Haberdasher.]

Pat. Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, take
let us see't.

O mercy, God! what masquing stuff
here?

What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a dca
cannon.

What, up and down, carv'd like an appl
tart?

Here's snip and nip and cut and slish an
slash,

Like to a censor in a barber's shop.
Why, what a devil's name, tailor, call'st
thou this?

Hor. [Aside] I see she's like to have
neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and
well,

According to the fashion and the time.

Pat. Marry, and did: but if you be
rememb'ed,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kenel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir,
I'll none of it, hence I make your best
of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd
gown,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more com-
mendable,

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me

Pat. Why, true, he means to make a
puppet of thee

Tai. She says your worship means to
make a puppet of her.

Pat. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,
thou thread, thou thumble,
yard, three-quarters, half-yard,
quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket
thou—

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of
thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou
remnant;

Or I shall so bemeate thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou
liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her
gown

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown
is made
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him
the stuff

Tai. But how did you desire it should be
made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread

Tai. But did you not request to have it
cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things—

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me. Thou
many men; brave not me.

SCENE V. A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO,
and Servants.

Pet. Come on, a God's name; once more
toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines
the moon!

Kath. The moon? The sun! It is not
moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so
bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so
bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's son, and that's
myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but
cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have
come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed
sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the
blessed sun;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is
won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the
bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.
It, soft! Company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

[Vincentio] Good-morrow, gentle mis-
tress; where away?—

I me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
st thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
In war of white and red within her
cheeks!

at stars do spangle heaven with such
beauty

those two eyes become that heavenly
face?

lovely maid, once more good day to
thee.

and Kate, embrace her for her beauty's
sake.

7. 'A will make the man mad, to make
man of him.

11. Young budding virgin, fair and
fresh and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allots thee for his lovely bed-fellow.

Pet. Why, how now, Kate; I hope t
art not mad!

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, w
ered,

And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistak
eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the s
That everything I look on seemeth gree
Now I perceive thou art a reverend fath
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistakin

Pet. Do, good old grandsire, and with
make known

Which way thou travellest—if along wit
us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress
That with your strange encounter much
amaz'd me,

My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling
Pisa,

And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy
son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,

Nor be not grieved—she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseech
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio;

And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true; or is it else your
pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth
hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee
jealous.

[Exeunt all but Hortensio.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in
heart.

Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be
untoward.

[Exit.]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;
GREMIO is out before.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow; hold thee
that to drink.

Here comes Baptista

Enter

Signior

[To the

I pray you stand good father to me now;
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua

And she to him

And she to him

And she to him

And she to him

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Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you
home,

home,

home,

home,

home,

home,

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get
thee gone. [Exit Biondello.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! One mess is like to be your

will better it in Pisa.

you. [Exit.

CENTIO as Cambio, and

BIONDELLO.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and

laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me

behind to expound the meaning or

al of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them

Bion. Then thus: Baptista is safe, talk-

ing with the deceiving father of a deceitful

son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by

you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's

witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no

more to say.

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a

day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you
know best

We be affied, and such assurance ta'en

As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio, for you

know

Pitchers have ears, and I have many

warning

You are like to have a thin and slender

pittance.

her;

It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

[Exit.

309

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison. 86

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear if thou dar'st. 90

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd. O monstrous villain! 96

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoil'd; and yonder he is! Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone. [Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.]

Luc. [Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, 101

right son to the right Vincentio, that have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

while counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to cease us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio, 106

at fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love 110

made me exchange my state with Tranio, while he did bear my countenance in the town;

happily I have arrived at the last of the wished haven of my bliss. 114

But Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to; pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Now I'll slit the villain's nose that would sent me to the gaol.

Bap. [To Lucentio] But do you hear, sir? You married my daughter without my good will? 120

Fear not, Baptista; we will content you; but I will in to be revenged on this villainy. [Exit.]

And I to sound the depth of this villainy. [Exit.]

Look not pale, Bianca; thy father frown. [Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.] My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest; 125

Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. [Exit.]

Kath. Husband, let's follow to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home again. Come sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet

Kate: 131

Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Lucentio's house.

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. The Servingmen with TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO, bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;

And time it is when raging war is done To smile at scapes and perils overblown.

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome thine. 5

Brother Petruccio, sister Katherina, And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.

My banquet is to close our stomachs up After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down; 10

For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

[They sit.]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruccio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true. 15

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean Hortensio is afraid of you. Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that? Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me! How likes Hortensio that?

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison. 85

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Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.

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After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;

For now we sit to chat as well as eat. [They sit.

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Pet. Padua affords nothing but what kind.

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Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

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Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me! How like

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there
an end.

Re-enter KATHERINA.

Bap. Now, by my holddame, here comes
Katherina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you
send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's
wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour
fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny
to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their
husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither
straight. *[Exit Katherina.*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a
wonder.

Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and
quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and
happy.

Bap. Now fall befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-bull'd virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter KATHERINA with BIANCA
and Widow.*

See where she comes, and brings your
froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you
not:

Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.

[Katherine complies.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to
sigh

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you
this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish
too;

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since
supper-time!

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my
duty.

Pet. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these
headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and
husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we
will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin
with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall. And first begin with
her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threaten'd
unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those
eyes

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the
meads,

Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake
fair buds,

And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled—

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy
keeper,

Thy heal, thy sovereign; one that can
for thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day
cold,

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and
safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sultry,

And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for
peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and
obey.

Why are our bodies soft and weak and
smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unalloy'd
worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of you,
My heart as great, my reason happily no
To bandy word for word and frown for
frown;

But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness pa
compare,

That seeming to be most which we indeed
least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no honour
And place your hands below your husbands'
foot;

In token of which duty, if he please,

Hor. My widow craves that she conceale

Luc. [A long silence]

her down. 35

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer—ha' to thee, lad. [*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt! An hasty-witted body 40

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two. 45

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow. You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katherine, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; 50

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet.

Tra.

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay,

Bap. O, O, Petruchio! now,

Luc. I thank thee for t Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you here? 55

Hor. Content. What's the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. 75

Go. Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*]

Bap. Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself. 79

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word that she is busy and she cannot come.

Pet. How! She's busy, and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too. Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better. 85

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her! Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir, do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife? 90

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest

she bids you come to

worse, she will not

come! O vile.

Hor. I know her answer. What?

Pet. She will not

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE KING OF FRANCE.
 THE DUKE OF FLORENCE.
 BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
 LAFEU, an old lord.
 PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
 Two French Lords, serving with Bertram.
 Steward,
 LAVACHE, a clown, } servants to the Countess
 A Page, } of Rousillon.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.
 HELENA, a gentlewoman protected
 Countess.
 A Widow of Florence.
 DIANA, daughter to the Widow.
 VIOLENTA, } neighbours and friends
 MARIANA, } Widow.
 Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French
 Florentine.

THE SCENE: Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. Rousillon. The Count's palace.
 Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the sing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father—O, that 'had', how sad a passage is!—whose skill was almost as great as his nesty; had it stretch'd so far, would he have made nature immortal, and death could have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so—

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam; King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly; he was skillful to have liv'd still, if knowledge be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and brought up to be educated to my overlooking. I have thought of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities there commendations go with pity—they are virtues and traitors too. In her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all liveliness from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more, lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have—

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead: excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father in manners, as in shape! Thy blood and virtue contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on,
and kiss me, Kate. 130

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou
shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children
are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women
are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed. 131

We three are married, but you two are sped.

[To Lucentio] 'Twas I won the wager,
though you hit the white;

And being a winner, God give you good
night!

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine.]

Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tam'd
a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she
will be tam'd so. [Exeunt.]

wither'd pear; it was formerly better;
marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you
anything with it? 152

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand
loves,

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, 153
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counselor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility, 159
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall

he—
I know not what he shall. God send him
well!

The court's a learning-place, and he is
one— 165

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body
in't

Which might be felt; that we, the poorer
born, 170

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our
friends

And show what we alone must think, which
never

Returns us thanks. 174

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls
for you. [Exit Page.]

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can
remember thee, I will think of thee at
court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born
under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I. 180

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars hath so kept you under
that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant. 185

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think,
ther.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when
you fight.

Par. That's for advantage. 189

Hel. So is running away, when fear pro-
cess the safety; but the composition that
r valour and fear makes in you is a
ue of a good wing, and I like the wear

192

ar. I am so full of businesses I cannot
ver thee acutely. I will return perfect
tier; in the which my instruction
serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt
apable of a courtier's counsel, and

understand what advice shall thrus
thee; else thou diest in thine untha
ness, and thine ignorance makes thee
Farewell. When thou hast leisure, se
prayers; when thou hast none, reme
thy friends. Get thee a good husband
use him as he uses thee. So, farewell

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves d
Which we ascribe to heaven. The
sky

Gives us free scope; only doth back
pull

Our slow designs when we ourselves
dull.

What power is it which mounts my lov
high,

That makes me see, and cannot feed m
eye?

The mightiest space in fortune nat
brings

To join like likes, and kls like nati
things.

Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and c
suppose

What hath been cannot be. Who ev
strove

To show her merit that did miss her love
The King's disease—my project may

deceive me, 21

But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave
me. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF
FRANCE, with letters, and divers Attend-
ants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by
th' ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and con-
tinue

A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible. We here
receive it,

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin
Austria, 5

With caution, that the Florentine will move
us

For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem

To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead 10
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes;

Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave

To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It well may serve 15

A nursery to our gentry, who are sick

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy;
 Rather in power than use, a
friend
 Under thy own life's key; b
silence,
 But never tax'd for speech.
more will,
 That thee may furnish, and
pluck down,
 Fall on thy head! Farewell.
 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; g
 Advise him. *you up*
Laf. He cannot meet the best

Th
 yo
 He
 yo
 ho
 An
 Th
 like?
 with't.

Enter PAROLLES.

[Aside] One that goes with him. I love him
 for his sake;
 And yet I know him a notorious liar.
 Think him a great way fool, solely a
 goodly increase; and the principal itself
 not much the worse Away with't
Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to
 her own liking?
Par. Let me see. Marry, ill to like him
 that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will

Y
 I
 L
 C

issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings. 26

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devill drives. 27

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are. 32

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness. 37

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave. 40

Clo. You're shallow, madam—in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aware of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop. If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysain the papist, handsome'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may jowl horns together like any deer i' th' herd. 52

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way. 56

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind. 60

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you. Other I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean. 65

Clo. [Sings]

'Was this fair face the cause' quoth she
'Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?

With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then:
'Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,
There's not one good to be had.

Count. What, one good in ten? corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' th' song. We God would serve the world so all the year. We'd find no fault with the thre-woman I were the parson. One in ten, quoth you. An we might have a good woman before every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out ere 'a pluck it.

Count. You'll be gone, sir Knave, and as I command you.

Clo. That man should he at your command, and yet no hurt done! Tho' honesty be no puritan, yet it will do hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I'm going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit] 70

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do. Her father's wealth, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she fits. There is more owing her than is paid; more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more than I think she wish'd me. Alone I was, and did communicate to herself own words to her own ears; she thought dare vow for her, they touch'd not a stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; Diana no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surpris'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. 'Tis she deliver'd in the bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithen in the loss that may happen, it concerns something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honesty keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods form'd me of this before, which hang tott'ring in the balance that I could not believe nor misdoubt. Pray you leave. Stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Stew.]

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young.

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong.

For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,

Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;

When it was out—'Let me not live 'quoth he
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive
senses

All but new things disdain; whose judgments are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies

Expire before their fashions'. This he

ness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship

First tried our soldiership. He did look far

To-day in our young lords; but they may

Till their own scorn return to them un-

noted

Ere they can hide their levity in honour.

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness

Were in his pride or sharpness; if they

were,

His equal had awak'd them; and his

honour,

first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long

is't, Count,

Since the physician at your father's died?

my lord.

id try him

worn me

With several applications. Nature and sick-

ness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count;

My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty.

[Exit. Flourish.]

SCENE III. Rousillon The Count's palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

ranks,

Making them proud of his humility

In their poor praise he humbled. Such a

man

Might be a copy to these younger times;

Which, followed well, would demonstrate

them now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,

Was richer in your thoughts than on his

tomb;

So in approval lives not his epitaph

As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him I F

always say—

Methinks I hear him now; his

words

He scatter'd not in ears, but graft

To grow there, and to bear—'Let me not

live—'

This his good melancholy oft began,

On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,

clearness of our deservings, when of our-

selves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get

you gone, sirrah. The complaints I have

heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my

slowness that I do not, for I know you lack

not folly to commit them and have ability

enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I

am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I

am poor, though many of the rich are

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case and mine own.

Service is no heritage; and I think I shall

never have the blessing of God

That seeks not to find that her search
implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she
dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intent—
speak truly—

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? Tell true. 210

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I
swear.

You know my father left me some pre-
scriptions

Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his
reading

And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he
will'd me 215

In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note. Amongst the
rest

There is a remedy, approv'd, set down, 219
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? Speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think
of this, 223

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind: he, that they cannot help
him;

They, that they cannot help. How shall
they credit 230

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in't
More than my father's skill, which was the
great'st

Of his profession, that his good receipt 235
Shall for my legacy be sanctified

By th' luckiest stars in heaven; and, would
your honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd
venture

The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's
cure

By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't? 240

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my
leave and love,

Means and attendants, and my loving
greetings

To those of mine in court. I'll stay at
home, 244

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,

What I can help thee to thou shalt not mis-
[Exit

ACT TWO

SCENE I. Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING with
divers young Lords taking leave for the
Florentine war; BERTRAM and PAROLLES
Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lords; these wa-
like principles

Do not throw from you. And you, my lord
farewell;

Share the advice betwixt you; if bot-
gain all,

The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-ent'red soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet m-
heart

Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, youn-

lords;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy-

Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you com-

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find wha-

you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say fare-

well.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, ser-
your Majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed o-
them;

They say our French lack language t-
deny,

If they demand; beware of being capt-
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. [To Attendants] Com-
hither to me.

[The King retires attended

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you wi-
stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars

Par. Most admirable! I have seen thus
wars.

Ber. I am commanded here and kept
coil with

'Too young' and 'The next year' and
'Tis too early'.

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, stea-
away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to
smock,

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no swor-
worn

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,

Against the proclamation of thy passion,
'thou dost not. Therefore tell me
true;

If me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy
cheeks

It, th' one to th' other; and thine

That were enwomb'd mine. 'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature, and choice
breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's
groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care.
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy
blood

To say I am thy mother? What's the
matter,

Count, Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't
a bond

Whereof the world takes note. Come, come,
disclose

The state of your affection; for your
passions

Have to the full approach'd.

Then I confess,

on my knee, before high heaven and
you,

before you, and next unto high
heaven,

I love your son.

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my

Count. I say I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam.

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother

Lucius,

155

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun that looks upon his worshipper

But knows of him no more. My dearest
madam,

Count. Yes, Helen, you my
daughter-in-law.

God shield you mean it not!
and 'mother'

So strive upon your pulse.
again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now
I see

The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis
gross

You love my son; invention is asham'd.

Was both herself and Love; O, then, give
pity

To her whose state is such that cannot
choose

But lend and give where she is sure to
lose;

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us,
and 115
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate—I say we must
not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady 120
To empirics ; or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we
deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my
pains. 121
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal
thoughts

A modest one to hear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd
grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me ; and such
thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him
live. 130

But what at full I know, thou know'st no
part ;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher 135
Oft does them by the weakest minister.

So holy writ in habes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great
floods have flown
From simple sources, and great seas have
dried

When miracles have by the greatest been
denied. 140

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most
fits.

King. I must not hear thee. Fare thee
well, kind maid ;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be
paid ; 145
Proffers not took reap thanks for their
reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is
barr'd.

It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by
shows ;

But most it is presumption in us when 150
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ; 155
But know I think, and think I know most
sure,

My art is not past power nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within
what space

Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring, 161
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy
lamp,

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they
pass, 165

What is infirm from your sound parts shall
fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely
die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's holdness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's
name 171

Sear'd otherwise ; ne worse of worst—
extended

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed
spirit doth speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak ;
And what impossibility would slay 175
In common sense, sense saves another
way.

Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate :
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all 180
That happiness and prime can happy call.
Thou thus to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die. 185

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
And well deserv'd. Not heaping, death's my
fee ; 185

But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes
of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy
kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will com-
mand.

Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of
France, 195

My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state ;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the prentises
observ'd, 200

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd.
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

But one to dance with. By heaven, I'll
steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the shaft
Par.

2 Lord. I am your a
farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, an

observe his reports for me.

1 Lord. We shall, noble Captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices?

[*Exeunt Lords*] What will ye do?

Re-enter the KING.

Ber. Stay; the King!

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the
noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself
within the list of too cold an adieu. Be
more expressive to them; for they wear
themselves in the cap of the time; there do
muster true gait; eat, speak, and move,
under the influence of the most receiv'd
star; and though the devil lead the
measure, such are to be followed. After
them, and take a more dilated farewell

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove
most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me
and for my tidings.

King I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands that has
brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask
me mercy;

And that at my bidding
up.

King. I would I had;
gate.

And ask'd thee mercy of

Laf.

But, my good lord, 'tis
cur'd

Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you

will

My noble grapes, as if my must for

With spritely fire and motion; whose
simple touch

see her,

For that is her demand, and know her
business?

By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you.
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever
prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA.

A traitor you do look like, but such
traitors

His Majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's
uncle,

That dare leave two together. Fare you
well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business
follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,

Safer than mine own two, more dear. I
have so

And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the

honour
Of my dear father's wife stands chief in

appliance.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Laf. *Thou'rt the life and soul of both.*
Par. *Just; you say well; so would I have said.*

Laf. *I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.*

Par. *It is indeed. If you will have it in dancing, you shall read it in what-days-it'll last.*

Laf. *(Speaking the hollow title) 'A Showing of a Heavenly Effect in an Earthly Letter.'*

Par. *That's it; I would have said the very same.*

Laf. *Why, your solemnity is not further. For me, I speak in respect—*

Par. *Why, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange; that is the bird and the fellow of it; and he's of a most factious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—*

Laf. *Very hard of heaven.*

Par. *By and by.*

Laf. *In a most weak—*

Par. *And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the King, as to be—*

Laf. *Generally thankful.*

Enter KING, HELEN, and Attendants.

Par. *I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the King.*

Laf. *Lastly, as the Dutchman says, I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.*

Par. *Mort du diable! Is not this Helen?*

Laf. *Poor God, I think so.*

King. *Go, call before me all the lords in court.* *(Exit an Attendant.)*

Al. *my receiver, by thy patient's side; and with this healthful hand, whose hantch'd sense*

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive The confirmation of my promis'd gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye. This youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice

I have to use. Thy frank election make; Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. *To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress*

'Twill, when love please. Marry, to each but one!

Laf. *I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture by month no more were broken than these boys!*

King. *Peruse this. Not one of those but had a noble*

Hel. Gentleman, Heaven hath through me restor'd to health.

All. *We understand it, and thank you.*

Hel. *I am a simple maid, and wealthiest*

That I protest I simply am a maid. Please it your Majesty, I have already.

The blushes in my cheeks thus witness 'We blush that thou shouldst choose be refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek ever,

We'll ne'er come there again'.

King. *Make choice!*

Who thuns thy love shuns all his love

Hel. *Now, Dian, from thy altar do And to imperial Love, that god mees Do my tight stream. Sir, will you be suit?*

1 Lord. *And grant it.*

Hel. *Thanks, sir; all the rest is*

Laf. *I had rather be in this choice throw ome-ace for my life.*

Hel. *The honour, sir, that flames in fair eyes,*

Before I speak, too threat'ningly repl. Love make your fortunes twenty t above

Her that so wishes, and her humble l 2 Lord. *No better, if you please.*

Hel. *My wish rece Which great Love grant; and so I take leave.*

Laf. *Do all they deny her? An they w sons of mine I'd have them whipt; o would send them to th' Turk to ma eunuchs of.*

Hel. *Be not afraid that I your ha should take;*

I'll never do you wrong for your own sak Blessing upon your vows; and in your be Mind fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. *These boys are boys of ice; they none have her. Sure, they are bastards t the English; the French ne'er got 'em.*

Hel. *You are too young, too happy, and too good,*

To make yourself a son out of my blood. 2 4 Lord. *Fair one, I think not so.*

Laf. *There's one grape yet; I am sure thy father drunk wine—but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.*

Hel. *[To Bertram] I dare not say I take you; but I give*

Me and my service, ever whilst I live. 101

More should I question thee, and more I
 must,
 Though more to know could not be more to
 trust, 25
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on.
 But rest
 Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted
 blest.
 Give me some help here, ho! If thou
 proceed
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy
 deed. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you
 to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and
 lowly taught. I know my business is but to
 the court. 4

Count. To the court! What what place

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits
 all buttocks—the pin buttock, the quatch
 buttock, the brawn buttock, or any
 buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all
 questions? 12

such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath
 your constable, it will fit any question. 30

Count. It must be an answer of most

wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are
 you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—There's a simple
 putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours,
 that loves you. 41

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick thick; spare
 not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of
 this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I
 warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I
 think. 46

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry 'O Lord, sir!' at
 your whipping, and 'spare not me'?
 Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent
 to your whipping. You would answer very
 well to a whipping, if you were but bound
 to't. 51

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in
 my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve
 long, but not come near.

You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before
 my legs.

Count. Haste you again [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Paris. The King's palace.

times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists—
 'I say—both of Galen and Para-

if all the learned and authentic

light; so I say

that gave him out incurable—

hy, there 'tis; so say I too 15
 ot to be help'd—

Par. Right; as 'twere a man assur'd
 of a—

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation. 185

Par. Recantation! My Lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon? 190

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old. 195

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do. 198

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass. Yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt scarce worth. 205

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand. 212

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it. 215

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser. 218

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' th' contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default 'He is a man I know'. 224

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me: scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience,

an he were double and double a lord. I have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech you, my lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' the fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeve? Do other servants so? Thou wert best to tuck thy lower part where thy nose stands. I'll mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee. Methink'st thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created to let other men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate. You are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you herald. You are not worth another word, else I should call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.]

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good, it is so the more. Good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweetheart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priests I have sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweetheart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot. To th' wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother, what th' import is

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To th' wars, my boy, to th' wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home. Spending his manly marrow in her arms, Which should sustain the bound and his curvet

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To Bertram] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor? 15

Par. Sir!

Laf. O, I know him well. Ay, sir: he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [Aside to Parolles] Is she gone to the King?

Par. She is. 20

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End ere I do begin. 26

Laf. A good traveller is something at the utter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds and uses a known truth to pass thousand nothings with, should be once pard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain. 30

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to go into my lord's displeasure. 34

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, pots and spurs and all, like him that leapt on the custard; and out of it you'll run in, rather than suffer question for your dence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, lord. 39

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; believe this of me: there can be no evil in this light nut; the soul of this is his clothes; trust him not in matter easy consequence; I have kept of tame, and know their natures. Fare-monsieur; I have spoken better of him you have or will to deserve at my; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.]

An idle lord, I swear.

I think so.

Why, do you not know him? 50

Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

him a worthy pass. Here comes my dog.

Enter HELENA.

I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, with the King, and have procur'd his leave sent parting; only he desires private speech with you. 55

I shall obey his will. I am not marvel, Helen, at my course,

Which holds not colour with the time, does

The ministration and required office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled. This drives me entreat you

That presently you take your way for home And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;

For my respects are better than they seem And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself at the first view To you that know them not. This to my mother. [Giving a letter.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say. 70

But that I am your most obedient servant. Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go. 75

My haste is very great. Farewell; his home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe, Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal 80

What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have? Hel. Something; and scarce so much; nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord. Falth, yes:

Strangers and foes do sunder and not kiss. Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse. 85

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell! [Exit Helena.]

Go thou toward home, where I will never come

Whilst I can stake my sword or hear the drum, 89

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coraglio! [Exeunt.]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Florence. The Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended; two French Lords, with a Troop of Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war;

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions
France is a stable; we that dwell
jades;

Therefore, to th' war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to
house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to
her,

And wherefore I am fled; write to the
King

That which I durst not speak. His present
gift

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike. War is no
strife

To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art
sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber and
advise me.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have
found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir,
or were you taught to find me? The search,
sir, was profitable; and much fool may
you find in you, even to the world's
pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, I' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night:

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does

marr'd.

joy

Enter HILLNA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly;
well?

Clo. She is not well, but she is
very

but

all that she's not very well, what does she
all that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but
for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven,
whither God send her quickly! The other,
that she's in earth, from whence God send
her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to
have mine own good fortunes.

sirrah.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Paris. The King's palace.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not
him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant
approof

Laf. You have it from his own deliver-
ance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took

many a man's tongue sl
master's undoing. To say
nothing, to know nothing

1 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose ; and,
believe 't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
Count. Return you thither ? 70
2 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest
wing of speed.
Hel. [Reads] 'Till I have no wife, I have
nothing in France.'
Tis bitter.
Count. Find you that there ?
Hel. Ay, madam.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand
rably, which his heart was not consenting
o. 76
Count. Nothing in France until he have
no wife !
There's nothing here that is too good for
him
But only she ; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend
upon, 80
And call her hourly mistress. Who was
with him ?
2 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.
Count. Parolles, was it not ?
2 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of
wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature 86
With his inducement.
2 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much
Which holds him much to have.
Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen. 92
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses. More I'll entreat
you
Written to bear along.
1 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs. 98
Count. Not so, but as we change our
courtesies.
Will you draw near ?
[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]
Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France.'
Nothing in France until he has no wife !
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in
France ; 100
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord !
is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and
expose
These tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war ? And is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court,
where thou 105
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden mes-
sengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim ; move the still-piecing
air,
That sings with piercing ; do not touch my
lord. 110
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't ;
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 115
With sharp constraint of hunger ; better
'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No ; come thou home,
Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone. 121
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do't ? No, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all. I will be gone, 125
That pitiful rumour may report my flight
To console thine ear. Come, night ; end,
day.
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal
away. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Florence. Before the Duke's
palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE,
BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Soldiers, drum and
trumpets.

Duke. The General of our Horse thou art ;
and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and
credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength ; but
yet 4
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth ;
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous
helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file ;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall
prove 10
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the
letter of her ?
Might you not know she would do as she
has done
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.
Stew. [Reads] 'I am Saint Jaques'
pilgrim, thither gone.
Ambitious love hath so in me offended 5

DUKE. THEIR OWN WE HAVER MUCH OUR
cousin France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news
within between two soldiers and my young
lady.

Count. What is the matter?

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic,

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places
well;

When better fall, for your avails they fell
To-morrow to th' field. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would
have had it, save that he comes not along
with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord
to be a very melancholy man.

Enter HELENA and the two French
Gentlemen.

2 Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever
gone.

1 Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you,
gentlemen—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and
grief

That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't. Where is my son,
I pray you.

1 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the
Duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward; for thence we

Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as
an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.]

Count. [Reads] 'I have sent you a

men?

1 Gent. Ay, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better

efs are thine,
He was my

Hel. But by the ear, that heats most nobly of him ;

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is, He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, As 'tis reported, for the King had married him 50

Against his liking. Think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth ; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the Count

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him, 55 In argument of praise, or to the worth Of the great Count himself, she is too mean To have her name repeated ; all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady ! 60 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I weet, good creature, wheresoe'er she is

Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean ? 65 May be the amorous Count solicits her In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed ; And brokes with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid ; But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her

guard 70 In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole Army.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come. That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son ;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He— That with the plume ; 'tis a most gallant fellow, 75

I would he lov'd his wife ; if he were honest

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same knave

That leads him to these places ; were I his lady 80

I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' th' battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring carrier !

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army*]

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim I will bring you

Where you shall host. Of enjoind tents

There's four or five, to great Saint Jacques bound,

Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you Please it this matron and this gentle man

To eat with us to-night ; the charge ar thankng

Shall be for me, and, to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts of this virgin Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI. Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords

2 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to let him have his way.

1 Lord. If your lordship find him not hilding, hold me no more in your respect

2 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him ?

2 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

1 Lord. It were fit you knew him ; less reposing too far in his virtue, which he had not, he might at some great and trustful business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

1 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

2 Lord. I with a troop of Florentines will suddenly surprise him ; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him ; that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leagner of the adversari when we bring him to our own tents. I but your lordship present at his examination ; if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of his fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, an

of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may he.
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from
far

gone a contrary way. Hark! you may
know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and

Where death and danger dogs the heels of
worth.

companion.

Mar. I know that knave, hang him!

her,
I could have well dived
Which thus she hath

Stew.
If I had given you th
She might have been
she writes

Pursuit would be but
Count.

Bless this unworthy h
thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights
to hear

Enter HELENA in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so. Look, here comes a

grief.

you?

SCENE V. Without the walls of Florence.
A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of
Florence, her daughter DIANA, VIOLENTA,
and MARIANA, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do ap-
proach the city we shall lose all the sight.
Dia. They say the French count has done
most honourable service.

leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of
yours

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon. Know you
such a one?

In any staling act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken

Is so from word to word; and then you cannot.
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The Count he woos
your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolv'd to carry her. Let her in fine consent,

As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand. A ring the County wears

That downward halls succeeded in his house
From son to son some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds

In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
How'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Deskes this ring; appoints him an encounter;

In fine, delivers me to fill the thine,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns

To what is pass'd already.

Wid. I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere.

That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musles of all sorts, and songs compos'd

To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning by a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it.

[Exeunt.]

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. Without the Florentine camp.

Enter Second French Lord with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

2 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will, though you understand it not yourselves no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an Interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be th' Interpreter.

2 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

2 Lord. But what Hnsey-woolsey has thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

2 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers by th' adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose throughs' language, gabble enough, and goad enough. As for you, Interpreter, you must seem very pollic. But couch, here he comes; to beguile two hours in sleep, and then to return and swear th' lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock. Within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgrace have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

2 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to underlake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say 'Came you off with so little?' And great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

2 Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments

that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.]

2
not
off

Ber. Now now, Monsieur! This drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

I Lord. A pox on't; let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was excellent command; to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our soldiers!

I Lord. That was not to be blam'd in command of the service; it was a disc of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success. Some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the

used at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost emboss'd him. You shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your

disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

2 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 Lord. As't please your lordship, I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house,

what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

creature;
Will you go see her?

I Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [Exit.]

SCENE VII. Florence. The Widow's house.

Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy ;
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
 That you do charge men with. Stand no
 more off,
 But give thyself unto my sick desires, 35
 Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and
 ever

My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such
 a scarre

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that
 ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have
 no power 40

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our
 house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' th'
 world

In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring : 45
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' th'
 world

In me to lose. Thus your own proper
 wisdom 49

Brings in the champion Honour on my part
 Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring ;
 My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be
 thine,

And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
 chamber window ;

I'll order take my mother shall not hear. 55
 Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden
 bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
 My reasons are most strong ; and you shall
 know them

When back again this ring shall be
 deliver'd. 60

And on your finger In the night I'll put
 Another ring, that what in time proceeds

May token to the future our past deeds.
 Adieu till then ; then fail not. You have
 won

A wife of me, though there my hope be
 done. 65

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by
 wooing thee. [Exit.

Dia. For which live long to thank both
 heaven and me !

You may so in the end.
 My mother told me just how he would woo,

As if she sat in's heart ; she says all men 70
 Have the like oaths. He had sworn to
 marry me

When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie
 with him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are
 braid,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid.
 Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
 To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Ex

SCENE III. *The Florentine camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three
 Soldiers.

2 Lord. You have not given him
 mother's letter ?

1 Lord. I have deliv'ed it an hour since
 There is something in't that stings
 nature ; for on the reading it he chang'd
 almost into another man.

2 Lord. He has much worthy blame
 upon him for shaking off so good a wife
 as so sweet a lady.

1 Lord. Especially he hath incurred
 everlasting displeasure of the King, who
 had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness
 to him. I will tell you a thing, but you
 shall let it dwell darkly with you.

2 Lord. When you have spoken it,
 dead, and I am the grave of it.

1 Lord. He hath perverted a young
 gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most
 chaste renown ; and this night he flesh'd
 his will in the spoil of her honour. He has
 given her his monumental ring, and this
 himself made in the unchaste composition.

2 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion !
 we are ourselves, what things are we !

1 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And
 in the common course of all treasons
 still see them reveal themselves till they
 attain to their abhorr'd ends ; so he that
 in this action contrives against his own
 nobility, in his proper stream, o'erflows
 himself.

2 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us
 be trumpeters of our unlawful intents ?
 shall not then have his company to-night ?

1 Lord. Not till after midnight ; for he
 dieted to his hour.

2 Lord. That approaches apace. I would
 gladly have him see his company at
 tomiz'd, that he might take a measure
 his own judgments, wherein so curious
 he had set this counterfeit.

1 Lord. We will not meddle with him
 he come ; for his presence must be the will
 of the other.

2 Lord. In the meantime, what hear you
 of these wars ?

1 Lord. I hear there is an overture
 peace.

2 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace con-
 cluded.

1 Lord. What will Count Rousillon
 then ? Will he travel higher, or return
 again into France ?

would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

2 Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

2 Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

2 Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel—

2 Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

2 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the en-

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled

Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.

2 Lord. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves—

Inform on that.

2 Sold. So I will, str.

2 Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

cargo.
All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villanda par terbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine eyes. *[They*

1 Sold. Boskos throumldo!

Par. I know you are the

ment,

And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,

Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

1 Sold. Boskos vauvado, thee, and can speak thy ton

bonto, sir, betake thee to seventeen poniards are at th

Par. O!

1 Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka

revanja dulce

mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument; When you are dead, you should be such a one

Ber. So should you be
Dia. No.

My mother did but duty; such, my lord. As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that! I prithee do not strive against my vows.

roses

You barely leave our thorns to prick

love you ill? This has no

ing,
him whom I protest to love

work against him. Therefore

ns, but un-

that was his own phrase—that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger. 136

1 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. 140

Par. 'Five or six thousand horse' I said—I will say true—or thereabouts' set down, for I'll speak truth.

2 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it. 145

Par. 'Poor rogues' I pray you say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's truth—the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. 'Demand of him of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live in his present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Gulltlan, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratil, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentil, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-rolle, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks lest they shake themselves to pieces. 160

Ber. What shall be done to him?

2 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke. 163

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. 'You shall demand of him whether one Captain Dumaln be i' th' camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? What do you know of it? 167

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly. 171

1 Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumaln?

Par. I know him: 'a was a botcher's apprentice in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the shrieve's fool with child—a dumb innocent that could not say him nay. 175

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp? 179

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, andalousy.

2 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke? 183

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search. 187

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you? 191

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

2 Lord. Excellently. 194

1 Sold. [Reads] 'Dlan, the Count's a fool, and full of gold.'

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first by your favour. 201

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds. 205

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!

1 Sold. [Reads].

'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score. Half won is match well made; match, and well make it; 209

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before. And say a soldier, Dlan, told thee this:

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss;

For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it. 214

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.'

Ber. He shall be whipt through the army with this rhyme in's forehead.

1 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier. 220

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our General's looks we shall be fain to hang you. 224

Par. My life, sir, in any case! Not that I am afraid to die, but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in

became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

1 Lord. How is this justified?
2 Par. The common rest of it has been

meaning prophet.

2 Lord. Bring him forth. [Exit Soldiers] Has sat i' th' stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Par. No matter; his heart's been broken

blow of this.

2 Lord. How mightily sometime make us comforts of our losses!

1 Lord. And how mightily some times we draw our gain in tears! great dignity that his valour hath here acquir'd for him shall at home be encount'rd with a shame as ample.

Enter PAROLLES guarded, and First Soldier as interpreter.

can commend.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night businesses, a month's an abstract of success with the Duke, done my duty with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertain'd my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many

1 Sold. First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong? What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very

how and which was you will

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saying slave is this!

2 Lord. You are deceiv'd. Monsieur Parolles, th

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Shall be my surety; fore whose throne 'tis needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel. Time was I did him a desired office, 5 Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer 'Thanks'. I duly am inform'd His Grace is at Marselles, to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know 10

I am supposed dead. The army breaking, My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the King, We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust 15 Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive 20 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!

That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts 23

Defiles the pitchy night. So lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away. But more of this hereafter. You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you: 30 But with the word the time will bring on summer,

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us. All's Well That Ends Well. Still the fine's the crown. 35

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled th a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose lamous saffron would have made all the bak'd and doughy youth of a nation in colour. Your daughter-in-law had been e at this hour, and your son here at ne, more advanc'd by the King than by t red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of. 6

Count. I would I had not known I was the death of the most virtuous woman that ever nature had pra creating. If she had partaken of my and cost me the dearest groans of a m I could not have owed her a more love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a lady. We may pick a thousand salle we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the s marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his w and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his servi indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife r bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou a both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I ca serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? A Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The Black Prince, sir; alias, the Prince of Darkness; alias, the devil. 39

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter. Some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire. 49

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be awary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks. 53

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. *[Exit.]*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

a dungeon, I' th' stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

I Sold. We'll see what may be done, so I you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour; what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bedclothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty. He has everything that an honest man should have; what an honest man is nothing.

2 Lord I begin to Ber. For this descry? A pox upon him! more a cat.

Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before English tragedians—to belie him I will—and more of his soldiery I know except in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called—end to instruct for the doubling of— I would do the man what honour—but of this I am not sure.

I need not to ask you if gold will tempt him to revolt.

Sir, for a carducue he will sell the title of his salvation, the inheritance and cut th' entail from all remainders perpetual succession for it perpetual.

ld. What's his brother, the other Dumain?

L. What's he? 'Tis a crow o' th' same nest; not so great as the first in goodness, yet a great deal in evil. He excels for a coward; yet his brother is one of the best that is. In a c' outruns any lackey; marry, in n he has the cramp.

If your life be saved, will you betray the Florentine? and the Captain of his Horse, I'll whisper with the General, and measure.

Par. [Aside] I'll no more drumming. A plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

I Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The General says you that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

I Sold. That shall you, and leave of

2 Lord Lusty? I am for France. copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? not a word.

I Sold. If you could be crush'd with a plot? you were that had received you might begin an Fare ye well, sir; I am we shall speak of you

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great, I would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;

But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this, for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an Rust, sword; cool, blushes, and, Parolles.

Safest in shame. Being fool'd, by fool'ry There's place and means for every man I'll after them

SCENE IV. Florence. The Widow's house. Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA. Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you, One of the greatest in the

been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of. I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring. Prithee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithee stand away. A paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat, but not a musk-cat, that has fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit.]*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, at she should scratch you, who of herself a good lady and would not have knaves ride long under her? There's a carducue to you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me in a single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more; no, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than word then. Cox passion! I give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? And I was the that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me my grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! Dost thou upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace, the other brings thee out. *[Trumpets.]*

The King's coming; I know by his jets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; talk of you last night. Though you fool and a knave, you shall eat. Go follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Rousillon. The Count's palace Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU the two French Lords, with Attendant

King. We lost a jewel of her, and esteem

Was made much poorer by it; but you son,

As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your Majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' th' blaze of you. When oil and fire, too strong for reason force,

O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him

And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say— But first, I beg my pardon: the young lord Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady,

Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve

Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill

All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion do we bury

Th' incensing relics of it; let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. *[Exit Gentleman.]*

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your Highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me That sets him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't. King. I am not a day of season,

For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail In me at once. But to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;

The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

Count. So 'tis. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him. By his authority is a patch has no

Laf.
I was a good la son was King m my dat them b gracious:

His Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content.

meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet

Re-enter Clown.

Clow. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face;

Laf.

A scar nobly got,

a good liv'ry of honour;

Clow. But it is your cart

Laf. Let us see

I lo

C

dell

feat

etc

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. *Marseilles. A street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it.

But since you have made the days and

I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n

from the report that goes

To come into his presence.

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste

Count.

hither is he gone?
take it, to Rousillon!

well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again;

Go, go, provide. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The inner court of the Count's palace*

Enter Clown and PAROLLE'S

Par. Good Monsieur Lavach
Lord Lafcu this letter, I have e

Her eyes myself, could win me to believe
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[Guards seize Bertram.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter
fall,

Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with
him. 173

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Flo-
rence, 176

Where she yet never was. *[Exit, guarded.]*
King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thukings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Genl. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I
know not;

Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130
Who hath, for four or five removes, come
short

To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereby by the salt grace and
speech

Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending; her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me
In a sweet verbal brief of old concern
Your Highness with herself. 135

King. *[Reads the letter]* 'Upon his many
protestations to marry me when his wife
was dead, I blush to say it, he won me.
Now is the Count Rousillon a widower;
his vows are forfeited to me, and my
honour's paid to him. He stole from
Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him
to his country for justice. Grant it me, O
King! in you it best lies; otherwise a
seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is
undone. 141

DIANA CAPULET.'

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair,
and toll for this. I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on
thee, Lafew.

To bring forth this discovery. Seek these
suitsors.

Go speedily, and bring again the Count. 130

[Exit Attendants.]

I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,

Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sth wives are
monsters to you,

And that you fly them as you swear them
lordship, 131

Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and DIANA.

What woman's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Floren-
tine,

Derived from the ancient Capulet.

My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be
pilled.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour 16

Both suffer under this complaint we bring
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know
these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me
further? 16

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon
your wife.

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry
You give away this hand, and that is mine

You give away heaven's vows, and those
are mine;

You give away myself, which is known
mine; 17

For I by vow am so embodied yours

That she which marries you must marry me
Either both or none.

Laf. *[To Bertram]* Your reputation come
too short for my daughter; you are not
husband for her. 17

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and despral
creature

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let
your Highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine
honour

Than for to think that I would slink it here

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you may
them fit to friend

Till your deeds gain them. Falter prove
your honour 18

Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath if he does think

He had not my virginlly. 18

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord
And was a common gamester to the camp

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; it
were so

He might have bought me at a common
price.

Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity 19

Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it,
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem 19

Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his
wife;

That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said

member
The daughter of this lord?

This ring was mine; and when I gave it
Helen

Which warp'd the line of every other
favour,

The ring was never hers.
Count. Son, on my life,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine
eye
The dust that did offend it.
King. Well excus'd. 55
That thou didst love her, strikes some
scores away
From the great compt; but love that comes
too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,

In Florence was it from a casement thrown
me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the
name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and
thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd 65
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her
fully

Be this sweet Helen's knell. And now for-
get her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair

enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints
to surety

dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,

me
would fain shut . . . should
prove
you art so . . . shall not
prove so
I know not . . . hate her
deadly
And she is de . . . thing.
close

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, so
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here? 24

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.

He was a bachelor then. 29

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur—as, you know,

What great ones do the less will prattle of—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she? 35

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,

They say, she hath abjur'd the company 40
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit— 45
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee,
Captain;

And though that nature with a beauteous wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50

With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,

Conceal me what I am, and be my aid 53
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:

Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing

And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That shall allow me very worth his service.

What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit. 61

Cap. Be you his eunuch and your mute
I'll be;

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes
not see.

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [Exit.]

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Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

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to take the death of her brother thus? I
am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must
come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my
lady, takes great exceptions to your ill
hours. 5

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within the modest limits of order. 8

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finer than I am. These clothes are good
enough to drink in, and so be these boots
too; an they be not, let them hang them-
selves in their own straps. 12

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undo you; I heard my lady talk of it
yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you
brought in one night here to be her wooer.

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Illyria.

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Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all
these ducats; he's a very fool and a
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four languages word for word without
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quarreller; and but that he hath the gift
of a coward to allay the gust he hath in
quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent
he would quickly have the gift of a
grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels
and substractors that say so of him. Who
are they? 25

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's
drunk nightly in your company. 31

Sir To. With drinking healths to my
niece; I'll drink to her as long as there
is a passage in my throat and drink in
Illyria. He's a coward and a coyrstrill that
will not drink to my niece till his brains
turn o' th' toe like a parish-top. What,
wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes
Sir Andrew Agueface. 40

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHECK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! How now,
Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!
Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

You saw one here in court could witness it. | hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks

So

He

W

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that of this for what he'll utter
That will speak anything?

Ar
youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for
me,

Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

Dia. I must be patient.
You that have turn'd off a first so noble
wife

May justly diet me. I pray you yet—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a hus-
band—

Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not . . .
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? This ring
was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being
abed.

King. The story, then, goes false you
threw it him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was
hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly; every
feather starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah—but tell me true I
charge you.

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep

not.
King. As thou art a knave and no knave,
What an equivocal companion is this!
and at your

lord, but a
Dia. Do you know he promis'd me
marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou
know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did
speak, but more
indeed he was
Satan, and of

id I know not
what. Yet I was in that credit with them
at that time that I knew of their going to
bed; and of other motions, as promising
her marriage, and things which would
derive me ill will to speak of; therefore
I will not speak what I know

King. Thou hast spoken all already,
unless thou canst say they are married;
but thou art too fine in thy evidence;
therefore stand aside
This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Av, my good lord.
King. Where did you buy it? Or who
gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not
buy it.

King. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?
Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all
these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my
lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his
first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught
I know.

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I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

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Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! How now,
Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. An't you a fool?
 Sir.
 Sir.
 Sir.
 Sir.
 better
 Mar.
 Sir.
 Sir To. You mistake, knight. 'Accost
 is front her, board her, woo her, assail
 her.
 Sir And. By my troth, I would not

not match above her degree, neither in
 estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her
 swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.
 Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am
 'angest mind i' th' world;
 gues and revels sometimes
 hou good at these kick-

again!
 Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I
 would I might never draw sword again.
 Fair lady, do you think you have fools in
 hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand
 Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and
 here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray
 you, bring your hand to th' butt'ry-bar and
 let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's
 your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not
 such an ass but I can keep my hand dry
 But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers'
 ends; marry, now I let go your hand, I am
 barren.

Sir.

canary.

Sir.

unless you see canary put me down. Me-

Shall we set about some revell?
 we do else? Were we

? That's sides and

It is legs and thighs.

Ha, higher! Ha, fa,

[Exeunt.

e Duke's palace.

and VIOLA in man's

ire.

onilnue these favours

towards you, Cesario, you are like to be

much admir'd to be bath known you but

does t not /

951 3 ar. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord, here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less hut all; I have un-
clasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait
unto her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors, 25
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall
grow

Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil
bounds, 20
Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord,
what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my
love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear
faith!

It shall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip 30
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small
pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend

him— 35

All, if you will, for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in
this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady. [Aside] Yet, a barful
strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. 40

SCENE V. *Olivia's house.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast
been, or I will not open my lips so wide as
a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse;
my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clow. Let her hang me. He that is well
hang'd in this world needs to fear no
colours. 5

Mar. Make that good.

Clow. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can
thee where that saying was born, of 'I
no colours'.

Clow. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you
bold to say in your foolery.

Clow. Well, God give them wisdom to
have it; and those that are fools, let them
use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being
long absent; or to be turn'd away—is
that as good as a hanging to you?

Clow. Many a good hanging prevents a
marriage; and for turning away,
summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clow. Not so, neither; but I am reso-
lute on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other
hold; or if both break, your gaskins

Clow. Apt, in good faith, very apt I will
go thy way; if Sir Toby would let
drinking, thou wert as witty a piece
of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that.
Here comes my lady. Make your excuse
wisely, you were best. 10

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clow. Wilt, an't be thy will, put me
good fooling! Those wits that think to
have thee do very oft prove fools; and
that am sure I lack thee may pass for
wise man. For what says Quinapal
'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'
God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clow. Do you not hear, fellows? Take
away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll
more of you. Besides, you grow ulsierous.

Clow. Two faults, madonna, that do
and good counsel will amend; for give
dry fool drink, then is the fool not a
fool.

Bid the dishonest man mend himself:
he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if
I cannot, let the butcher mend him. Any
that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that
transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and
that amends is but patch'd with virtue.

If that this simple syllogism will serve,
if it will not, what remedy? As there
is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty
is a flower. The lady bade take away the
fool, therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clow. Misprision in the highest degree,
Lady, 'Cucullus non facit monachum'
that's as much to say as I wear not mo-
nastic in my brain. Good madonna, give
leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clow. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire
better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost-

Sir To. You mistake, knight. 'Accost

is front her, board her, woo her, assail
her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on

not match above her degree, neither in
estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her
swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am

here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray
you, bring your hand to th' butt'ry-bar and
let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's
your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not
such an ass but I can keep my hand dry.
But what's your jest?

trick simply as strong as any man in
Illyria.

followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent
head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended
my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it
will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough,
doesn't not?

Val. If the Duke continue these favours
towards you, Cesario, you are like to be
much advanc'd, he hath known you but
three days, and already you are so much
loved.

Viola. You either tear his honour or my
negligence, that you call my neglect the
continuance of his love. Is he inconstant,
sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it
o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house,
which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her.
Your will? 159

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and un-
matchable beauty—I pray you tell me if
this be the lady of the house, for I never
saw her. I would be loath to cast away my
speech; for, besides that it is excellently
well penn'd, I have taken great pains to
con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no
scorn; I am very comptible, even to the
least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir? 166

Vio. I can say little more than I have
studied, and that question's out of my
part. Good gentle one, give me modest
assurance if you be the lady of the house,
that I may proceed in my speech. 170

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet,
by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am
not that I play. Are you the lady of the
house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am. 175

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do
usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow
is not yours to reserve. But this is from
my commission. I will on with my speech
in your praise, and then show you the heart
of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't. I
forgive you the praise. 181

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it,
and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I
pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy
at my gates, and allow'd your approach
rather to wonder at you than to hear you.
If you be not mad, be gone; if you have
reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of
moon with me to make one in so skipping a
dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies
your way. 190

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull
here a little longer. Some mollification for
your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter
to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so
fearful. Speak your office. 195

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring
no overture of war, no taxation of homage:
I hold the olive in my hand; my words are
as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What art
you? What would you? 200

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in
me have I learn'd from my entertainment.
What I am and what I would are as secret
as maidenhead—to your ears, divinity; to
any other's, profanation. 205

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will
hear this divinity. [Exeunt Maria and
Attendants] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much
may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom. 210

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of
his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method: in the
first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have
you no more to say? 215

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your
lord to negotiate with my face? You are
now out of your text; but we will draw
the curtain and show you the picture.
[Unveiling] Look you, sir, such a one I was
this present. Is't not well done? 220

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind
and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red
and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid
on.

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive, 225
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted
I will give out divers schedules of my
beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every
particle and utensil labell'd to my will
as—item, two lips indifferent red; item,
two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one
neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you
sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are
too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 230
My lord and master loves you—O, such love
Could be but recompens'd though you were
crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs
of fire. 235

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; he
cannot love him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him
noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and
valiant, 240

And in dimension and the shape of nature

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Ol. Well, sir, for want of other killness, I'll hide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

here he comes—one of thy kin has a most weak pla mater.

Enter SIR TONY.

Ol. By mine honour, half drunk I What

Clo. Now Mercury endure thee leasing, for thou speak'st well of fox

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the young gentleman much desires to with you.

Ol. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off, I pray you; he

Ol. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Ol. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is

am yet so near the manners of my mother that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, ⁴⁰ Else would I very shortly see thee there. But come what may, I do adore thee so That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

SCENE II. A street.

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO at several doors.

Mal. Were you not ev'n now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither. ³

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more: that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so. ¹⁰

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so return'd. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this lady? ¹⁵

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much

That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion ²⁰

Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.

I am the man. If it be so—as 'tis— Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness ²⁵ Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we! For such as we are made of, such we be. ³⁰

How will this sadge? My master loves her dearly,

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman—now alas the day!—

356

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! ³⁵

O Time, thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me t' untie!

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes and 'diluculo surgere' thou know'st—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion! I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements? ⁵

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marjan, I say! a stoup of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, I' faith.

Clow. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we three'? ¹⁰

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, I' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; hadst it? ²⁰

Clow. I did impeticoes thy gratillity; for Malvollo's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses. ²⁵

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on, there is sixpence for you. Let's have a song. ³⁰

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a—

Clow. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life? ³⁵

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming.

That can sing both high and low. ⁴⁰
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting;

Every wise man's son doth know.
Sir And. Excellent good, I' faith!

Sir To. Good, good!

45

A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.

He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's
flame,

...

...

...

And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love

And sing them loud even in the dead of
night;

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,

...

...

...

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...

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your
purse;

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...

If that the youth will come this way to-
morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't. Ill be thee,
Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Oil. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Fate, show thy force; ourselves we do not
owe;

What is decreed must be; and be this so!
[Exit.]

ACT TWO

SCENE I. The sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

... no longer; nor will
you?

... nce, no. My stars
the malignancy of

... s distemper yours;
of you your leave

... ll alone. It were a
our love to lay any

... of you.

... me yet know of you whither you

... sooth, sir; my determinate
mere extravagancy. But I

... you so excellent a touch of
modesty that you will not extort from me

what I am willing to keep in; therefore it
charges me in manners the rather to express

... You could know of me then.

...

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Re-enter MALVOLIO.

... more.
Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertain-

...

... O good Antonio, forgive me your

...

... If you will not murder me for my

... me be your servant.

Mal.
Oil.

The Col.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight? 131

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellences that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do? 141

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. 151

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour. 157

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable! 160

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.]

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea. 166

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too. 170

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not I th' end, call me Cut. 176

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song That old and antique song we heard last night;

Methought it did relieve my passion more than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, hit one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fellow that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune to me while. [Exit Curio. Music played.]

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love In the sweet pangs of it remember me; For such as I am all true lovers are, Unstaid and skittish in all motions else Save in the constant image of the creature That is beloved. How dost thou like the tune?

Vlo. It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly. My life upon't, young though thou art, thou art a true eye.

Hath slay'd upon some favour that it loveth? Hath it not, boy?

Vlo. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vlo. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, I faith?

Vlo. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him. So sways she level in her husband's love. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,

Than women's are.

Vlo. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself.

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent; For women are as roses, whose fair show Being once display'd doth fall that very hour.

Vlo. And so they are; alas, that they are so!

To die, even when they to perfection grow.

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we heard last night.

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain; The spinsters and the knitters in the street And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth, And dallies with the innocence of love,

Clown sings.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

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Clown sings.

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

Clown sings.

of my lady's house, that ye squeak out
your coziers' catches without any mitiga-
tion or remorse of voice? Is there no
respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our
catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I am not to be waded with you.

Sir To. I am not to be waded with you.

Mal. Sir Toby, I am not to be waded with you.

Sir To. I am not to be waded with you.

Mal. Sir Toby, I am not to be waded with you.

Sir To. I am not to be waded with you.

Mal. Sir Toby, I am not to be waded with you.

Sir To. I am not to be waded with you.

Mal. Sir Toby, I am not to be waded with you.

Sir To. I am not to be waded with you.

Mal. Sir Toby, I am not to be waded with you.

Sir To. I am not to be waded with you.

Mal. Sir Toby, I am not to be waded with you.

Sir To. I am not to be waded with you.

Mal. Sir Toby, I am not to be waded with you.

Sir To. I am not to be waded with you.

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Sir To. I am not to be waded with you.

Mal. Sir Toby, I am not to be waded with you.

Sir To. I am not to be waded with you.

Mal. Sir Toby, I am not to be waded with you.

Sir And. A me
true knight.

Sir To. A conta

Sir And. Very

faith.

Sir To. To hear

in contagion. But shall we make the
welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the
night-owl in a catch that will draw three
souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't. I am
dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will
catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be
'Thou knave'.

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave'
knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call
thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have
constrained one to call me knave. Begin,
fool! it begins 'Hold thy peace'.

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my
peace.

Sir And. Good, I' faith! Come, begin

[Catch sung]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep
here! If my lady have not call'd up her
steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you
out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are
politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey,
and [Sings]

Three merry men be we.
Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of
her blood? Tilly-vally, lady. [Sings]

There dwelt a man in Babylon,

I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. [Sings] His eyes do show his days are
almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [Sings] But I will never die.
[Falls down.]

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [Sings] But I will never die.
[Falls down.]

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [Sings] But I will never die.
[Falls down.]

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [Sings] But I will never die.
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[Falls down.]

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[Falls down.]

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [Sings] But I will never die.
[Falls down.]

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [Sings] But I will never die.
[Falls down.]

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [Sings] But I will never die.
[Falls down.]

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [Sings] But I will never die.
[Falls down.]

Mal. Is't even so?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour o' his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know his letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [As she men hide she drops a letter] Lie thou here; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit. 20

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't? 26

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!
Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue— 30

Sir To. Peace, I say.
Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace! 35
Mal. There is example for't: the Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!
Fab. O, peace! Now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him. 40

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown, having come from a day-bed—where I have left Olivia sleeping— 46

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!
Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles! 50
Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?
Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with ears, yet peace. 60

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then? 64

Mal. Saying 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness'—

Sir To. Out, scab! 69

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight'—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew.'

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool. 75

Mal. What employment have we here?
[Taking up the letter.]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! And the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand; these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand. 81

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's. Why that?

Mal. [Reads] 'To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes.' Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impresseur her Lucrece with which she uses to seal; 'tis my lady. To whom should this be? 82

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads] 'Jove knows I love, But who? 90

Lips, do not move;
No man must know.'

'No man must know.' What follows? The numbers alter'd! 'No man must know.' If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock! 95
Mal. [Reads]

'I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.'

Fab. A sustian riddle! 100
Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.' Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him! 104

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end—what should that

Like the old age.

Cl. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing.

Feste's Song

Come away, come away, death!

O, prepare it!
My part of death no one so true

My poor corpse where my bones shall be
thrown;

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy part

Cl. No pains, sir; I

singing, sir.

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to me
may owe.

AND WHAT'S HER HISTORY?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told

her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in
thought;

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon
her,

Tell her I hold as glibly as Fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That Nature pranks her in attracts
soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

You tell her so. Must she not then be
answer'd?

FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple
of this sport let me be boll'd to death with

me out o' favour with my lady

lives.

little villain.

the church stands by thy labor, if thy labor stand by the church. 9

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward! 12

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man? 16

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man? 20

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for nothing. 25

Clo. Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible. 28

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchers are to herrings—the husband's he bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but er corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's. 35

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the world like the sun—it shines everywhere. I could be sorry, sir, but the fool should be oft with your master as with my mistress; think I saw your wisdom there. 39

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for me. [Giving a coin.]

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of rags, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [Aside] though I would have it grow on my chin.—Is thy lady in? 46

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred,

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to

1. I would play Lord Pandarus of Troy, sir, to bring a Cressida to this use. 50

2. I understand you, sir; 'tis well done. [Giving another coin.]

3. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, being but a beggar: Cressida was a poor girl. My lady is within, sir. I will content them whence you come; who you would what you would are out of my

welkin—I might say 'element' but word is overworn. 11

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to fool the fool;

And to do that well craves a kind of wisdom. He must observe their mood on whom they jest,

The quality of persons, and the time; And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art; For folly that he wisely shows is fit; But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint the wit.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman!

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. 70

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion. 75

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented. 80

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier—'Rain odours' well!

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear. 86

Sir And. 'Odours', 'pregnant', and 'vouchsafed'—I'll get 'em all three all ready. 88

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exeunt all but Olivia and Viola] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service. 92

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair Princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world 95

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

alphabetical position portend? If I could
make that resemble something in me.
Softly! M. O. A. I.—

Sir To O, ay, make up that! He is now
at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this,
though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M—Malvolio; M—why, that begins
my name.

of putting on. Jove and my stars be
praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads] 'Thou canst not choose but
know who I am. If thou entertain'st my
love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy
smiles become thee well. Therefore in
my presence still smile, dear my sweet,
I prithee.'

than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. This simulation is not
as the former; and yet, to crush this a
little, it would bow to me, for every one
of these letters are in my name. Soft! here
follows prose.

[Reads] 'If this fall into thy hand,
revolve, in my stars I am above thee,
but be not afraid of greatness. Some are
born great, some achieve greatness, and

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Not I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To Will thou set thy foot o' my
neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To Shall I play my freedom at tray-
trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To Why, thou hast put him in such
dream that when the image of it leaves

true; does it work

Daylight and champagne discovers not
more. This is open. I will be proud, I will
read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby.

ACT THREE

Scene 1. Olivia's garden

into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy. 27

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate; I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour. 35

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him? 38

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it. 47

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go. [Exit Sir Andrew. 50

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad—some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't? 54

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty. 61

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd? 69

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' church. I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour. 77

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [Exit. 77

SCENE III. A street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;

But since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,

More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; 5

And not all love to see you—though so much

As might have drawn one to a longer voyage—

But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10 Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear,

Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,

I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft

good turns 15 Are shuffl'd off with such uncurrent pay; But were my worth as is my conscience

firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; 21

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials and the things of fame

That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me. I do not without danger walk these streets:

Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys 26

I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be

answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Your servant's servant is your servant,
madam.

Oil. For him, I think not on him; for

thoughts

On his behalf.

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than
I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

more
soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's

To force that on you in a shameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What

Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oil. That's a degree to love

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar
proof

That very oft we pity enemies.

Oil. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to
smile again.

time.

Be not afraid, good youth: I will not have
you;

And yet, when wit and youth is come to
harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man

There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho! I
Grace and good disposition attend your

you are.

Oil. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not
what I am.

Oil. I would you were a I would have
you be!

cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is
better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my
youth,

mayst move

That heart which now abhors to like his
love. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Olivia's house.*

Enter SIR TONY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot
longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy

must needs yield your reason,

Marry, I saw your niece do

rs to the Count's servingman
than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw't
I' th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old
boy? Tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. Thus was a great argument of love
in her toward you

Sir And. 'Slight I will you make an ass
o' me!

your sight only to exasperate you, to awake
your dormouse valour, to put fire in your
heart and brimstone in your liver. You
should then have accosted her, and with
some excellent jests, fire-new from the
mint, you should have bang'd the youth

slough' says she. 'Be opposit with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity' and consequently sets down the manner how, as: a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lov'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankfull! And when she went away now—'Let this fellow be look'd to'. 'Fellow' not 'Malvollo' nor after my degree, but 'fellow'. Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 78

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him. 81

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir?

Sir To. How is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private; go off. 85

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so? 89

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvollo? How is't with you? What, man, defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind. 93

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitch'd. 96

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say. 100

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithce hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness—gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd. 106

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Blddy, come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, mhn!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not lie of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! You a idle shallow things; I am not of your element; you shall know more hereaft [Ex

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable flection.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him m indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a day room and bound. My niece is already the bellef that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance till our very pastime, tired out of breath prompt us to have mercy on him; which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a sinder of madme. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it. Warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him; do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurr fellow.'

Fab. Good and vallant.

Sir To. [Reads] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [Reads] 'Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat; this is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [Reads] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to know me—'

Fab. Good.

Sir To. 'Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fab. Still you keep o' th' windy side the law. Good!

Sir To. [Reads] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEER

IRVING & SAGE.
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place, 35
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. If a'ply your eye shall light
some toy
You have desire to purchase; and
store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave
you for
An hour.
Ant. To th' Elephant.
Seb. I do remember.
[Exit.

SCENE IV. *Olivia's garden*
Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.
Oli. I have sent after him; he says he'll
come.
How shall I feast him? What bestow of
him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd
or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil, 5
And suits well for a servant with my
fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very

sure the man is tainted in's w
Oli. Go call him hither.
I am a
If sad and merry madness equal be. 25
Re-enter MARIA with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.
Oli. Smil'st thou?

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? What
is the matter with thee? 25
Mal. Not black in my mind, though
yellow in my legs. If d'ld come to his

Oli. What mean'st thou by that,
Malvolio?
Mal. 'Some are born great,'—
Oli. Ha?
Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'— 40
Oli. What say'st thou?
Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust
upon them.'
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. 'Remember who commended thy
yellow stockings,'— 45
Oli. 'Thy yellow stockings?'
Mal. 'And wish'd to see thee cross-
garter'd.'
Oli. 'Cross-garter'd' ?
Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou
desir'st to be so;'
Oli. Am I made? 50
Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant
still.'
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer mad-
ness.
Enter Servant.

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now?
No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me!
she
appear
me to
70

to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can. 257

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a frago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy. 266

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 269

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet. 273

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. 276

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

[To Fabian] I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. [To Sir Toby] He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. 280

Sir To. [To Viola] There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for's oath's sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you. 285

Vio. [Aside] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. 287

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath!

[They draw.]

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.
Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me. If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! Why, what are you

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares you do more

Than you have heard him brag to you I will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, am for you. [They draw.]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.

Sir To. [To Antonio] I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know you favour well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [To Viola] This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you. Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And part being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something. My having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you. Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now

Is't possible that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt me

misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot
I'll give't him. 213

Mar. You may have very fit occasion
for't; he is now in some commerce with my
lady, and will by and by depart. 216

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for
him at the corner of the orchard, like a
bum-bally; so soon as ever thou seest
him, draw; and
horrible; for it
terrible oath, w
sharply twang'd
approbation thar
have earn'd him.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing
[Exit]

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to
hell. [Exit]

Re-enter *Sir TOBY* and *FABIAN*.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir. 219

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake
thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are

Re-enter *OLIVIA*, with *VIOLA*.

Fab. Here he comes with your
give them way till he take leave
presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon
of that quirk 223

That it but mocks reproof. 225

Vio. With the same haviour that your
passion bears

Goes on my master's griefs;

Ol. Here, wear this jewel for me: 'tis
my picture.

my master.
Ol. How with mine honour may I give
him that

Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you. 228

Ol. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare
thee well;

Vio. FOR MISTAKE, SIR: I AM SURE DO MAN
hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance

Vio I will return again into the house

of that quirk 223

certain, or forswear to wear iron about
you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I
beseech you do me this courteous office as
to know of the knight what my offence to
him is: it is something of my negligence,

Signior Fabian, stay
till my return

[Exit *Sir Toby*.
do you know of this

matter?
Fab I know the knight is incens'd
against you, even to a mortal arbitrement;

but nothing of the circumstance more 230

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man
is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promy-

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee hold.

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario—

Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house.

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? How runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Olivia's house.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc 'That that is is'; so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is 'that' but that, and 'is' but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvollo the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, Master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barradoes, and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. Before Olivia's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

ness,
Or any faint of vice whose strong corrup-
tion

Inhabits our frail blood

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of

death,

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which methought did

promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes

by

None can be call'd deform'd but the un-

kind.

Virtue is beauty; but the beautiful evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the

devil.

passion fly
That he believes himself; so do not I.

or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian. I my brother

know

draw thy sword

Clow. Will you make me believe that I am
not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish
fellow; let me be clear of thee.

Clow. Well held out, I' faith! No, I do not
know you; nor I am not sent to you by
my lady, to bid you come speak with her;
nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor
this is not my nose neither. Nothing that
is so is so

Seb. I pritheer vent thy folly somewhere
else.

Thou know'st not me.

Clow. Vent my folly! He has heard that

coming!

Seb. I pritheer, foolish Greek, depart from
me;

There's money for thee; if you tarry
longer

I'll give worse payment.

By my troth, thou hast an open

These wise men that give fools

get themselves a good report—

after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father ; and heavens so shine
 That they may fairly note this act of mine !
 [Exit.]

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see thy letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends ?

Clo. Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow ?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary : the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass ; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused ; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no ; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer. There's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play ; and the old saying is ' The third pays for all '. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure ; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw ; if you will let your

lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir ; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap ; I will awake it anon.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;

Yet when I saw it last it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war. A haubling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizable, With which such scathful grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet That very envy and the tongue of loss Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter ?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio

That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy ;

And this is he that did the Tiger board When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.

Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.

I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief !

What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me :

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, Though I confess, on base and ground enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :

That most ingrateful boy there by your side

From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was. His life I gave him, and did thereto add

My love without retention or restraint, All his in dedication ; for his sake,

Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town ;

Drew to defend him when he was beset ;

offence with my niece that I cannot pursue
with any safety this sport to the upshot.
Come by and by to my chamber. 69

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria*]

Clo. [*Sings*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool!

Clo. [*Sings*] My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool!

Clo. [*Sings*] Alas, why is she so? 75

Mal. Fool I say!

Clo. [*Sings*] She loves another—Who
calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve
well at my hand, help me to a candle, and
pen, ink, and paper, as I am a gentleman.

Clo. Alas, sir, how few you besides your
five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so
notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my
wits, fool, as thou art. 85

Clo. But as well? Then you are mad
indeed, if you be no better in your wits
than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertyed me,
keep me in darkness, send ministers to me,
asses, and do all they can to face me out
of my wits. 90

Clo. Advise you what you say the
minister is here [*Speaking as Sir Topas*]
Malvollo, Malvollo, thy wits the heavens
restore! Endeavour thyse
leave thy vain bibble-babb.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words
fellow.—Who, I, sir? Not I
you, good Sir Topas.—M
will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I sa

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you,
sir? I am shent for speaking to you 100

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light
and some paper. I tell thee I am as well in
my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir! 104

Mal. By this hand, I am Good fool,
some ink, paper, and light; and convey
what I will set down to my lady. It shall
advantage thee more than ever the bearing
of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me
true, are you not mad indeed, or
but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I
true.

Clo [*Singing*]

I am gone, sir.

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a truce,

Like to the old Vice, 111

Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil;

Like a mad lad, 115

Pare thy nails, dad.

Adieu, Goodman Devil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Olivia's garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb This is the air; that is the glorious
sun;

This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me
thus,

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio,
then?

I could not find him at the Elephant; 1
Yet there he was; and there I found this
credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out,
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my
sense

That this may be some error, but no
madness, 10

Take and give back affairs and their
dispatch

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable
bearing,

As I perceive she does. There's something
in't 20

That is deceivable. But here the lady
comes

Enter OLIVIA and Priest.

Olv. Bane not this haste of mine. If you
mean well,

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?

Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear !

Hold little faith, though thou has too much fear. 165

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon !
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter ?

Sir And. Has broke my head across, and
has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too.
For the love of God, your help ! I had
rather than forty pound I were at home. 171

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one
Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's
the very devil incarnadine.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario ? 175

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is ! You
broke my head for nothing ; and that that
I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me ? I never
hurt you.

You drew your sword upon me without
cause ; 180

But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.

Enter SIR TOBY and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,
you have hurt me ; I think you set
nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes
Sir Toby halting ; you shall hear more ;
but if he had not been in drink, he would
have tickl'd you othergates than he did. 186

Duke. How now, gentleman ? How is't
with you ?

Sir To. That's all one ; has hurt me, and
there's th' end on't. Sot, didst see Dick
Surgeon, sot ?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour
agone ; his eyes were set at eight l' th'
morning. 191

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy
measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him. Who hath made
this havoc with them ? 195

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because
we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help—an ass-head and
a coxcomb and a knave, a thin fac'd knave,
a gull ?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be
look'd to. 200

[*Exit Clow, Fabian, Sir Toby,
and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt
your kinsman ;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and
safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and
by that

I do perceive it hath offended you. 205

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and
two persons !

A natural perspective, that is and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio ! 210

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me

Since I have lost thee !

Anf. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Anf. How have you made division of
yourself ?

An apple cleft in two is not more twain 215

Than these two creatures. Which is
Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a
brother ;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature

Of here and everywhere. I had a sister 220

Whom the blind waves and surges have
devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me ?

What countryman, what name, what
parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline ; Sebastian was my
father.

Such a Sebastian was my brother too ; 225

So went he sulted to his watery tomb ;

If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,

But am in that dimension grossly clad

Which from the womb I did partitipate. 230

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola !'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine. 235

Vio. And died that day when Viola from
her birth

Had numb'ed thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul !

He finish'd indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen
years. 240

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy
both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and
jump

That I am Viola ; which to confirm, 245

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose
gentle help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble Count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Where being apprehended, his false
cunning, 80
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaint-
ance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine
own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use 83
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three
months before,

No Int'rum, not a minute's vacancy, 89
Both day and night did we keep company

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the Countess; now
heaven walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow—fellow, thy words are
madness.

Three months this youth hath tended upon
me—

But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oil. What would my lord, but that he
may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? 95
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia—

Oil. What do you say, Cesario? Good
my lord—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty
hushes me. 101

Oil. If it be aught to the old tunc, my
lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oil. Still so constant, lord. 105

Duke. What, to perverseness? You un-
civil lady,

To whose Ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithful'st off'rings hath
breath'd out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall
I do?

Oil. Even what it please my lord, that
shall become him. 110

Duke. Why should I not, had I the hea-
rt to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point
death,

That screws me from my true place in your
favour,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you
love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender
dearly, 120

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe
in mischief;

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. 125

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and will-
ingly,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love
wife. 130

If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oil. Ay me, detested! How am I
beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? Who does
do you wrong?

Oil. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so
long? 135

Call forth the holy father,

Duke. [Exit an Attendant,
Come, away!

Oil. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband,
stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oil. As he that should be your father?

Duke. Husband?

Oil. As he that should be your father?

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Duke. Husband?

Oil. As he that should be your father?

Duke. Husband?

Oil. As he that should be your father?

I have travel'd but two hours

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! What
wilt thou be, 135

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or wilt not else thy craft so cloak to

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?

Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear !

Hold little faith, though thou has too much fear. 165

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon !
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter ?

Sir And. Has broke my head across, and
has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too.
For the love of God, your help ! I had
rather than forty pound I were at home. 171

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one
Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's
the very devil incarnadine.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario ? 175

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is ! You
broke my head for nothing ; and that that
I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me ? I never
hurt you.

You drew your sword upon me without
cause ; 180

But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.

Enter SIR TOBY and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,
you have hurt me ; I think you set
nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes
Sir Toby halting ; you shall hear more ;
but if he had not been in drink, he would
have tickl'd you othergates than he did. 186

Duke. How now, gentleman ? How is't
with you ?

Sir To. That's all one ; has hurt me, and
there's th' end on't. Sot, didst see Dick
Surgeon, sot ?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour
agone ; his eyes were set at eight i' th'
morning. 191

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy
measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him. Who hath made
this havoc with them ? 195

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because
we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help—an ass-head and
a coxcomb and a knave, a thin fac'd knave,
a gull ?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be
look'd to. 200

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby,
and Sir Andrew*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt
your kinsman ;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and
safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and
by that

I do perceive it hath offended you. 205

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and
two persons !

A natural perspective, that is and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio ! 210

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me
Since I have lost thee !

Anl. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Anf. How have you made division of
yourself ?

An apple cleft in two is not more twin 215
Than these two creatures. Which is
Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a
brother ;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister 220

Whom the blind waves and surges have
devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me ?

What countryman, what name, what
parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline ; Sebastian was my
father.

Such a Sebastian was my brother too ; 225

So went he suited to his watery tomb ;

If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,

But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate. 230

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola !'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine. 235

Vio. And died that day when Viola from
her birth

Had numb'ed thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul !
He finished indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen
years. 240

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy
both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and
jump

That I am Viola ; which to confirm, 245

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose
gentle help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble Count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To Olivia] So comes it, lady, you

as your ladyship. I have your own letter
that induced me to the semblance I put

blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy
wreck.

[To Viola] Boy, thou hast said to me a
thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-
swear;

And all those promises have I sworn to.

on shore

Hath my maid's garments. He, upon some
action,

Is now in durance, at Malvolvo's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Ol. He shall enlarge him. Fetch
Malvolvo hither;

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much
distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter, and FABIAN

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance steals

1

2

3

4

5

deliver'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Cl. Look then to be well edified when
the fool delivers the madman. [Reads
madly] 'By the Lord, madam—'

Ol. How now! Art thou mad?

Cl. No, madam. 'Tis the madman that

Ol. Did he write this?

Cl. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring
him hither. [Exit Fabian.]

My lord, so please you, these things further
thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
I shall crown th' alliance on't, so

please you.

my house, and at my proper cost.

Madam, I am most apt t' embrace
your offer.

Your master quits you; and,
for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender

breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this

time be
Your master's mistress.

Ol. A sister! You are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Ol. Ay, my lord, this same.

vention;

You can say none of this. Well, grant it
then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights

of favour,

And now I do bethink me, it was she 335
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st
in smiling,

And in such forms which here were pre-
suppos'd

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be con-
tent;

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd
upon thee,

But, when we know the grounds and
authors of it, 340

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the
judge

Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wond'ring at. In hope it shall
not, 345

Most freely I confess myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvollo here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceal'd against him. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd. 355

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they
baff'd thee!

Clo. Why, 'Some are born great, some
achieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrown upon them'. I was one, sir, in
this Interlude—one Sir Topas, sir; but
that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am
not mad!' But do you remember—
'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren
rascal? An you smile not, he's gagg'd'?
And thus the whirligig of time brings in
his revenges. 363

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack
of you. [Exit.]

Oli. He hath been most notorious
abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to
peace;

He hath not told us of the captain yet.
When that is known, and golden time
convents,

A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister

We will not part from hence. Cesar
come;

For so you shall be while you are
man;

But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen

[Exeunt all but the Clown]

Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut the
gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wife,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day

[Exit]

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy
wreck.

[To Viola] Boy, thou hast said to me a

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring

MALVOLIO ENTER;

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much
distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter, and FABIAN

A most extracting frenzy of mine
From my remembrance clearly
his.

Your master's mistress

Oli. A sister! You are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clow. Look then to be well edified when
the fool delivers the madman. [Reads
madly] 'By the Lord, madam—'

Oli. How now! Art thou mad?

You can say none of this. Well, grant it
then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights
of favour,

Beats me some smile and concealer!

pend, my Princess, and give ear.

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest

led me

ay them when you part.
 Sir, that's to-morrow. 10
 question'd by my fears of what may
 chance
 ed upon our absence, that may blow
 caping winds at home, to make us say
 is put forth too truly'. Besides, I
 have stay'd
 e your royalty.
 n. We are tougher, brother, 15
 you can put us to't.
 No longer stay.
 n. One sev'night longer.
 Very sooth, to-morrow.
 n. We'll part the time between's then ;
 and in that
 gainsaying.
 Press me not, beseech you, so.
 is no tongue that moves, none, none
 i' th' world, 20
 on as yours could win me. So it should
 now,
 there necessity in your request,
 although
 e needful I denied it. My affairs
 ven drag me homeward ; which to
 hinder 24
 in your love a whip to me ; my stay
 u a charge and trouble. To save both,
 well, our brother.
 m. Tongue-tied, our Queen ? Speak
 you.
 r. I had thought, sir, to have held my
 peace until
 had drawn oaths from him not to stay.
 You, sir,
 ge him too coldly. Tell him you are
 sure 30
 n Bohemia's well—this satisfaction
 by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to
 him,
 beat from his best ward.
 on. Well said, Hermione.
 r. To tell he longs to see his son were
 strong ;
 let him say so then, and let him go ; 35
 let him swear so, and he shall not
 stay ;
 I thwack him hence with distaffs.
 Polixenes] Yet of your royal presence
 I'll adventure
 borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
 take my lord, I'll give him my com-
 mission 40
 et him there a month behind the gest
 ix'd for's parting.—Yet, good deed,
 Leontes,
 ve thee not a jar o' th' clock behind
 at lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?
 ol. No, madam.
 er. Nay, but you will ?
 ol. I may not, verily. 45
 er. Verily I
 put me off with limber vows ; but I,

Though you would seek t' unsphere the
 stars with oaths,
 Should yet say ' Sir, no going'. Verily,
 You shall not go ; a lady's ' verily ' is 50
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees
 When you depart, and save your thanks.
 How say you ?
 My prisoner or my guest ? By your dread
 ' verily ', 55
 One of them you shall be.
 Pol. Your guest, then, madam :
 To be your prisoner should import offend-
 ing ;
 Which is for me less easy to commit
 Than you to punish.
 Her. Not your gaoler then,
 But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question
 you 60
 Of my lord's tricks and yours when you
 were boys.
 You were pretty lordings then !
 Pol. We were, fair Queen,
 Two lads that thought there was no more
 behind
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal.
 Her. Was not my lord 65
 The verier wag o' th' two ?
 Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did
 frisk i' th' sun
 And bleat the one at th' other. What we
 chang'd
 Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd 70
 That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher
 rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have
 answer'd heaven
 Boldly ' Not guilty ', the imposition clear'd
 Hereditary ours.
 Her. By this we gather 75
 You have tripp'd since.
 Pol. O my most sacred lady,
 Temptations have since then been born
 to 's, for
 In those unstedg'd days was my wife a girl ;
 Your precious self had then not cross'd the
 eyes
 Of my young playfellow.
 Her. Grace to boot ! 80
 Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
 Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on ;
 Th' offences we have made you do we'll
 answer,
 If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
 You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd 85
 not
 With any but with us.
 Leon. Is he won yet ?
 Her. He'll stay, my lord.
 Leon. At my request he would not.

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, <i>King of Sicilia.</i>	A Mariner.
MAMILLIUS, <i>his son, the young Prince of Sicilia.</i>	A Gaoler.
CAMILLO,	TIME, <i>as Chorus.</i>
ANTIGONUS,	HERMIONE, <i>Queen to Leontes.</i>
CLEOMENES,	PERDITA, <i>daughter to Leontes and Hermione.</i>
DION,	PAULINA, <i>wife to Antigonus.</i>
POLIXENES, <i>King of Bohemia.</i>	EMILIA, <i>a lady attending on the Queen.</i>
FLORIZEL, <i>his son, Prince of Bohemia.</i>	MORSA,
ARCHIDAMUS, <i>a lord of Bohemia.</i>	DORCAS,
Old Shepherd, <i>reputed father of Perdita.</i>	} <i>shepherdesses.</i>
Cloud, <i>his son.</i>	Other Lords, Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers,
AUTOLYCUS, <i>a rogue.</i>	Servants, Shepherds, Shepherdesses.

THE SCENE: *Sicilia and Bohemia.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *Sicilia. The palace of Leontes.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

embrac'd as it were from the ends of
opposed winds. The heavens continue
their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world
e'er a malice or matter to alter it. You
have a most comfortable comfort of my eyes

what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my under-

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star Iath

To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets—
Which to preserve is sleep, which being
spotted

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' th' Prince, my
son— 330

Who I do think is mine, and love as mine—
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do
this?

Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir.
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your
Highness 335

Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for
sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and king-
doms

Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set
down. 340

I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with
Bohemia 344

And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
From me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my
heart;

Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord. 349
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast
advise'd me. [Exit.]

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the
poisoner

Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one 354

Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed
kings

And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but
since

Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears
not one, 360

Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court. To do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange. Methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' th' court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a
countenance

As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself; even now I met
him 370

With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;
and

So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners. 375

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How, dare not! Do not. Do you
know, and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you
must,

And cannot say you dare not. Good
Camillo, 380

Your chang'd complexions are to me a
mirror

Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I
must be

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk;
I have look'd on thousands who have sped
the better 389

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman; and thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle—I beseech
you,

If you know aught which does behave my
knowledge 395

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I
well?

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear,
Camillo?

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof
the least

Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how
near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be; 405
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by
him

That I think honourable. Therefore mark
my counsel,

Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed as

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never ?

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton

Grace !
But once before I spoke to th' purpose—
When ?
Nay, let me have 't ; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when

page, 135
Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet
villain !
Most dear'st ! my collop ! Can thy dam ?—
may't be ?

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th'

credent
Thou mayst co-join with something ; and

ment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, f
bosom,
And well become th'
grant ;
But to be paddling
fingers,
As now they are,
smiles
As in a looking-glass,
'twere
The most o' th' deer.
ment
My bosom likes not
Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon.

brother ?
Her. You look
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger
kernel.
'Tis honest

Why, that's my bawcock. Wha
smutch'd thy nose ?
They say it is a copy out of mine
Captain,
We must be neat—not neat, but cleanly,
Captain.

man be's
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter. I have
one 25
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down; come on, and do your
best
To fright me with your sprites; you're
pow'rful at it.

Mam. There was a man—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard—I will
tell it softly; 30

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords and
Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train?
Camillo with him?

I Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met
them; never

Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd
them 35
Even to their slips.

Leon. How blest am I

In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd

In being so blest! There may be in the
cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink, de-
part, 40

And yet partake no venom, for his know-
ledge

Is not infected; but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make
known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge,
his sides,

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen
the spider. 45

Camillo was his help in this, his pander.
There is a plot against my life, my crown;

All's true that is mistrusted. That false
villain

Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by
him;

He has discover'd my design, and I 50
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the
posterns

So easily open?

I Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well. 55
Give me the boy. I am glad you did not
nurse him;

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet
you

Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not
come about her; 59

Away with him; and let her sport herself
[*Mamillius is led out*]

With that she's big with—for 'tis Pol-
ixenes

Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had no
And I'll be sworn you would believe me
saying,

Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leon. You, my lord
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'She is a goodly lady' and

The justice of your hearts will thereto ad-
'Tis pity she's not honest—honourable'.

Praise her but for this her without-doe-
form,

Which on my faith deserves high speech
and straight

The shrug, the hum or ha, these pett-
brands

That calumny doth use—O, I am out!—
That mercy does, for calumny will scar

Virtue itself—these shrugs, these hum-
and ha's,

When you have said she's goodly, com-
between,

Ere you can say she's honest. But he
known,

From him that has most cause to grieve.
should be,

She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so
The most replenish'd villain in the world
He were as much more villain: you, my
lord,

Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent

Should a like language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinction leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom

More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federaly with her, and one that knows

What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal—that she

A bed-swerger, even as bad as those
That vulgar give bold'st titles; ay, and
privy

To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve
you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge
that

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my
lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly then
say

You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence

shades me.

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort

The gracious Queen, part of his theme, but

nothing

Camillo;

461

Let us

ACT TWO

SCENE I. *Sicilia* The palace of *Leontes*.

Enter *HERMIONE*, *MAMELIUS*, and *Ladies*.

Her. Take the boy to you, he so troubles

me,

'Tis past enduring

Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st
infection

That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over

By each particular star in heaven and

By all their influences, you may as well

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon

I love you better.

so, my lord?

safer to

Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis

born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,

That lies enclosed in this trunk which you

Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.

Your followers I will whisper to the busi-

ness;

And will, by twos and threes, at several

posterns,

Clear them o' th' city. For myself, I'll put

Mam.

Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows,

they say,

Become some women best; so that there

be not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle so

Or a half-moon made with a pen

2 *Lady.*

Who taught't this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.

Pray now,

What colour are your eyebrows?

and
My people did expect my hence departure

Two days ago. This jealousy

Is for a precious creature; as she's

Must it be great; and, as his

mighty,

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you?

Come, sir, now

you sit by us,

shall't be?

meanness and Dion, whom you know
of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
they will bring all, whose spiritual counsel
had, 155
shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?
1 Lord. Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no
more
than what I know, yet shall the oracle 200
give rest to th' minds of others such as he
whose ignorant credulity will not
come up to th' truth. So have we thought
it good
from our free person she should be confin'd,
lest that the treachery of the two fled
hence 195
be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
we are to speak in public; for this business
will raise us all.
Ant. [Aside] To laughter, as I take it,
the good truth were known. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Sicilia. A prison.

Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison—call to
him;
let him have knowledge who I am.
[Exit Gentleman.]
Good lady!
no court in Europe is too good for thee;
what dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
do you know me, do you not?
Gaol. For a worthy lady, 5
and one who much I honour.
Paul. Pray you, then,
conduct me to the Queen.
Gaol. I may not, madam;
to the contrary I have express command-
ment.
Paul. Here's ado, to lock up honesty and
honour from 10
h' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful,
pray you,
to see her women—any of them? Emilia?
Gaol. So please you, madam,
to put apart these your attendants, I
shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her. 15
Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants.]
Gaol. And, madam,
must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be't so, prithee. [Exit Gaoler.]
ere's such ado to make no stain a stain
s passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, 20
how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so
feolern
May hold together. On her frights and
griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live. The Queen receives
Much comfort in't; says 'My poor
prisoner,
I am as innocent as you'.
Paul. I dare be sworn.
These dangerous unsafe lures i' th' King,
beshrew them! 30
He must be told on't, and he shall. The
office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon
me;
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue
blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be 34
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not
know 39
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so
evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living 45
So meet for this great errand. Please your
ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble
offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow
from't 52
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be
doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the Queen. Please you come some-
thing nearer. 55
Gaol. Madam, if't please the Queen to
send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir.
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great Nature thence
Freed and enfranchis'd—not a party to 61
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.
Gaol. I do believe it.

The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to
prison.

I would land-damn him. Be she honour-
flaw'd—

I have three daughters: the eldest is

lords,

I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see

burns

Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all,
my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charites
shall best instruct you, measure me;
and so

Leon. Cease; no more. 120

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and
feel't

As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

The King's will be perform'd

My honour may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good
fools;

Leon. What lack I credit?

I Lord, I had rather you did lack than I,
my lord,

There is no cause; when you shall know

Upon this ground; and more it would
content me

To have her honour true than your
suspicion, 160

Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather
follow

leave.

Our prerogative
but our natural 164

you—or stupified
Or seeming so in skill—cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves

Anl. Be certain what you do, sir, lest
your justice

Prove violence, in the which three great
ones suffer,

We need no more of your advice. The
matter,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all

And I wish, my liege, 170
In your silent judgment tried

Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

baton
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed—doth push on this
proceeding.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

I Lord. Good my lord—

Anl. It is for you we speak, not
ourselves.

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for't. Would I kn
the villain!

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's t

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel
had, ¹⁸⁶

Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?
1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no
more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle ¹⁹⁰
Give rest to th' minds of others such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to th' truth. So have we thought
it good

From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled
hence ¹⁹⁵

Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.]

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Let him have knowledge who I am.
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You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady, 5
And one who much I honour.

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Conduct me to the Queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam;
To the contrary I have express command-
ment.

Paul. Here's ado, to lock up honesty and
honour from ¹⁰

Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful,
pray you,

To see her women—any of them? Emilia?
Gaol. So please you, madam,

To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her. ¹⁵
Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants.]

Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, prithee. [Exit Gaoler.]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, ²⁰
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so
forlorn

May hold together. On her frights and
griefs,

Which never tender lady hath borne greater
She is, something before her time, deliver'd

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe
Lusty, and like to live. The Queen receiv'd
Much comfort in't; says 'My poor
prisoner,

I am as innocent as you'.

Paul. I dare be sworn
These dangerous unsafe lures i' th' King's
beshrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall. Th'
office

Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon
me;

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue
blister,

And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,

Commend my best obedience to the Queen
If she dares trust me with her little babe

I'll show't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not
know

How he may soften at the sight o' th' child
The silence often of pure innocence

Persuades when speaking fails.

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evident

That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living

So meet for this great errand. Please you
ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble
offer;

Who but to-day hammer'd of this design
But durst not tempt a minister of honour

Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow
from't

As boldness from my bosom, let't not be
doubted

I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it
I'll to the Queen. Please you come some
thing nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the Queen
send the babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir
This child was prisoner to the womb, and
By law and process of great Nature thence
Freed and enfranchis'd—not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.

[To Antigonus] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted

By thy Dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;

Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the Princess by that forced baseness

Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that's here; and that's himself;

for he
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat
her husband,

And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours.
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,

So like you 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father—eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead; nay,
the valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek;
his smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail,
finger.

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd
That will not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll le
yourself

Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her he

Paul. A most unworthy and unnat
lord

Can do no more.
Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call
tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your Quee
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy—so
thing savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were
tyrant,

Where were her life? She durst not
me so,

If she did know me one. Away with h
Paul. I pray you, do not push me;
be gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yo
Jove send her

A better guldin' spirit! What needs th
hands?

You that are thus so tender o'er his fo
Will never do him good, not one of you
So, so. Farewell; we are gone. [E

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy v
to this.

My child! Away with't. Even thou, t
hast

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consum'd with fire
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it
straight.

Within this hour bring me word 'tis do
And by good testimony, or I'll seize
life,

With what thou else call'st thine. If t
refuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say
The bastard brains with these my pro
hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sl
These lords, my noble fellows, if they plea
Can clear me in't.

Lords. We can. My royal lie
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.
1 Lord. Beseech your Highness, give
better credit.

We have always truly serv'd you; a
beseech

So to esteem of us; and on our knees
beg,

As recompense of our dear services

Paul. Do not you fear. Upon mine
honour, I 63
Will stand betwixt you and danger.
[Exit.

SCENE III, Sicilia. The palace of Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and
Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest I It is
but weakness
To bear the matter thus—mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being—part o' th'
cause,
She, th' adulteress; for the harlot king 4
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank

Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true.
Honest as either, to purge him of that
humour

That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho? 7
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful
conference 40

About some gossips for your Highness.
Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come
about me;
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord.
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine 45

Leon. He took good rest to-night;
I Serr. He took good rest to-night; 11

done—
Commit me for committing honour—trust
it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant.

Fasten'd
Threw on
And drow
See how he

dares 35

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.
1 Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be

First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good
Queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a
daughter; 65
'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[Laying down the child.

Ant. That's enough.
2 Serr. Madam, he hath not slept to-

Out!
unkind witch! Hence with her, out o'
door!
A most intelligencing bawd!
Not so.
that as you
and no less honest 70
which is enough, I'll

hat creep like shadows by him, and do
sigh 34
t each his needless heavings—such as you

warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!

Even then will rush to knowledge. Go ;
 fresh horses. 21
 And gracious be the issue ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Sicilia.* A court of justice.

Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we
 pronounce,

Even pushes 'gainst our heart—the party
 tried,

The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
 Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
 Proceed in justice, which shall have due
 course,

Even to the guilt or the purgation.

Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure that the
 Queen

Appear in person here in court.

Enter HERMIONE, as to her trial, PAULINA,
 and Ladies.

Silence ! 10

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. [Reads] 'Hermione, Queen to the
 worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art
 here accused and arraigned of high treason,
 in committing adultery with Polixenes,
 King of Bohemia ; and conspiring with
 Camillo to take away the life of our
 sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband ;
 the pretence whereof being by circum-
 stances partly laid open, thou, Hermione,
 contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true
 subject, didst counsel and aid them, for
 their better safety, to fly away by night.'

Her. Since what I am to say must be
 but that 20

Which contradicts my accusation, and
 The testimony on my part no other
 But what comes from myself, it shall scarce
 boot me

To say 'Not guilty'. Mine integrity
 Being counted falsehood shall, as I express
 it, 25

Be so receiv'd. But thus—if pow'rs divine
 Behold our human actions, as they do,
 I doubt not then but innocence shall make
 False accusation blush, and tyranny

Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best
 know— 30

Who least will seem to do so—my past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy ; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd
 And play'd to take spectators ; for behold
 me— 35

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's
 daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince—here
 standing

To prate and talk for life and honour fo
 Who please to come and hear. For life,
 prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare ; fo
 honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal

To your own conscience, sir, before
 Polixenes

Came to your court, how I was in yo
 grace,

How merited to be so ; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd t' appear thus ; if one j
 beyond

The bound of honour, or in act or will
 That way inclining, hard'ned be the hear

Of all that hear me, and my near'st of k
 Cry fie upon my grave !

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
 That any of these bolder vices wanted

Less impudence to gainsay what they d
 Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough ;
 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress,
 Which comes to me in name of fault,
 must not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
 With whom I am accus'd, I do confess

I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd ;
 With such a kind of love as might becom

A lady like me ; with a love even such,
 So and no other, as yourself commanded

Which not to have done, I think had be
 in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To you and toward your friend ; whose lov
 had spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infan
 freely,

That it was yours. Now for conspiracy :
 I know not how it tastes, though it h
 dish'd

For me to try how ; all I know of it
 Is that Camillo was an honest man ;

And why he left your court, the god
 themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as yo
 know

What you have underta'en to do in
 absence.

Her. Sir,
 You speak a language that I understan
 not.

My life stands in the level of your dream
 Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dream
 You had a bastard by Polixenes ;

And I but dream'd it. As you were pa
 all shame—

Those of your fact are so—so past all truth

Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it
live.

It shall not neither. [To Antigonus] ?
sir, come you hitber.

You that have been so tenderly officio
With Lady Margery, your midwife the
To save this bastard's life—for 't
bastard.

So sure as this beard's grey—what will you
adventure

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose.

I
Z
sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon, Mark, and perform it—seest thou?
For the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd
wife,

Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin
thee,

As thou art legeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou
bear it

To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou
leave it.

place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take
it up.

place

Serv. Please your Highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle are
come

As have these Cleomenes and Dion

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent; 'tis good speed;
foretells

The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you,
lords;

Summer's weather that we may see

me;
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Sicilia. On the road to the Capital.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most
sweet,

Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dio. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits—
Methinks I so should term them—and the
reverence

voice o' th' oracle
ler, so surpris'd my

sense
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' th' journey

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes
 here,
 Which you knew great, and to the certain
 hazard ¹⁶⁵
 Of all incertainties himself commended,
 No richer than his honour. How he glisters
 Thorough my rust! And how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
 O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
 Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant,
 hast for me? ¹⁷²

What wheels, racks, fires? what slaying,
 boiling

In leads or oils? What old or newer torture
 Must I receive, whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy jealousies, ¹⁷⁷
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and
 idle

For girls of nine—O, think what they have
 done,

And then run mad indeed, stark mad;
 for all ¹⁸⁰

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas
 nothing;

That did but show thee, of a fool, incon-
 stant,

And damnable Ingrateful. Nor was't much
 Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's
 honour, ¹⁸⁵

To have him kill a king—poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by; whereof I
 reckon

The casting forth to crows thy baby
 daughter

To be or none or little, though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire ere
 done't;

Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death ¹⁹¹
 Of the young Prince, whose honourable
 thoughts—

Thoughts high for one so tender—cleft the
 heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam. This is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer; but the last—O lords,
 When I have said, cry 'Woe!'—the
 Queen, the Queen, ¹⁹⁷

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and
 vengeance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher pow'rs forbid!
Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If
 word nor oath ²⁰⁰

Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
 Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve
 you

As I would do the gods. But, O thou
 tyrant!

Do not repent these things, for they are
 heavier ²⁰⁵

Than all thy woes can stir; therefore be-
 take thee

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
 Ten thousand years together, naked,
 fasting,

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the
 gods ²¹⁰

To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on.
 Thou canst not speak too much; I have
 deserv'd

All tongues to talk their bitt' rest.

1 Lord. Say no more;
 Howe'er the business goes, you have made
 fault

I' th' boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't. ²¹⁵
 All faults I make, when I shall come to
 know them,

I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much
 The rashness of a woman! He is touch'd
 To th' noble heart. What's gone and what's
 past help

Should be past grief. Do not receive
 affliction ²²⁰

At my petition; I beseech you, rather
 Let me be punish'd that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my
 liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman. ²²⁴
 The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your
 children;

I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
 When most the truth; which I receive
 much better ²³⁰

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring
 me

To the dead bodies of my queen and son.
 One grave shall be for both. Upon them
 shall

The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie; and tears shed
 there ²³⁶

Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long
 I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
 To these sorrows. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Bohemia. The sea-coast.

Enter ANTIGONUS with the Child, and a
 Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then our ship hath
 touch'd upon

Which to deny concerns more than avails;
for as Of great Apollo's priest; and that since
then 21

Her. Sir, spare your threats
The bug which you would fright me with
I seek. 90

To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your
favour,

I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went; my second
joy

And first fruits of my body, from his
presence 95

I am barr'd, like one infectious; my third
comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast—
The innocent milk in it most innocent
mouth—

Hal'd out to murder; myself on every p-
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immod-
hatred

What I had made happen'd, which I have
.

lege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive 105
That I should fear to die. Therefore
proceed.

But yet hear this—mistake me not: no
life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour
Which I would free—if I shall be con-
demn'd

Apoll'o be my judge
I Lord.
Is altogether just.
And in Apoll'o's nar

Her. The Emper
father;

O that he were alive, and were bestowing
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery: yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES
DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon
sword of justice
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence
have brought 124

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd

subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his
innocent babe truly begotten; and the
King shall live without an heir, if that
.

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down. 126

Leon. There is no truth at all i' th'
oracle.

The sessions shall proceed. This is mere
falschood.

Enter a Servant.

C. My lord, the King the King!

Of the Queen's speed, is gone. 131

Leon. How! Gone?
Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens
themselves
Do strike at my injustice.

[*Hermione swoons.*
How now, there!
Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen.
Look down 143

And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence.
Her heart is hut n'ercharg'd; she will
recover.

have too much believ'd mine own
suspicion.

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.
For, being transported by my jealousies 155
To think that he had done to purpose, I chose

Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done. He, most
humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

155

155

155

155

most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's-head. And then for the land service—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman! But to make an end of the ship—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it; but first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy? 100

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these sights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man! 105

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see—it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling. Open't. What's within, boy? 114

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with't, keep it close. Home, home, the next way! We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home. 121

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, 'll bury it. 125

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' th' ground. 130

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exit.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I.

Enter TIME, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror

Of good and bad, that makes and un-
error,

Now take upon me, in the name of
To use my wings. Impute it not a cri-
To me or my swift passage that I slic-
O'er sixteen years, and leave the gr-
untried

Of that wide gap, since it is in my pow-
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let
pass

The same I am, ere ancient'st order wa-
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so s-

I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, ;
make stale

The glistening of this present, as my tal-
Now seems to it. Your patience t-
allowing,

I turn my glass, and give my scene su-
-growing

As you had slept between. Leontes lea-
ing—

Th' effects of his fond jealousies so griev'd
That he shuts up himself—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well
I mention'd a son o' th' King's, whic-
Florizel

I now name to you; and with speed s-
pace

To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensue-
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A
shepherd's daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows
after,

Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow, 29
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE II. Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no
more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying
thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my
country; though I have for the most part
been abroad, I desire to lay my bones
there. Besides, the penitent King, my
master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling
sorrows I might be some ally, or I o'er-
ween to think so, which is another spur to
my departure. 9

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not
out the rest of thy services by leaving me
now. The need I have of thee thine own
goodness hath made. Better not to have
had thee than thus to want thee; thou,
having made me businesses which none

The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time; the skies look
grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my
conscience,

The heavens with that we have in hand are
angry

And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get
aboard;

Look to thy bark. I'll not be long before

Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee
well! [*Laying down the child.*]

There lie, and there thy character; there
these [*Laying down a bundle.*]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed
thee, pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins.
Poor wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow! Weep I
cannot,

But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd

Farewell!
Thou'rt

[*Noise of
clamour!*]

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' th' business. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe. 'Tis
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits
o' th' dead

May walk again. 'Tis such things to the
mother

Appear'd to me last
dream

So like a waking.
Sometimes her be

another—
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,

So fill'd and so becoming; in pure white
robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thence bow'd before
me;

Well may I get aboard! This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between
ten and three and twenty, or that youth
would sleep out the rest; for there is

the master. If any where I have them, 'tis
by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good
luck, an't be thy will! What have we here?

[*Taking up the child*] Mercy on's, a barme!
A very pretty barme. A boy or a child, I
wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty

or ho-hoat

Enter Clown.

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She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are

toys;

man?

Clow. I have seen two such sights, by sea
and by land! But I am not to say it is a
sea, for it is now the sky, betwixt the
and it you cannot thrust a
int.

ay, boy, how is it?
ould you did but see how it

it rages, how it tak
that's not to the pou

most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's-head. And then for the land service—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman! But to make an end of the ship—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it; but first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

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O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth
untried

Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let not
pass

The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall
I do

To th' freshest things now reigning, and
make stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience thus
allowing,

I turn my glass, and give my scene success
growing

As you had slept between. Leontes leaves
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ween to think so, which is another spur to
my departure.

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out the rest of thy services by leaving me
now. The need I have of thee thine own
goodness hath made. Better not to have
had thee than thus to want thee; thou
having made me businesses which non-

without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered—as too much I cannot—to be more thankful to thee than he

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, 5
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

cited king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. *Say to me*

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown; but I have missingly

If tinkers may have leave to live, 20
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I will manage

The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage. 42

Clo. Let me see; every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd hundred shorn, what

the springe hold, the

't without counters. 34

am I to buy for our

it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's

SCENE III. Bohemia. A road near the shepherd's cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' year,
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

them means and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates—none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven;

ever I was born!
Clo. I' th' name of me!

Aut. O, help me, help me! Pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death! 50

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions. 55

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me. 60

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. 66

[Helping him up.]

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir; I fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out. 70

Clo. How now! Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [Picks his pocket]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee. 75

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart. 80

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames; I knew him once a servant of the Prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court. 85

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipt out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide. 88

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well; he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus. 95

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig! He haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel. 99

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in Bohemia; if you had but look'd big spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am a fighter; I am false of heart that way; that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was. I can stand and walk. I will even take leave of you and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [Exit Clo.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat but out another, and the shearers prove shall let me be unroll'd, and my name put in a book of virtue! [Sings]

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit]

SCENE IV. Bohemia. The shepherd's cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life—no shepherdess, but Florizel Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord
To chide at your extremes it not become—

O, pardon that I name them! Your husband, self,

The gracious mark o' th' land, you husband, obscur'd

With a swain's wearing; and me, poor wench, a lowly maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that's all feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush

To see you so attir'd; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause
To me the difference forges dread; your
greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now
tremble

To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O,
Fates!

ciled king, my brother; whose loss of his] I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my
but now I am out

son; kings are no less unhappy, their] but shall I go mourn for that, my dear? 15

And hear the cow-skin hudget, 20
well may give
s avouch it.

when the kite build-

cottage. 21
todds; every tod yields pound and odd
what

1, the

24

inters.

or our

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But

le her mistress of the

t on. She hath made

ty nosegays for the

song-men all, and

SCENE III. Bohemia. A road near the
shepherd's cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the
year,
For the red blood reigns in the winter's
pale.

very good ones; but they are most of
them means and bases; but one Puritan
amongst them, and he sings psalms to
hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour
the warden pies; mace; dates—none;
that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven;
a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg;
four pound of prunes, and as many of
raisins o' th' sun. 26

Aut. [Groveling on the ground] O that
ever I was horn!

Clo. I' th' name of me!

No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me. Here's flow'rs for
you :

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' th' sun,
And with him rises weeping ; these are
flow'rs

Of middle summer, and I think they are
given

To men of middle age. Y'are very
welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of
your flock,

And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.

Now, my fair'st friend,
I wish I had some flow'rs o' th' spring
that might

Become your time of day—and yours, and
yours,

That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frighted, thou
let'st fall

From Dis's waggon !—daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and
take

The winds of March with beauty ; violets,
dim

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold

Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lillies of all kinds,

The flow'r-de-luce being one. O, these I
lack

To make you garlands of, and my sweet
friend

To strew him o'er and o'er !
Flo. What, like a corse ?

Per. No ; like a bank for love to lie and
play on ;

Not like a corse ; or if—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take
your flow'rs.

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals. Sure, this robe of
mine

Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever. When you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I
wish you

A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,

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And own no other function. Each your
doing,

So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present
deeds,

That all your-acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large. But that your
youth,

And the true blood which peeps fairly
through't,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd
shepherd,

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come ; our dance,
I pray.

Your hand, my Perdita ; so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em. 155
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass
that ever

Ran on the green-sward ; nothing she does
or seems

But smacks of something greater than
herself,

Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out. Good
sooth, she is

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress ;
marry, garlic,

To mend her kissing with !

Mop. Now, in good time !
Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon
our manners.

Come, strike up. [Music.]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good-shepherd, what fair
swain is this

Which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding ; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it : 170
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my
daughter ;

I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes ; and, to be
plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose 175
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing ; though I
report it

That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of. 180

How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he see
Should I, in these my borrowed
behold,

The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them; Jupiter
Became a bull and bellow'd; the green
Neptune
A ram and bleated; and the fire-emb'd
god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain.
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith
Per. O, but, sir, 35

With labour, and the thing she took to
quench it

it is 65
A way to make us better friends, more
known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present
yourself
That which you are, Mistress o' th' Feast.
Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-
shearing,

You're welcome, sir.
Give me those flow'rs there, Dorcas.
Reverend sirs,

Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Per. O Lady Fortune, 45

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Mustards, Of that
and I care not
noble maiden, 85
we heard it said
their piousness

And let's be red with mirth.
Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAM- 45

Pol. Say there be;
Y^e nature is made better by no mean
nature makes that mean; so over 90
that art,
which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid,
we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
bark of baser kind
This is an art 95
nature—change it

Would sing her song and dance her turn;
now here
At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60

So it is,
our garden rich in
gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards
Per.
The dibble in earth to set one sl

THE WINTER'S TALE

Aul. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too. Another.

Aul. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones. ²⁸¹

Aul. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man'. There's scarce a maid westward but she slings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it. If thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts. ²⁸⁵

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aul. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation. Have at it with you. ²⁹⁰

Song.

Aul. Get you hence, for I must go where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mop. O, whither?

Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too! Let me go thither.

Mop. Or thou goest to th' grange or mill.

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.

Aul. Neither.

Dor. What, neither?

Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be.

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me.

Then whither goest? Say, whither? ³⁰⁰

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them.

Come, bring away thy pack after me. Venches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.]

Aul. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[Exit Antolycus, singing:]

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;

Money's a meddler

That doth utter all men's ware-a. ³¹⁵

Re-enter Servant.

v. Master, there is three carters, three herds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds; they call themselves Saltiers, and have a dance which the venches say is an illimaufry of gambols, because they t'nt in't; but they themselves are o'

th' mind, if it be not too rough that know iittle but bowling, it w plentifully.

Shep. Away! We'i none on't; been too much homely foolery alr know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that reif Pray, let's see these four threes of men.

Serv. One three of them, by the report, sir, hath danc'd before the and not the worst of the three but twelve foot and a ialf by th' squier.

Shep. Leave your prating; since good men are pleas'd, let them com but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.]

Pol. [To Shepherd] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[To Camillo] Is it not too far gone? time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. [To Florio] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that do take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when was young

And handed love as you do, I was wont to load my she with knacks; I would have ransack'd

The pediar's silken treasury and have pour'd it

To her acceptance: you have let him go And nothing marted with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse and call this ³⁴⁵

Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited

For a reply, at least if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. She prizes not such trifles as these are. The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd

Up in my heart, which I have given already, ³⁵⁰ But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir, whom, it should seem,

Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand— ³⁵⁴ this hand,

As soft as dove's down and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's boited

By th' northern blasts twice o'er. ³⁵⁸ Pol. How prettily the young swain seems to wash

The hand was fair before I have put you out. But to your protestation; let me hear ³⁶⁰ What you profess.

Do, and be witness to't.

*Enter a Servant.**Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa,

think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing:

Lawn as white as driven snow;
 Cypress black as e'er was crow;
 Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
 Masks for faces and for noes;
 Bugle bracelet, necklace a
 Perfume for a lady's cham
 Golden quoifs and stomach
 For my lads to give their
 Pins and poking-sticks of
 What maids lack from bea
 Come, buy of me, come;
 Buy;
 Buy, lads, or else your las
 Come, buy.

Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest
 wives that were present. Why should I
 carry lies abroad? 265

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.
Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first
 see moe ballads; we'll buy the other

The self-same sun that shines upon his court ⁴³⁶
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike. [To Florizel] Will't please
 you, sir, be gone?
 I told you what would come of this.
 Beseech you,
 Of your own state take care. This dream
 of mine— ⁴⁴⁰
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch
 farther,
 But milk my ewes and weep.
Cam. Why, how now, father!
 Speak ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak nor think,
 Nor dare to know that which I know. [To
 Florizel] O sir, ⁴⁴⁴
 You have undone a man of fourscore-three
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
 To die upon the bed my father died,
 To lie close by his honest bones; but now
 Some hangman must put on my shroud and
 lay me
 Where no priest shovels in dust. [To
 Perdita] O cursed wretch, ⁴⁵⁰
 That knew'st this was the Prince, and
 wouldst adventure
 To mingle faith with him!—Undone,
 undone!
 If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
 To die when I desire. [Exit.]
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
 I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd, ⁴⁵⁵
 But nothing alt'red. What I was, I am:
 More straining on for plucking back; not
 following
 My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious, my lord,
 You know your father's temper. At this
 time ⁴⁵⁹
 He will allow no speech—which I do guess
 You do not purpose to him—and as hardly
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear;
 Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,
 Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
 I think Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord. ⁴⁶⁵
Per. How often have I told you 'twould
 be thus!
 How often said my dignity would last
 But till 'twere known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
 The violation of my faith; and then
 Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth
 together ⁴⁷⁰
 And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy
 looks.
 From my succession wipe me, father; I
 Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am—and by my fancy; if my
 reason ⁴⁷⁴
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd
 madness,
 Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate,
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my
 I needs must think it honesty. Camillo
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that
 Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun see:
 The close earth wombs, or the prod
 seas hides
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my
 To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I
 you,
 As you have ever been my father's hon
 friend,
 When he shall miss me—as, in fai
 mean not
 To see him any more—cast your
 counsels
 Upon his passion. Let myself and Fo
 Tug for the time to come. This you
 know,
 And so deliver: I am put to sea
 With her who here I cannot hold on s
 And most opportune to her need I ha
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepa
 For this design. What course I me
 hold
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge
 Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my lord
 I would your spirit were easier for ac
 Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita.
 [Takes her
Cam. He's irremova
 Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happ
 His going I could frame to serve my
 Save him from danger, do him love
 honour,
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sic
 And that unhappy king, my master, v
 I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo
 I am so fraught with curious business
 I leave out ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think
 You have heard of my poor services
 love
 That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very
 Have you deserv'd. It is my father's s
 To speak your deeds; not little c
 care
 To have them recompens'd as thoug
Cam. Well, my
 If you may please to think I love the
 And through him what's nearest to
 which is
 Your gracious self, embrace but
 direction.
 If your more ponderous and settled pr
 May suffer alteration, on mine honour

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men—the earth, the heavens,
and all ;

That, were I crown'd the most imperial
monarch,

Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest
youth

That ever made eye swerve, had force and
knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not
prize them

Without her love ; for her employ them all ;
Commend them and condemn them to her
service

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd. 570

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him ?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean
better.

By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I
cut out

The puny of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain ! 573
And, friends unknown, you shall bear
witness to't :

dead,

I shall have more than you can dream
of yet ;

Enough then for your wonder. But come
on,

Contract us fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand ;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, hearken you ;
Have you a father ?

Flo. I have, but what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does nor shall. 585

Pol. Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you,
once more,

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs ? Is he not stupid 590

With age and altring rheums ? Can he
speak, hear,

Know man from man, dispute his own
estate ?

Lies he not bed-rid, and ag
But what he did being ch.

Flo.

He has his health, and
lodged

That most have of his age
Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something usifal. Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife ; but as good
reason

The father—all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity—should hold some
counsel

In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquiat
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't. 403

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee let him.

Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son ; he shall not
need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

Pol. [Discovering himself] Mark your
divorce, young sir,

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too
hase

To be acknowledg'd—thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-book ! Thou, old
traitor,

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou,

Shep. O, my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with
hriers and made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond
boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knock—
as never

I mean thou shalt—we'll har thee from
succession ;

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our
kin,

Farre than Deucalion off. Mark thou my
words.

Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for
this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free
thee

From the dead blow of it. And you,
enchantment,

Worthy enough a herdsman—yes, him too
That makes himself, but for our honour
therein,

I was not much afraid ; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell !

renches' song that he would not stir his
ettitoes till he had both tune and words,
hich so drew the rest of the herd to me
hat all their other senses stuck in ears.
ou might have pinch'd a placket, it was
senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece
f a purse; I would have fill'd keys off
hat hung in chains. No hearing, no feeling,
ut my sir's song, and admiring the
othing of it. So that in this time of
ethargy I pick'd and cut most of their
estival purses; and had not the old man
ome in with a whoobub against his daughter
nd the King's son and scar'd my choughs
rom the chaff, I had not left a purse alive
n the whole army. [Camillo, Florizel, and
Perdita, come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means
being there 610
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that
doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from
King Leontes?

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. [Seeing Autolycus] Who have we
here?

We'll make an instrument of this; omit 615
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. [Aside] If they have overheard me
now—why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why
shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here's
no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. 620

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody
will steal that from thee. Yet for the
outside of thy poverty we must make an
exchange; therefore discase thee instantly
—thou must think there's a necessity in't
—and change garments with this gentle-
man. Though the pennyworth on his side
be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some
boot. [Giving money. 627

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [Aside] I
know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee dispatch. The gentle-
man is half flay'd already. 631

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [Aside] I
smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I
cannot with conscience take it. 636

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. [Florizel and
Autolycus exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire
yourself

Into some covert; take your sweetheart's
hat 640

And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your
face,

Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken

The truth of your own seeming, that you
may—

For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies 645
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[Giving it to Perdita.]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.
Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain
forgot! 650

Pray you a word. [They converse apart.]

Cam. [Aside] What I do next shall be to
tell the King

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company 655
I shall re-view Scilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better. 659
[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear
it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and
a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-
purse; a good nose is requisite also, to
smell out work for th' other senses. I see
this is the time that the unjust man doth
thrive. What an exchange had this been
without boot! What a boot is here with
this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year
connive at us, and we may do any thing
extempore. The Prince himself is about a
piece of iniquity—stealing away from his
father with his clog at his heels. If I
thought it were a piece of honesty to
acquaint the King withal, I would not do't.
I hold it the more knavery to conceal it;
and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside—here is more matter for a hot
brain. Every lane's end, every shop,
church, session, hanging, yields a careful
man work. 675

Clow. See, see; what a man you are now!
There is no other way but to tell the King
she's a changeling and none of your flesh
and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me,

Clow. Nay—but hear me. 680

Shep. Go to, then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and
blood, your flesh and blood has not
offended the King; and so your flesh and
blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show
those things you found about her, those
secret things—all but what she has with

I'll point you where you shall have such
receiving
As shall become your Highness; where you
may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom,

There is some sap in this.
Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores,
most certain 552

absence

know

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet;

Cam. Yes, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these
seven years

110, 571

Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.
This follows, if you will not change your
purpose 531

But undergo this flight: make for
And there present yourself and
princess—

For so, I see, she must be—fore

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a
mistress
To most that teach.

576

n 1

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness—

Do all lie there. It shall be so my care

For

585

want—

k aside.

Cam. Sent by the King your father

And you had what a fool Honesty is!

your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the King to effect your suits, here is man shall do it. 788

Clo. He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember—ston'd and slay'd alive. 793

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you. 797

Auf. After I have done what I promised?
Shep. Ay, sir.

Auf. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business? 801

Clo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be slay'd out of it. 803

Auf. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son! Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the King and show our strange sights. He must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Auf. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right-hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you. 814

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. 817

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Auf. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him. If he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them. There may be matter in it. [Exit. 829]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. *Sicilia. The palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow. No fault could you make

Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down

More penitence than done trespass. At the last,

Do as the heavens have done: forget your evil;

With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember

Her and her virtues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still think o

The wrong I did myself; which was so much

That heirless it hath made my kingdom and

Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man

Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or from the all that are took something good

To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd: Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd

She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me

Sorely, to say I did. It is as bitter

Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now good now,

Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady.

You might have spoken a thousand things that would.

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd

Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those

Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so

You pity not the state, nor the remembrance

Of his most sovereign name; consider little

What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue

May drop upon his kingdom and devotion

Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy

Than to rejoice the former queen is well

What holier than, for royalty's repair,

For present comfort, and for future good

To bless the bed of majesty again

With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy

Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;

For has not the divine Apollo said,

Is't not the tenour of his oracle,

That King Leontes shall not have an heir

Till his lost child be found? Which that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason

As my Antigonus to break his grave.

And come again to me; who, on my life,

Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel

My lord should to the heavens be contrary

her. This being done, let the law go
whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word
—yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I
may say, is no honest man, neither to
father nor to me, to go about to make
the King's brother-in-law.

Aud. How blessed are we that are not
simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these
are, 733

| fardel? Wherefore that box? 744

cover.

| back of man, the heart of monster. 750

Aud. Whether it like me or no, I am a
courtier. Seest thou not the air of the

the sharpest too easy. 770

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do

pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant,
cock nor hen.

| honest plain men, what you have to the
King. Being something
I'll bring you where he

He dies to me again when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy
speeches

Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL,
PERDITA, and Attendants.*

They are come.

Your mother was most true to wedlock,
Prince;

For she did print your royal father off, ¹²⁵
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly
welcome!

And your fair princess—goddess! O, alas!
I lost a couple that 'twixt heaven and
earth

Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society, ¹³⁵
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother; and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath some-
thing seiz'd ¹⁴²

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne
and his

Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he
loves, ¹⁴⁵

He bade me say so, more than all the
sceptres

And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother—
Good gentleman!—the wrongs I have done
thee stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters ¹⁵⁰

Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome
hither,

As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he
too

Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much
less ¹⁵⁵

Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good, my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and
lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from
him whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her;
thence, ¹⁶⁰

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we ha
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave
For visiting your Highness. My best tra
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety.
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst y
Do climate here! You have a holy fath
A graceful gentleman, against whose perso
So sacred as it is, I have done sin,
For which the heavens, taking angry no
Have left me issueless; and your fathe
blest,

As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I ha
been,

Might I a son and daughter now have look
on,

Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no cred
Were not the proof so nigh. Please yo
great sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself by me
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, a
with

A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? Speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now ca
from him.

I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your co
Whiles he was hast'ning—in the chase,
seems,

Of this fair couple—meets lie on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their coun
quitted

With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd m
Whose honour and whose honesty till n
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charg
He's with the King your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with hi
who now

Has these poor men in question. Nev
saw I

Wretches so quake. They kneel, they k
the earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they spea
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens th
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor fathe
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not ha

Oppose against their wills. [To Leontes]
Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in
breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

even now,

One worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted
spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offend her now, appear soul-
ve'd.

And begin ' Why te

Paul. H

She had just cause.

Leon. She had;

To murder her I ma..

Paul. I should so.

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you

mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part

in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even
your ears

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of
earth, I think,

That ever the sun shon beheld.

Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme: ' She had not
been,

Nor was not to be equal'd'. Thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly
eh'd,

To say you have seen a better.

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul.

Never to marry but by my

Leon. Never, Paulina; s

spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness

to his oath.

Paul. I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry—if you will, sir,

No remedy but you will—give me the office

To choose you a queen. She shall not be so

young
As was your former; but she shall be such

As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it
should take joy

To see her in your arms.

Leon.

My true Paulina

zeal

woman

More worth than any man that she is

The rarest of all women

Leon. Youself; assisted with your honour'd

friends,

Bring them to a consent. [Exit]

Still

He thus

Paul. and our prince,

Jewel of this hour, he

Wel there was

there was

there was

there was

there was

there was

encounter, which lames report to follow it
and undoes description to do it. 56

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of
Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will
have matter to rehearse, though credit be
asleep and not an ear open: he was torn
to pieces with a bear. This avouches the
shepherd's son, who has not only his
innocence, which seems much, to justify
him, but a handkerchief and rings of his
that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark and his
followers? 66

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd the same instant of their
master's death, and in the view of the
shepherd; so that all the instruments
which aided to expose the child were even
then lost when it was found. But, O, the
noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow
was fought in Paulina! She had one eye
declin'd for the loss of her husband, another
elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She
lifted the Princess from the earth, and so
locks her in embracing as if she would pin
her to her heart, that she might no more
be in danger of losing. 76

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth
the audience of kings and princes; for by
such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of
all, and that which ang'd for mine eyes—
caught the water, though not the fish—
was, when at the relation of the Queen's
death, with the manner how she came to't
bravely confess'd and lamented by the
King, how attentiveness wounded his
daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to
another, she did with an 'Alas!'—I would
fain say—bleed tears; for I am sure my
heart wept blood. Who was most marble
there changed colour; some swooned, all
sorrowed. If all the world could have
seen't, the woe had been universal. 89

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princess hearing of her
mother's statue, which is in the keeping of
Paulina—a piece many years in doing and
now newly perform'd by that rare Italian
master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself
eternally and could put breath into his work,
would beguile nature of her custom, so
perfectly he is her ape. He so near to
Hermione hath done Hermione that they
say one would speak to her and stand in
hope of answer—thither with all greediness
of affection are they gone, and there they
intend to sup. 100

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great
matter there in hand; for she hath
privately twice or thrice a day, ever since
the death of Hermione, visited that
removed house. Shall we thither, and with
our company piece the rejoicing? 105

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that had
the benefit of access? Every wink of an
eye some new grace will be born. Our
absence makes us unthrifty to our know-
ledge. Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen. 10

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my
former life in me, would preferment drop
on my head. I brought the old man and
his son aboard the Prince; told him
heard them talk of a fardel and I know not
what; but he at that time over-fond of
the shepherd's daughter—so he then too
her to be—who began to be much sea-sick
and himself little better, extremity of
weather continuing, this mystery remain'd
undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for
had I been the finder-out of this secret,
I would not have relish'd among my other
discredits. 11

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to
against my will, and already appearing in
the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past my
children, but thy sons and daughters will
be all gentlemen born. 12

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denie
to fight with me this other day, because
I was no gentleman born. See you these
clothes? Say you see them not and thinke
me still no gentleman born. You were best
say these robes are not gentlemen born.
Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am
not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentle-
man born. 13

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these
four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman
born before my father; for the King's son
took me by the hand and call'd me brother
and then the two kings call'd my father
brother; and then the Prince, my brother
and the Princess, my sister, call'd my father
father. And so we wept; and there was the
first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many
more. 14

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being
in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon
me all the faults I have committed to your
worship, and to give me your good report
to the Prince my master. 14

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be
gentle, now we are gentlemen. 15

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand. I will swear to
the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow
as any is in Bohemia. 15

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valley's first.
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the
business; but the changes I perceived in
the King and Camillo were very notes of
admiration. They seem'd almost, with
staring on one another, to tear the cases of
their eyes; there was speech in their
dumbness, language in their very gesture;

That you might well enjoy her,
Flo. Dear, look on

Though F
Should ch
jo
Hath she

Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now. With thought of such
affections,

Step forth mine advoca
My father will grant
trifles.

Leon. Would he do
precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't. Nor a

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily
knows more.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward;

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were
pregnant by circumstance. That which you
hear you'll swear you see, there is such

errand
I now go toward him;
And mark what way I
my lord.

SCENE II. Sicilia. Before the palace of
Leontes.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman

sorrow wept to take leave of them; for
their joy waded in tears. There was casting
up of eyes, holding up of hands, with
countenance of such distraction that they
were to be known by garment, not by

Would you not deem it breath'd, and that
those veins

Did verily bear blood ?

Pol. Masterly done ! 65
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion
in't,

As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina, 70
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far
stirr'd you ; but

I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina ; 75
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine

chisel

Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man
mock me,

For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear. 80
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it if you kiss it ; stain your

own

With oily painting. Shall I draw the
curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear, 85
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold

it,

I'll make the statue move indeed, descend,
And take you by the hand, but then you'll

think—

Which I protest against—I am assisted 90
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do
I am content to look on ; what to speak

I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand

still ; 95
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed.

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her : strike. [*Music.*
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ;
approach ;

Strike all that look upon with marvel.
Come ; 100

I'll fill your grave up. Stir ; nay, come
away.

Bequeath to death your numbness, for
from him

Dear life redeems you. You perceive she
stirs. [*Hermione comes down from*
the pedestal

Start not ; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shut
her

Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your

hand.

When she was young you woo'd her ; no
in age

Is she become the suitor ?

Leon. O, she's warm
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck.

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she
has liv'd,

Or how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted
Like an old tale ; but it appears she liv'd

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little
while.

Please you to interpose, fair madam. Kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn
good lady ;

Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your
graces

Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine
own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd ? Where
liv'd ? How found

Thy father's court ? For thou shalt hear
that I,

Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd

Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and
there

My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina !
Thou shouldst a husband take by
consent,

As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast
found mine ;

But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain,
said many

A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek farther
For him, I partly know his mind—to find
thee

hands. | Which lets go by some sixteen years and

SCENE III. Sicily. A chapel in Paulina's house. | I am asham'd. Does not the stone rebuke
Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, | me
PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords | For being more stone than it? O royal
and Attendants. | piece,

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, | he

In many singularities; but we saw not | Pol. Dear my brother,
That which my daughter came to look | Let him that was the cause of this have
upon, | pow'r

keep it | stone is mine—
I'd not have show'd it | Draw the curtain.
ou gaze on't, lest

Let be, let be. | t that methinks

Comes it not something near? | lord, | ake | my

KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, his son.
ARTHUR, DUKE OF BRITAINÉ, son of Geoffrey.
late Duke of Britaine, the elder brother of King John.
Earl of PEMBROKE,
Earl of ESSEX,
Earl of SALISBURY,
Lord BIGOT,
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP THE BASTARD, his half-brother.
JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.
KING PHILIP OF FRANCE.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.
LYMOGES, Duke of Austria.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.
MELUN, a French lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

QUEEN ELINOR, widow of King Henry II and mother to King John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH of Spain, daughter to the King of Castile and niece to King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, widow of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Executioners, Messengers, Attendants.

THE SCENE: England and France.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *King John's palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

In my behaviour to the majesty,
 The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning—'borrowed majesty'!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
 Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
 To this fair island and the territories,
 To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine,
 Maine,

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
 Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood.

Controlment for controlment—so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth—

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him; and so depart in peace;

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
 For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
 So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our

wrath
 And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have—
 Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

Eli. What now, my son! Have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world

Upon the right and party of her son?
 This might have been prevented and made whole

With very easy arguments of love,
 Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us!

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me;
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

An honourab'le husband. Come, Camillo,
 And take her by the hand whose worth and
 bonesty
 Is richly noted, and here justified 145
 By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this
 place.
 What I look upon my brother. Both your
 pardons,
 That e'er I put between your holy looks
 My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,

And son unto the King, whom heavens
 directing, 150
 Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good
 Paulina,
 Lead us from hence where we may leisurely
 Each one demand and answer to his part
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time since
 first
 We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. 155
 [Exeunt.]

My sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's, 125
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Belong none of his, refuse him. This concludes:

My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force 130

To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land, 135

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,

Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape

And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him;

And if my legs were two such riding-rods,

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin 142

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose

Lest men should say 'Look where three-farthings goes!'

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land—

Would I might never stir from off this place, 145

I would give it every foot to have this face!

I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?

I am a soldier and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance. 152

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,

Yet sell your face for fivepence and 'tis dear.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither. 155

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun:

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest: 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great—

Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandam, Richard: call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?

Something about, a little from the right, 17

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night;

And have 'is have, however men do catch

Near or far off, well won is still well shot

And I am I, howe'er I was begot. 17

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now has thou thy desire:

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.

Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu. Good fortune come to thee!

For thou wast got! th' way of honesty.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard]

A foot of honour better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

'Good den, Sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy fellow!' 18

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;

For new-made honour doth forget men's names:

'Tis too respective and too sociable

For your conversion. Now your traveller,

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess— 19

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd

Why then I suck my teeth and catechize

My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin

'I shall beseech you'— That is question now; 19

And then comes answer like an Absey book:

'O sir,' says answer 'at your best command,

At your employment, at your service, sir!

'No, sir,' says question 'I, sweet sir, at yours.'

And so, ere answer knows what question would, 20

Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po—
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society, 20
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation—
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device, 21
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver

Enter a Sheriff.

Enter. My liege, here is the steward.

[Exit Sheriff.]

Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE and
PHILIP, his bastard brother.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentle-
man

Rob. The son and heir to that same
Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou
the heir?

Elc. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's
face;

The aspect of his father's face.

And finds them perfect Richard. Surrah,
speak,

What doth move you to claim your
brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like
my father.

With half that face would he have all my
land:

A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a
year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my
father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father
much—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get
my land:

Your tale must be how he employ'd my
mother.

Exit.

Exit.

me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both

husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my
brother,

The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of
war.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love ;
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

K. Phi. A noble boy ! Who would not do
thee right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous
kiss

As seal to this indenture of my love : 20
That to my home I will no more return

Till Angiers and the right thou hast in
France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd
shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring
tides

And coops from other lands her islanders—
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the
main, 26

That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes—

Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a
widow's thanks, 32

Till your strong hand shall help to give him
strength

To make a more requital to your love !
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that
lift their swords 35

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work ! Our cannon
shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town ;
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages. 40

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's
blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your em-
bassy,

Lest unadvise'd you stain your swords with
blood ; 45

My Lord Chatillon may from England
bring

That right in peace which here we urge in
war,

And then we shall repent each drop of
blood

That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady ! Lo, upon thy
wish, 50

Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord ;
We coldly pause for thee. Chatillon, speak.

Chal. Then turn your forces from this
paltry siege 54

And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demand,
Hath put himself in arms. The adverse
winds,

Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him
time

To land his legions all as soon as I ;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch
Spain ;

With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd
And all th' unsettled humours of the land

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragon
spleens—

Have sold their fortunes at their native
homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their
backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have wa-
o'er

Did never float upon the swelling tide
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.

[Drum beat]

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance : they are
hand ;

To parley or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this
expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by
much

We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion.

Let them be welcome then ; we are pre-
par'd.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the
BASTARD, PEMBROKE, and Others.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France
peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend
heaven,

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace
to heaven !

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that will
return

From France to England, there to live
peace !

England we love, and for that England
sake

With burden of our armour here we swear
This toil of ours should be a work of thin
But thou from loving England art so far
That thou hast under-wrought his laws
king,

Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape

KING JOHN

The canon of the law is laid on him,
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
 K. John. Bedlam, have done.
 Const. I have but this to say—
 That he is not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the
 plague
 On this removed issue, plagued for her
 And with her plague; her sin his injury,
 Her injury the beadle to her sin;
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for her—a plague upon her!
 Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will that bars the title of thy son.
 Const. Ay, who doubts that? A will, a
 wicked will;
 A woman's will; a cank'ed grandam's will!
 K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more
 temperate.
 It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.
 Some trumpet summon lihtler to the walls
 These men of Angiers; let us hear them
 speak
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.
 Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the
 walls.
 Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the
 walls?
 K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
 K. John. England for itself.
 You men of Angiers, and my loving
 subjects—
 K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers,
 Arthur's subjects,
 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle
 parle—
 K. John. For our advantage; therefore
 hear us first.
 These flags of France, that are advanced
 here
 before the eye and prospect of your town,
 have hither march'd to your endamage-
 ment;
 Our cannons have their bowels full of
 wrath,
 I ready mounted are they to spit forth
 their iron indignation 'gainst your walls;
 preparation for a bloody siege
 merciless proceeding by these French
 front your city's eyes, your winking
 gates;
 but for our approach those sleeping
 stones
 as a walst doth girdle you about
 the compulsion of their ordinance
 this time from their fixed beds of
 lime
 been dishabited, and wide havoc made
 body power to rush upon your peace.
 the sight of us your lawful king,
 unfinfully with much expedient march

180 Have brought a countercheck before
 gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's throats
 cheeks—
 Behold, the French amaz'd vouch
 parole;
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd
 To make a shaking fever in your walls
 They shoot but calm words folded
 smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizen
 And let us in—your King, whose labors
 spirits,
 Forwearing in this action of swift speed
 Craves harbourage within your city walls
 K. Phi. When I have said, make answer
 to us both.
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And King o'er him and all that he enjoys
 For this down-trodden equity we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your
 town,
 Being no further enemy to you
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
 In the relief of this oppressed child
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty which you truly owe
 To him that owes it, namely, this young
 prince;
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;
 And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords and helmets all un-
 bruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again
 Which here we came to spout against your
 town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in
 peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd
 walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war,
 Though all these English and their
 discipline
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it;
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage;
 And stalk in blood to our possession?
 Cit. In brief: we are the King of
 England's subjects;
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
 K. John. Acknowledge then the King,
 and let me in.
 Cit. That can we not; but he that proves
 the King,
 To him will we prove loyal. Till that time

185
 190
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And this his son; England was Geoffrey's
right,

And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it then that thou art call'd a
king,

When living blood doth in these temples
beat

Which owe the crown that thou o'er-
masterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this
great commission, France?

To draw my answer from thy ear?

K. Phil. From that supernal
stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority
To look into the blots and stains of right,

That judge hath made me guardian to this
boy,

back,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders
crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that
deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do

straight.

K. Phil. Women and fools, break off your
conference.

King John. What shall I do?

arms?

K. John. My life as soon, I do defy thee,
France.

true

be weeps.

And Basset?

Count. That monstrous injustice of heaven

Basl. His majesty I how high thy glory
 toy'rs 350
 When the rich blood of kingly is set on fire I
 O, now doth Death line his dead clays with
 steel;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his
 fangs;
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of
 men,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings. 355
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
 Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained
 field,
 You equal potent, fiery kindled spirits I
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace. Till then, blows, blood,
 and death I 360
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen
 yet admit?
K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England;
 who's your king?
Ch. The King of England, when we know
 the King.
K. Phil. Know him in us that here hold up
 his right.
K. John. In us that are our own great
 deputy 365
 and bear possession of our person here,
 and of our presence, Anglers, and of you.
Ch. A greater pow'r than we denies all
 this;
 and till it be undoubted, we do lock
 our former scruple in our strong-barr'd
 gates; 370
 hug'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,
 by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.
Basl. By heaven, these scroyles of
 Anglers flout you, kings,
 and stand securely on their battlements
 in a theatre, whence they gaze and point
 your industrious scenes and acts of
 death. 376
 our royal presences be rul'd by me:
 like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
 in sharpest deeds of malice on this town,
 east and west let France and England
 mount 380
 in battering; cannon, charged to the
 mouths,
 their soul-fearing clamours have
 brawl'd down
 flinty ribs of this contemptuous city,
 lay incessantly upon these fides, 385
 till infenced desolation
 e them as naked as the vulgar air.
 done, discover your milled strengths
 part your mingled colours once again,
 face to face and bloody point to
 point; 390
 in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
 of one side her happy minion,
 whom in favour she shall give the day,
 dress him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, might
 stales?
 Smacks it not something of the policy?
K. John. Now, by the sky that han,
 above our heads,
 I like it well. France, shall we lout on
 pow'rs
 And lay this Anglers even with the ground
 Then after fight who shall be king of it? 40
Basl. An if thou hast the mettle of a king
 Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish
 town,
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
 And when that we have dash'd them to the
 ground, 405
 Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or
 hell.
K. Phil. Let it be so. Say, where will you
 assault?
K. John. We from the west will send
 destruction
 Into this city's bosom. 410
Aust. I from the north.
K. Phil. Our thunder from the south
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Basl. [Aside] O prudent discipline! From
 north to south,
 Austria and France shoot in each other's
 mouth. 414
 I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!
Ch. Hear us, great kings; vouchsafe
 awhile to slay,
 And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd
 league;
 Win you this city without stroke or wound;
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds
 That here come sacrifices for the field. 420
 Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on with favour; we are
 bent to hear.
Ch. That daughter there of Spain, the
 Lady Blanch,
 Is niece to England; look upon the years
 Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in
 Blanch? 427
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in
 Blanch?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady
 Blanch? 431
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young Dauphin every way com-
 plete—
 If not complete of, say he is not she;
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not that she is not he. 436
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such as she;
 And she a fair divided excellence,

C
 T
 To
 A
 Cas
 Her

- Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.
- K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
- And if not that, I bring you witnesses: Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed—
- Bast.* Bastards and else.
- K. John.* To verify nur title with their lives.
- K. Phil.* As many and as well-born bloods as those—
- Bast.* Some bastards too.
- K. Phil.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
- Cil.* Till you compound whse right is worthiest,
- We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
- K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
- That to their everlasting residence, Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
- K. Phil.* Amen! Mount, chevaliers, to arms!
- Bast.* Saint George, that swiog'd the dragon, and e'er since Sits on's horse back at mine hostess' door, Teach us some fence! [*to Austria*] Sirrah, were I at home,
- At your den, sirrah, with your honess, I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide, And make a monster of you.
- Aust.* Peace! no more roar!
- K. John.* Up higher in the plain, where we'll set forth best appointment all our regiments.
- Bast.* Speed then in take advantage of the field.
- K. Phil.* It shall be so; and at the other hill command the rest to stand. God and our right!
- [*Exit.*]
- after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.*
- Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates
- Let young Arthur, Duke of Britaine, in the hand of France this day hath made work for tears in many an English mother, sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground; widow's husband grovelling lies, embracing the discoloured earth; story with little loss doth play the dancing banners of the French, at hand, triumphantly displayed,
- To enter conquerors, and to proclaim Arthur of Britaine England's King and yours.
- Enter English Herald, with trumpet.*
- E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
- King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
- Commander of this hot malicious day. Their armours that march'd hence so silver-bright
- Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
- There stuck no plume in any English crest That is removed by a staff of France; Our colours do return in those same hands That did display them when we first march'd forth;
- And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come Our lusty English, all with purpled hands, Dy'd in the dysing slaughter of their toes.
- Open your gates and give the victors way.
- Cil.* Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold
- From first to last the onset and retire Of both your armies, whose equality By our best eyes cannot be censured. Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
- Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power,
- Both are alike, and both alike we like One must prove greatest. While they wengb so even,
- We hold our town for neither, yet for both.
- Enter the two Kings, with their Powers, at several doors.*
- K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
- Say, shall the current of our right run on? Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
- Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
- Unless thou let his silver water keep A peaceful progress to the ocean
- K. Phil.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood
- In this hot trial more than we of France; Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
- That sways the earth this climate overlooks, Before we will lay down nur just-borne arms,
- We'll put thee down, 'galast whom these arms we bear.
- Or add a royal number to the dead, Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
- With slaughter coupled to the kings.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd

That I did so when I was first assur'd. 535

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,

Let in that amity which you have made; For at Saint Mary's chapel presently

The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.

Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540

I know she is not; for this match made up

Her presence would have interrupted much.

Where is she and her son? Tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your Highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made 545

Will give her sadness very little cure.

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all, 550

For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britaine,

And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity. I trust we shall, 555

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we as well as haste will suffer us

To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp. 560

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part;

And France, whose armour conscience

buckled on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the

field 565

As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changèr, that sly

devil,

That broker that still breaks the pate of

faith,

That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,

maids, 570

Who having no external thing to lose

But the word 'maid', cheats the poor maid

of that;

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling

commodity,

Commodity, the bias of the world—

The world, who of itself is peised well, 575

Made to run even upon even ground,

Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this commodity,

Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, in-
tent— 580

And this same bias, this commodity,

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing
word,

Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd

aid,

From a resolv'd and honourable war, 585

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.

And why rail I on this commodity?

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet;

Not that I have the power to clutch my
hand 589

When his fair angels would salute my palm,

But for my hand, as unattempted yet,

Like a poor beggar railleth on the rich.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail

And say there is no sin but to be rich;

And being rich, my virtue then shall be 595

To say there is no vice but beggary.

Since kings break faith upon commodity,

Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

[*Exit.*]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. *France. The French King's camp.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! Gone to
swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to
be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those
provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;

Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again. 5

It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so;

I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man;

Believe me I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary. 10

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening
me,

For I am sick and capable of fears,

Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full
of fears;

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;

A woman, naturally born to fears; 15

And though thou now confess thou didst
but jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this
day.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy
head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20

What means that hand upon that breast of
thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable
rheum,

Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

cold in amity and painted peace, 105
 and our oppression hath made up this league.

arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!

widow cries: Be husband to me, heavens!

et not the hours of this ungodly day
 wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
 et armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings! 111

ear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!
Const. War! war! no peace! Peace is to me a war.

Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
 that bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward! 115

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight

but when her humorous ladyship is by
 to teach thee safety! Thou art perjur'd too, 120

and sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 a ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side, 124

been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,

and dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! Do off it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O that a man should speak those words to me! 130

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope. 135

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
 I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
 And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
 Do in his name religiously demand 140
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So willfully dost spurn; and force perforce
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archblshop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our foresaid holy father's name, 145
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
 Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous, 150
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.

Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England

Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions; 154

But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So, under Him that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign we will alone uphold,
 Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
 So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
 To him and his usurp'd authority. 160

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out,

And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man, 166

Who in that sale sells pardon from himself—
 Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;

Yet I alone, alone do me oppose 170
 Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have
 Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate;

And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretic; 175
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
 That I have room with Rome to curse awhile! 180

Good father Cardinal, cry thou 'amen'
 To my keen curses; for without my wrong
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right, 185

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong;
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse, 191

The truth is then most done not doing it ;
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again ; though indirect, 275
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools
fire

Within the scorched veins of one new-
burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept ;
But thou hast sworn against religion 280
By what thou swear'st against the thing
thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy
truth

Against an oath ; the truth thou art unsure
To swear swears only not to be forsworn ;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear i
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;
And most forsworn to keep what thou dost
swear.

Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself ; 289
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler
parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions ;
Upon which better part our pray'rs come
in,

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then
know

The peril of our curses light on thee 295
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion !
Bast. Will't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of
thine ?

Lew. Father, to arms !
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day ? 300

Against the blood that thou hast married ?
What, shall our feast be kept with
slaughtered men ?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish
drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?
O husband, hear me ! ay, alack, how new

Is ' husband ' in my mouth !—even for that
name, 306

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er
pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven ! 312

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What
motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of
wife ?

Const. That which upholdeth him that
thee upholds,

His honour. O, thine honour, Lewis, thine
honour ! 316

Lew. I muse your Majesty doth seem so
cold,

When such profound respects do pull you
on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his
head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I
will fall from thee. 320

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty !
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy i

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour
within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald
sexton Time,

Is it as he will ? Well then, France shall
rue. 325

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood.
Fair day, adieu i

Which is the side that I must go withal ?
I am with both : each army hath a hand ;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me. 330

Husband. I cannot pray that thou mayst
win ;

Uncle. I needs must pray that thou mayst
lose ;

Father. I may not wish the fortune thine ;
Grandam. I will not wish thy wishes thrive.

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose : 335
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune
lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives,
there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance
together. [Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming
wrath, 340

A rage whose heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of
France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and
thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that
fire. 345

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threatens.

To arms let's hiel [Exit severally.

SCENE II. France. Plains near Angiers.

ALARMS, excursions. Enter the BASTARD
with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows
wondrous hot ;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. Austria's head

lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip,
make up : 5

Let go the hood of that arch-heretic,
 And raise the power of France upon his
 head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? Do not
 let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil, lest that
 France repent

The latest breath that gave the sound of
 words
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true
 love,
 Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
 And even before this truce, but new before,
 No longer thao we well could wash our
 hoods,

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up
 these wrongs,
 Because—

paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings.
 And shall these hoods, so lately purg'd of

That need must needs infer this principle—
 That faith would live again by death of
 need.

O theo, tread down my need, and faith
 mounts up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden
 down!

K. *Join.* The King is mov'd, and
 answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and
 answer well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more
 in doubt.

Bas. Hang nothog but a calf's-skin,
 most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd and know not
 what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will
 perplex thee more,

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our
 church,

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her
 curse—

A mother's curse—on her revolting son.
 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the
 tongue,

A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,

Than keep in peace that hand which thou
 dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not
 my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to
 faith;

And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy

First made to heaven, first be to heaven

h.
 ist

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
 And the conjunction of our inward souls
 Married in league, coupled and link'd to-
 gether
 With all religious strength of sacred vows;

For that which thou hast sworn to do
 amiss
 Is not amiss when it is truly done;
 And being not done, where doing tends
 to ill,

A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! All shall
yet go well. 5

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have
run so ill.

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? Divers dear friends
slain?

And bloody England into England gone,
O'rcbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he
fortified; 10

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example; who hath read or
heard

Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England
had this praise, 15

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look who comes here! a grave unto a
soul;

Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

I prithee, lady, go away with me. 20

Const. Lo now! now see the issue of your
peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! Comfort,
gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true
redress—

Death, death; O amiable lovely death! 25
Thou odorous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones, 29

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household
worms,

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome
dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou
smil'st,

And buss thee as thy wife. Miscry's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace! 36

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath
to cry.

O that my tongue were in the thunder's
mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the
world,

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy 40
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness and not
sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine; 45

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My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey
wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.
I am not mad—I would to heaven I were

For then 'tis like I should forget myself.
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!

Præach some philosophy to make me mad
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief
My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.

If I were mad I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, wh
love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by a chance a silver drop hat

fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friend

Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hair

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefo
will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cri
aloud

'O that these hands could so redeem m
son,

As they have given these hairs the
liberty!

But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bond

Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you sa

That we shall see and know our friends i
heaven;

If that be true, I shall see my boy again
For since the birth of Cain, the first ma

child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,

There was not such a gracious creatur
born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;

And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court

heaven.
I shall not know him. Therefore neve

never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too helinous a respect
grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a so

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as
your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of m
absent child,

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
[*Exit Bastard*]

SCENE III. France. Plains near ...

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John [To *Elinor*] So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded. [To *Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad;

Must by the hungry now be fed upon. 10
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your Highness. Grandam, I will pray,

If ever I remember to be holy, 15
For your fast safety. So, I kiss your hand.
El. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*]
El. Come hither, little kinsman; hark,
a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! Within this wall of flesh 20

to say so yet, 30
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say—but let it go:

If this same were a churchyard where we stand, 40

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes 45

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act, 50

By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend, 60

He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper. 70
Hub. And I'll keep him so
That he shall not offend your Majesty.

cousin, go; 75
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]
SCENE IV. France. The French King's

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. England. A castle.

Enter HUBERT and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand

Within the arras. When I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy which you shall find with me

Fast to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.

1 Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you. Look to't. [Exit Executioners.]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title

To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I;

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me;

He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me,

Hubert.

Hub. [Aside] If I talk to him, with his

innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look

pale to-day;

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you.

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [Aside] His words do take possession

of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper.]

[Aside] How now, foolish rheim!

Turning spiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish

tears.—

Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your

head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows—

The best I had, a princess wrought it me—

And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your

head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

Saying 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies

your grief?'

Or 'What good love may I perform for

you?'

Many a poor man's son would have lyen

still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty

love,

And call it cunning. Do, an if you will.

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use

me ill,

Why, then you must. Will you put out

mine eyes,

These eyes that never did nor never shall

So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would

do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes would drink

my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation

Even in the matter of mine innocence;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-bard than ham-

mer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me

And told me Hubert should put out mine

eyes,

I would not have believ'd him—no tongue

but Hubert's.

Hub. [Stamps] Come forth.

Re-enter Executioners, with cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My

eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody

men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind

him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so

boist'rous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be

bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! Drive these men

away,

form;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

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THIS OLD WORLD!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;

For he that steeps his safety in true blood Shall find but bloody safety and untrue,

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.

Thy stomach to thine own belly.

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already, Even at that news he dies; and then the

Thy foot to England's throne. And therefore mark;

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,

The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,

One mile to rest on that breath of mine.

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,

Go with me to the King. 'Tis wonderful What may be wrought out of their discontent,

Now that their souls are topful of offence. For England go; I will whet on the King.

Lew. Strong reasons makes stroog actions.

Let us go;

If you say ay, the King will not say no

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness ;

And oftentimes excusing of a fault ³⁰
Doth make the fault the worse by th' excuse,

As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd, ³⁵

We breath'd our counsel ; but it pleas'd your Highness

To overbear it ; and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation ⁴⁰

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;

And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,

I shall induce you with. Meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,

And well shall you perceive how willingly ⁴⁵
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them—but, chief of all,

Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies—heartily request

Th' enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint ⁵²

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent

To break into this dangerous argument :
If what in rest you have in right you hold,

Why then your fears—which, as they say, attend ⁵⁶

The steps of wrong—should move you to mew up

Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

The rich advantage of good exercise ? ⁶⁰
That the time's enemies may not have this

To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty ;

Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending, ⁶⁵

Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so. I do commit his youth
To your direction.

Enter HUBERT.

[Aside] Hubert, what news with you ?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed :

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine ;
The image of a wicked heinous fault ⁷¹

Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
Doth show the mood of a much troubled

breast,
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do. ⁷⁵

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go

Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful batties set.

His passion is so ripe it needs must break.
Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will

issue thence ⁸⁰
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.

Good lords, although my will to give is living,

The suit which you demand is gone and dead :

He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night. ⁸⁵

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ? ⁹⁰

Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game ! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee ⁹⁶

And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle

Three foot of it doth hold—bad world the while ! ¹⁰⁰

This must not be thus borne : this will break out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[Exit Lords.]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent.

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death. ¹⁰⁵

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast ; where is that blood

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm.

Pour down thy weather—how goes all in France ?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a pow'r ¹¹⁰

And I will sit no more on a throne
 with him.
 I Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such
 a deed. [Exeunt Executioners.
 Arth. Alas, I then have chld away my
 friend I
 He hath a stern look but a gentle heart.
 Let him come back, that his compassion
 may
 Give life to yours.

His will
 You were disguis'd.
 Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
 Your uncle must not know but you are
 dead:
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and
 secure
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the
 world,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
 Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold
 your tongue.
 Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of
 tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.
 Let me not hold my tongue, let me not,
 Hubert;
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine
 eyes,
 Though to see you but still to look on

Enter KING JOHN, PLUMBRON, SALISBURY,
 and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd
 before,
 And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd
 off.

out,
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
 Hub. But with my breath I can revive it,
 boy.

garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
 Pen. But that your royal pleasure must
 be done,

wrong
 Deny their office; only you do lack
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron ex-
 tends,
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

about,
 Startles and frights consideration,
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth
 suspected,
 For putting on so new a fashion'd re-

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's
wrist, 190
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with roll-
ing eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's
news; 195
Who, with his shears and measure in his
hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble
haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean unwash'd artificer 201
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me
with these fears?
Why urgest thou so off young Arthur's
death?
Thy hand hath murd'ed him. I had a
mighty cause 205
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to
kill him.
Hub. No had, my lord! Why, did you
not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings to be
attended
By slaves that take their humours for a
warrant
To break within the bloody house of life, 210
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it
frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what
I did. 215
K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been
by, 220
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy, 225
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hub. My lord— 230
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head
or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
break off, 235

And those thy fears might have wrought
fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy hear-
consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act 24
The deed which both our tongues held vil-
to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more
My nobles leave me; and my state i-
braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign
pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, 24
This kingdom, this confine of blood and
breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's
death.
Hub. Arm you against your other
enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and
you. 25
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of
blood.
Within this bosom never ent'red yet
The dreadful motion of a murderou-
thought; 25
And you have slander'd nature in my form
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, hast
thee to the peers, 26
Throw this report on their incensed rage
And make them tame to their obedience
Forgive the comment that my passion
made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind
And foul imaginary eyes of blood 26
Presented thee more hideous than thou art
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast
[Exit]

SCENE III. England. Before the castle.
Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.
Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap
down.
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not
There's few or none do know me; if they
did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd
me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down and do not break my limbs
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away.
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[Leaps down]

For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by the
For when you should be told they
prepare,

The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence
been drunk? ¹¹⁵

Where hath it slept? Where is my
mother's care,

That such an army could be drawn in
France,

And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear

Is stopp'd with dust; the first of ¹²⁰
died

Your noble mother; and as I hear
lord,

The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before; but this from rumour's

tongue
I idly heard—if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful
occasion! ¹²⁵

O, make a league with me, till
pleas'd

My discontented, peers! What!
dead!

How wildly then walks my est
ward!

Enter the MASTARD and a BIER OF CORPSES.

W

Enter the MASTARD and a BIER OF CORPSES.

W

Enter the MASTARD and a BIER OF CORPSES.

To

My

The

A

Un:

Alc

To any tongue, speak it of what it w^{ill}. ¹³⁰

Bas. How I have sped among the clergy-
men.

Bas. How I have sped among the clergy-
men.

Bas. How I have sped among the clergy-
men.

Bas. How I have sped among the clergy-
men.

Bas. How I have sped among the clergy-
men.

crowd.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore
didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will
fall out so

K. John. Hubert, away with him; im-
prison him; ¹³⁵

And on that day at noon whereon he
says

I shall yield up my crown let him be hang'd.

Enter the MASTARD and a BIER OF CORPSES.

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Enter the MASTARD and a BIER OF CORPSES.

it.
he

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were

My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so.
Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks
false, ⁹¹
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly,
lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you,
Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil,
Sallsbury. ⁹⁵

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword
betime;

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron
That you shall think the devil is come from
hell. ¹⁰⁰

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned
Faulconbridge?

Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him
well. ¹⁰⁴

I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of
his eyes,

For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency. ¹¹⁰
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
'Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin
there! ¹¹⁴

Pem. There tell the King he may inquire
us out. [Exit Lords.]

Bast. Here's a good world! Knew you
of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what: ¹²⁰

Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is
so black—

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince
Lucifer;

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou dost kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent ¹²⁵
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest
thread

That ever spider twis'd from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
a beam

To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown
thyself, ¹³⁰

Put but a little water in a spoon
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up,
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin ^{of}
thought, ¹²³

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embow'd in this beauteous
clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of the
world. ¹²⁷

How easy dost thou take all England up
From forth this morsel of dead royalty
The life, the right, and truth of all the
realm

Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the
teeth ¹³¹

The unowed interest of proud-swelling
state:

Now for the bare-pleck'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarl in the gentle eyes of peace;
Now powers from home and discontents
home

Meet in one line; and vast confusion wal
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture
Hold out this tempest. Bear away the
child,

And follow me with speed. I'll to the King
A thousand businesses are brief in hand
And heaven itself doth frown upon the late
[Exit]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. England. King John's palace

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, and
Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up
your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. [Gives back the crown] Take all
From this my hand, as holding of the Power
Your sovereign greatness and authority

K. John. Now keep your holy word;
meet the French;

And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches fore we are invaded
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemp'red humors
Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not; for the present time
sick

ink, although you see,
ould thought, without

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint
Edmundsbury;

This is the very top,
st, or crest unto the
crest,
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest⁴⁶

worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I
think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners,
reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your
grief;

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners
now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his
privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true—to hurt his master, no
man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies
here?

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and
princely beauty!

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am bot with haste in
seeking you.

Arthur doth live; the King hath sent for
you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at
death!

again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's
skan.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand
back I say;

And is't not pity, O my griev'd friends !
That we, the sons and children of this Isle, 25
Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;
Wherein we step after a stranger-march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks—I must withdraw and
weep

Upon the spot of this enforced cause— 30
To grace the gentry of a land remote
And follow unacquainted colours here ?
What, here ? O nation, that thou couldst
remove !

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee
about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of
thyself 35

And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two Christian armies might
combine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly !
Lewis. A noble temper dost thou show in
this ; 40

And great afflictions wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect !
Let me wipe off this honourable dew 45

That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation ;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the
sun, 50

Startles mine eyes and makes me more
amaz'd

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Flur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this
storm ; 55

Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enrag'd,
Nor met with torture other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy
hand as deep 60

Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself. So, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of
mine.

Enter PANDULPH.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake :
Look where the holy legate comes apace, 65
To give us warrant from the hand of
heaven

And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France !
The next is this : King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in, 70
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.

Therefore thy threat'ning colours now
wind up

And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will
not back :

I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the
world.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of
wars

Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself
And brought in matter that should feed this
fire ; 8

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which erst
kindled it.

You taught me how to know the face of
right,

Acquainted me with interest to this land
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart
And come ye now to tell me John hath
made 9

His peace with Rome ? What is that peace
to me ?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I have
Because that John hath made his peace
with Rome ? 9

Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath
Rome borne,

What men provided, what munition sent
To underprop this action ? Is't not I
That undergo this charge ? Who else but I
And such as to my claim are liable, 10

Sweat in this bushiness and maintain this
war ?

Have I not heard these Islanders shout out
'Vive le roi !' as I have bank'd their
towns ?

Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easy match, play'd for a crown
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said 10

Pand. You look but on the outside of this
work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To outlook conquest, and to win renown 11
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[Trumpet sounds.]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of this
world,

Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite

been with me,

Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay
arms.

promise,

K. John. Is this Ascension-day
the prophet

Say that before Ascension-day
My crown I should give off?
have.

arms.

I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your
peace;

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing
there holds out

But Dover Castle, London hath receiv'd,³⁰
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his
powers.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage!
Yet, I know

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into
the streets,

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied
out

he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? Why look
you sad?

Be great 'n act, as you have been in

ment,

And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be
broken.

SCENE IV. *England. Another part of the battlefield.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT.

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

In spite of spite, alone upholds the day. 5

Pem. They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold; 10

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion, And welcome home again discarded faith. Seek out King John, and fall before his feet; For if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn, 16

And I with him, and many more with me, Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury; Even on that altar where we swore to you Dear amity and everlasting love. 20

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life, Which bleeds away even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire? What in the world should make me now deceive, 26

Since I must lose the use of all deceit? Why should I then be false, since it is true That I must die here, and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day, 30 He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours Behold another day break in the east; But even this night, whose black contagious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun, 35 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,

Paying the fine of rated treachery Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If Lewis by your assistance win the day. Commend me to one Hubert, with your king; 40

The love of him—and this respect beside: For that my grandsire was an Englishman— Awakes my conscience to confess all this: In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence From forth the noise and rumour of the field,

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul

With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee; and beshrew my soul

But I do love the favour and the form: Of this most fair occasion, by the which We will untread the steps of damned flight And like a bated and retired flood, Leaving our rankness and irregular course, Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,

And calmly run on in obedience Even to our ocean, to our great King John: My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;

For I do see the cruel pangs of death Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight,

And happy newness, that intends old right. [Exit, leading off Melun]

SCENE V. *England. The French camp.*

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought was loath to set, But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,

When English measure backward their own ground

In faint retire. O, bravely came we off, When with a volley of our needless shot, After such bloody toil, we bid good night And wound our tottering colours clearly up! Last in the field and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin Lew. Here; what news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords

By his persuasion are again fall'n off, And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,

Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sand

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night As this hath made me. Who was he that said

King John did fly an hour or two before The stumbling night did part our wearied pow'rs?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

L
M
I

arms.
Bast. By all the breath'd,
 The youth says well.
King:

To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy
 arms, 235
From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand which had the strength, even at
 your door,

trunks,
 To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety
 out
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and
 shake

No. Know the gallant monarch is in arms
 And like an eagle o'er his aery tow'rs
 To souse annoyance that comes near his
 nest. 250
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for
 shame;

hearts 257
 To fierce and bloody inclination.
Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy
 face in peace!
 We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee
 well; 260

but

idy

at hand—

French.
Lew. Strike up our drums to find this
 danger out. 279
Bast And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do
 not doubt. [Exeunt.

II. England. The field of battle.
 Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.
K. John. How goes the day with us? O,
 tell me, Hubert
Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your
 Majesty?
K. John. This fever that hath troubled me

O, my heart is sick!
 a Messenger.

your valiant kinsman,
 Faulconbridge, 3
 Desires your Majesty to leave the field
 And send him word by me which way you
 go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to
 the abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great
 supply

Dauphin here 10
 ago on Goodwin
 Richard but even

now.
 The French fight coldly, and retire them-
 selves.
K. John. Ay me, this tyrant fever burns
 me up
 And wilt not let me welcome this good
 news.
 on toward Swinstead, to my letter
 straight;
 sickness possesseth me, and I am faint

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you
are born 25

To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOR and Attendants, who bring
in KING JOHN in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath
elbow-room;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom 30
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. Poison'd—ill-fare! Dead, for-
sook, cast off; 35

And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their
course

Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the
north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched
lips 40

And comfort me with cold. I do not ask
you much;

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue
in my tears, 44

That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent
motion

And spleen of speed to see your Majesty! 50

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set
mine eye!

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and
burnt,

And all the shrouds wherewith my life
should sail 53

Are turned to one thread, one little hair;
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hither-
ward,

Where God He knows how we shall answer
him; 60

For in a night the best part of my pow'r,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as
dead an ear. 65

My liege! my lord! But now a king—
thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and ev-
so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what
stay,

When this was now a king, and now
clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but sit
behind

To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee
heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant sti-
Now, now, you stars that move in yo-
right spheres,

Where be your pow'rs? Show now yo-
mended faiths,

And instantly return with me again
To push destruction and perpetual shan-
Out of the weak door of our fainting lan-
Straight let us seek, or straight we sha-
be sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, 55
much as we:

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the

Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of oc-
peace

As we with honour and respect may take, 60
With purpose presently to leave this war

Bast. He will the rather do it when he
sees

Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd 65
To the sea-side, and put his cause and
quarrel

To the disposing of the Cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and other
lords,

If you think meet, this afternoon will pos-
To consummate this business happily. 70

Bast. Let it be so. And you, my noble
Prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be
interr'd;

For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it, then; 75
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knees
I do bequeath my faithful services

And true subjection everlastingly. 80

Sal. And the like tender of our love will
make,

To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would
give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

Hub. Why, know you not? The lords are all come hark,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;

SCENE VI. *An open place near Abbey.*

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally.

Hub. Who's there? Speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend.

Hub.

Bast. Whither do

Hub. What's that

not demand

Of thine affairs as

Bast. Hubert, I

heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this

I come one way of the Plantagenets

Hub. Unkind remembrance! th' eyeless night

Have done me shame. Brave pardon me

That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

SCENE VII. *The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood

To touch'd against his own? his own blood

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief

Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poison'd by a monk;

I left him almost speechless and broke out

To acquaint you with this evil, that you might

Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! Fierce extremes

In their continuance will not feel themselves.

Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,

Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now

Against the mind, the which he pricks and

Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince ; for you
are born 25

To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring
in KING JOHN in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath
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It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom
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Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

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stay,

When this was now a king, and now
clay ?

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behind

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And then my soul shall wait on thee to
heaven,

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To the disposing of the Cardinal ;
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KING RICHARD THE SECOND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.	LORD ROSS.
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster,	LORD WILLOUGHBY.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York.	LORD FITZWATER.
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son of John of Gaunt, after- wards King Henry IV.	BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
DUKE OF AUWERLE, son of the Duke of York.	ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.	LORD MARSHAL.
DUKE OF SURREY.	SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
EARL OF SALISBURY.	SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
EARL BERKELEY.	Captain of a band of Welshmen.
BUSHY,	Two Gardeners.
BAGOT,	QUEEN to King Richard.
GREEN,	DUCHESS OF YORK.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.	DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, widow of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.	Lady attending on the Queen.
	Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Keeper Messenger, Groom, and other Atten- dants.

THE SCENE: England and Wales.

ACT ONE

SCENE I. London. The palace.

Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT,
with other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-
honoured Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold
son,

Here to make good the boist'rous late
appeal,

Which then our leisure would not let us
hear,

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas
Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou
sounded him

If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in
him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that
argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your Highness—no inveterate
malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence:
face to face

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will
hear

The accuser and the accused freely speak.
High-stomach'd are they both and full of
ire,

In rage, deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving
liege!

Mow. Each day still better other's
happiness

Until the heavens, envying earth's good
hap,

Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one
but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high
treason.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas
Mowbray?

Boling. First—heaven be the record to
my speech!

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I
speak

My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven—
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,

Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky;

The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the
note,

Scene 7]

KING JOHN

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful
woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our
griefs.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound
itself.

Now these her princes are come home
again.

Come the three corners of the world in
arms.

And we shall shock them. Nought shall
make us rue.

If England to itself do rest but true.

{*Exeunt.*

The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
 But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd 140
 Your Grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault. *As for the rest appeal'd,*
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
 Which in myself I boldly will defend, 145
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his
 bosom.

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray 150
 Your Highness to assign our trial day.
 K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be
 rul'd by me;
 Let's purge this choler without letting
 blood—

This we prescribe, though no physician;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision. 155
 Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed:
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your
 son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become
 my age. 160
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's
 gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
 Gaunt. When, Harry, when?
 Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid.
 There is no boot.

Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at
 thy foot; 165
 My life thou shalt command, but not my
 shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
 Despite of death, that lives upon my grave
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not
 have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd here;
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd
 spear, 171

The which no balm can cure but his heart-
 blood

Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
 Give me his gage—lions make leopards
 tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots.
 Take but my shame, 175

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
 The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation; that away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
 A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest 180
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done:

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me
 try;

In that I live, and for that will I die. 185
 K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage; do
 you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such
 deep sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's
 sight?

Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my
 height

Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my
 tongue 190

Shall wound my honour with such feeble
 wrong

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall
 tear

The slavish motive of recanting fear,
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mow-
 bray's face. [Exit Gaunt.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to
 command; 195

Which since we cannot do to make you
 friends,

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.

There shall your swords and lances
 arbitrate 200

The swelling difference of your settle-
 ment's
 hate;

Since we can not atone you, we shall see
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.

Lord Marshal, command our officers-at-
 arms

Be ready to direct these home alarms. 205
 [Exit]

SCENE II. London. The Duke of Lancaster's
 palace.

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT with the DUCHESS OF
 GLOUCESTER.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Wood-
 stock's blood

Doth more solicit me than your exclams
 To stir against the butchers of his life!

But since correction lieth in those hands
 Which made the fault that we cannot
 correct,

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
 Who, when they see the hours ripe on
 earth,

Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no
 sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art
 one, 215

Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fair branches springing from one
 root.

Some of those seven are dried by nature's
 course,

With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy
throat;
And wish—so please my sovereign—ere I
move,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn

In name of lendings for your Highness'
soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd em-
ployments
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your Highness
curbs me

and spring
Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's
death,

except.
If guilty dread have left thee so much
strength

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's
heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,

Which gently laid my knighthood on my
shoulder
I'll answer thee in any fair d-

Through the false passage of thy throat,
thou best.

e. For Glou-

own disgrace
that case.

As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray,
Duke of Norfolk; 16

Who hither come engaged by my oath—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—

Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals
me; 21

And, by the grace of God and this mine
arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me.
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven! 25

*The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE,
DUKE OF HEREFORD, appellant, in
armour, and a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in
arms,

Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause. 30

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore
com'st thou hither

Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's
thy quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee
heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster,
and Derby, 35

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms
To prove, by God's grace and my body's
valour,

In lists on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk,

That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to
me. 40

And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so
bold

Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs. 45

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my
sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his Majesty;
For Mowbray and myself are like two
men

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.
Then let us take a ceremonious leave 50

And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets
your Highness,

And craves to kiss your hand and take his
leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him
in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, 55
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood; which if to-day t
shed,

Lament we may, but not revenge
dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's sp

As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight

My loving lord, I take my leave of you
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerl

Not sick, although I have to do with de
But lusty, young, and cheerly draw

breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret

The daintiest last, to make the end n
sweet.

O thou, the earthly author of my blood
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate

Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,

Add proof unto mine armour with
prayers,

And with thy blessings steel my lan
point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coa
And furbish new the name of John

Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make t
prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,

Fall like amazing thunder on the casqu
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valia
and live.

Boling. Mine innocence and Saint Geo
to thrive!

Mow. However God or fortune cast
lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richa
throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman
Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage, and emb
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisemen

More than my dancing soul doth celeb
This feast of battle with mine adversary

Most mighty liege, and my compar
peers,

Take from my mouth the wish of ha
years.

As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet brea

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord, secur
esp

Virtue with valour couched in thine ey
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster,
Derby,

Receive thy lance; and God defend
right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I
amen.

Some of those branches by the Destinies
cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my
Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood

Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! That bed,
that womb,

In some large measure to thy father's death
In that thou seest thy wretched brother
die,

That which in mean men we entitle
patience

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's
substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion
and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, bid
Gaunt.

Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray
fight.

O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's
spear,

That it may enter butcher
breast!

Or, if misfortune miss the first,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his
That they may break his foaming
back

With her companion, Grief, must end her
life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to
Coventry.

York.
Lo, this is all—nay, yet depart not so:

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my

e, c. [GAUNT.]

SCENE III. *The lists at Coventry.*
The LORD MARSHAL and the DUKE
OF AUMERLE

*27. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Here-
ford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to
enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly
and bold,

The trumpets sound, and the KING enters
with his nobles, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT,
GREEN, and Others. When they are set,
enter MOWBRAY, DUKE OF NORFOLK, in
arms, defendant, and a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder
champion

In arms;
what man thou com'st, and what
thy quarrel
truly on thy knighthood and thy
oath;

As so defend thee heaven and thy valour !

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray,
Duke of Norfolk ; 16

Who hither come engaged by my oath—
Which God defend a knight should vio-
late !—

Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals
me ; 21

And, by the grace of God and this mine
arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me.
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven ! 25

*The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE,
DUKE OF HEREFORD, appellant, in
armour, and a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in
arms,

Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause. 30

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore
com'st thou hither

Before King Richard in his royal lists ?
Against whom comest thou ? and what's
thy quarrel ?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee
heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster,
and Derby, 35

Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms
To prove, by God's grace and my body's
valour,

In lists on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk,

That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to
me. 40

And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so
bold

Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs. 45

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my
sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his Majesty ;
For Mowbray and myself are like two
men

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.

Then let us take a ceremonious leave 50
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets
your Highness,

And craves to kiss your hand and take his
leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him
in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, 55
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !

Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day the
shed,

Lament we may, but not revenge the
dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear
As confident as is the falcon's flight. 6

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aunerie ;
Not sick, although I have to do with death
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing
breath. 6

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most
sweet.

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, 7
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,

Add proof unto mine armour with thy
prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's
point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat 75
And furbish new the name of John o'
Gaunt,

Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee
prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, 80
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant,
and live.

Boling. Mine innocence and Saint George
to thrive !

Mow. However God or fortune cast my
lot, 85

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's
throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement, 90

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.

Most mighty liege, and my companion
peers,

Take from my mouth the wish of happy
years.

As gentle and as jocund as to jest 95
Go I to fight : truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord, securely I
esp'y

Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby, 100

Receive thy lance ; and God defend the
right !

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry
amen.

Mar. [To an Officer] Go bear this lance to
Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and
himself. 105

On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas

Mowbray,

But tread the stranger paths of banish-
ment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my
comfort be—

That sun that warms you here shall shine
on me, 115

And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a
heavier doom,

I with some unwillingness pro-
nounce:

Stay,

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets
and their spears,

years,
My native English, now I must forgo; 120

A winged justice, while the living compass
his Council.

tongue,

hours' sword;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be com-
passionate; 125

Which so rous'd up with boist'rous un-

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd

peace
And make us
blood-
Therefore we t

God,

Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our
land. 190

Boling. I swear.

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy :
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wand'rd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this
land—

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul. 200

Mow. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were
traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do
know ; 204

And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray :
Save back to England, all the world's my
way. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of
thine eyes

[I see thy grieved heart. Thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. [To Bolingbroke] Six
frozen winters spent, 211

Return with welcome home from banish-
ment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little
word !

Four lagging winters and four wanton
springs

End in a word : such is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege that in regard
of me 216

He shortens four years of my son's exile ;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,
For ere the six years that he hath to
spend

Can change their moons and bring their
times about, 220

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many
years to live. 225

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that
thou canst give :

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen
sorrow

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a
morrow ;

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ; 230
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my
breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good
advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.

Why at our justice seem'st thou then to
lour ? 235

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in
digestion sour.

You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been
more mild. 240

A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say
I was too strict to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling
tongue 245

Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell ; and, uncle,
bid him so.

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flourish. Exit King with train.]

Aum. Cousin, farewell ; what presence
must not know,

From where you do remain let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I, for I will
ride 251

As far as land will let me by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou
hoard thy words,

That thou returnest no greeting to thy
friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave
of you, 255

When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the
heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a
time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for
that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? They are
quickly gone. 260

Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes
one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for
pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall
it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary
steps 265

Esteem as foll wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride
I make

Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love. 270

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages ; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven
visits 275

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus :

Mar. [To an Officer] Go bear this lance to
Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.
1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and
himself, 105
Oa pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas
Mowbray,

But tread the stranger paths of banish-
ment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my
comfort be—

That sun that warms you here shall shine
on me, 115

And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a

loyal,
Courageously and with a
Attending but the signal
Mar. Sound trumpets
combatants.
Stay, the King hath ti
down,
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets
and their spears,

years,
My native English, now I must forgo; 160

A long flourish, while the King consults
his Council.

Within my mouth you have enfolded my
tongue,

nd lips,
ice

170

chless

eathing

hours' sword;

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be com-
passionate, 174

After our sentence plain, comes too late.

Mou. Then thus I turn me from my
country's light

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again and take an oath
with thee

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd
hands.

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle
sleep;

Which so rous'd up with bolst'rous un-
tun'd drums,

With harsh-resounding trumpet-
bray,

And grating shock of wrathful ir
Might from our quiet confines

peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's
blood—

Therefore we banish you our territories
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 180

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our
fields

Shall not regret our fair domains.

Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face

Nor never write, regret, or
This leuine tempest of
hate.

Nor never be advised p
To plot, contrive, or ca

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news ?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,

Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste To entreat your Majesty to visit him. 56

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind

To help him to his grave immediately ! 60

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.

Pray God we may make haste, and come too late ! 64

All. Amen.

[Exeunt.]

ACT TWO

SCENE I. London. Ely House.

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT, sick, with the DUKE OF YORK, etc.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaed youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath ;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men 5

Enforce attention like deep harmony.

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain ;

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more Than they whom youth and ease have

taught to glose ; 10

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.

The setting sun, and music at the close, As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear, 15

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond, Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen ; Report of fashions in proud Italy, 21

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation Limpers after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—

So it be new, there's no respect how vile— That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him whose way himself choose.

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet inspir'd,

And thus expiring do foretell of him : His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last

For violent fires soon burn out themselves Small showers last long, but sudden storms

are short ;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast times ;

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder ;

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant, Consuming means, soon preys upon its

This royal throne of kings, this scepter's isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress built by Nature for herself Against infection and the hand of war,

This happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in the silver sea

Which serves it in the office of a wall, Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands, This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,

this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal

kings,

Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home For Christian service and true chivalry

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son

This land of such dear souls, this dear d'land,

Dear for her reputation through the world Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it

Like to a tenement or pelting farm. England, bound in with the triumphal

sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds ;

That England, that was wont to conquer others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself. Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,

How happy then were my ensuing death.

Enter KING and QUEEN, AUMERIL, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

York. The King is come ; deal mildly with his youth,

For young hot colts being rag'd do run the more.

There is no virtue like necessity

But when our hollow hearts are full

And that the King's sorrow is such
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's
grave.

interfelt oppression of such grief
words seem'd buried in my sorrow's
grave.
would the word 'farewell' have

Suppose the
The grass
ence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no
more

When time shall call him home from
Ireland.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son,
thou on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I
stay.
Boling. Then, England's gro
well; sweet soil, ad
My mother, and my nurse,
yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of
Though banish'd, yet a tru
man.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. London. The court.

Enter the KING, with BAGOT and GREEN,
at one door; and the DUKE OF AUMERLE
at another.

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin
Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his
way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you
call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left
him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting
tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none for me; except the
north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our face-
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so
chance

Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made
Ere further leisure yield them
For their advantage
loss.

K. Rich. We will out
war.
And, for our coffers
And liberal

We are enter
The revenue
For our
Our sub

Wh

Irish

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed
kerns, 156

Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some
charge,

Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand
possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah,
how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's
banishment, 165

Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons, 171
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was
first.

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentle-
man. 175

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the
French

And not against his friends. His noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not
that 180

Which his triumphant father's hand had
won.

His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between—

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardoned, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Here-
ford? 190

Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford
live?

Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

Take Hereford's rights away, and take
from Time 195

His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself—for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession? 199
Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath

By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his off'red homage;
You pluck a thousand dangers on your
head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts
And prick my tender patience to the
thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot fly.
K. Rich. Think what you will, we will
into our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and
lands.

York. I'll not be by the while. My liege,
farewell.

What will ensue hereof, there's none
tell;

But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl
Wiltshire straight;

Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time
to row.

And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our Uncle York Lord Governor of England.
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen; to-morrow must
part;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
[Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Busby,
Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster
is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son
Duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.
North. Richly in both, if justice had
right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must
break with silence,

Ere't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let
me ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee
harm!

Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak
the Duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good toward
him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do
him;

Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame that
wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle
Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't
with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my com-
position!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old.
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat that is not
gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I
watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all
gaunt.

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
is my strict fast—I mean my children's
looks;

And therein fasting, hast thou made
gaunt.

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but
bones.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

And thou—

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool, 115
Presuming on an ague's privilege,

Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal

blood
With fury from his native residence.

Now by my seat's right royal majesty, 120
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's

son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy

head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent

shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother

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CAIUS D.
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning

soul—

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sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and
see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now He that made me knows I
see thee ill!

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

have

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die that age and
sullens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the
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From forth thy reach he would have laid
thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

K. Rich. How dost thou feel thyself
to-day?

Gaunt. As well as I can, my lord.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends
him to your Majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said

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Which for things true weeps things
imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward
soul

Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad ³⁰
As—though, on thinking, on no thought I
think—

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and
shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my
gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still
deriv'd

From some forefather grief ; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something
grief, ³⁶

Or something hath the nothing that I
grieve ;

'Tis in reversion that I do possess—
But what it is that is not yet known what,
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your Majesty I and well
met, gentlemen. ⁴¹

I hope the King is not yet shipp'd for
Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so ? 'Tis better
hope he is ;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good
hope.

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not
shipp'd ? ⁴⁵

Green. That he, our hope, might have
retir'd his power

And driven into despair an enemy's hope
Who strongly hath set footing in this
land.

The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd ⁵⁰
At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. Ah, madam, 'tis too true ; and
that is worse,

The Lord Northumberland, his son young
Henry Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and
Willoughby,

With all their powerful friends, are fled to
him. ⁵⁵

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd
Northumberland

And all the rest revolted faction traitors ?

Green. We have ; whereupon the Earl of
Worcester

Hath broken his staff, resign'd his steward-
ship,

And all the household servants fled with
him ⁶⁰

To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to
my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir.

Now hath my soul brought forth
prodgly ;

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me
I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope—he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands
of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his age
neck.

O, full of careful business are his looks !
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable
words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my
thoughts.

Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the
earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and
grief.

Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose a
home.

Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support my
self.

Now comes the sick hour that his surfe
made ;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd
him.

Enter a Servingman.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before
I came.

York. He was—why so go all which way
it will !

The nobles they are fled, the commons they
are cold

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister
Gloucester ;

Bid her send me presently a thousand
pound.

Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell you
lordship,

To-day, as I came by, I called there—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't, knave ?

Serv. An hour before I came, the Duchess
died.

York. God for his mercy ! what a tide
of woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once
I know not what to do : I would to God, ⁷⁰

So my untruth had not provok'd him to
The King had cut off my head with my
brother's.

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs. With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war.
 Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with Are making hither with all due expedience,

devis'd,
 As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not imp out our drooping country's broken
 what wing,
 But what, a f

this?
 North. Wa
 warr'd he hath not,
 But basely yielded upon comprom
 That which his noble ancestors with blows,
 More hath be spent in peace than wars,

Ross. The Earl of Wiltsbire t
 realm in farm,

Will. The King's grown bankrupt like
 a broken man,

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth
 over him,

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish
 wars, 259

SCENE II. Windsor Castle.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy, Madam, your Majesty is too much
 sad.

grieves
 More than with parting from my lord the
 King.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath
 a great eye,

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied
there;

Then with directions to repair to Ravens-
purgh. 35

North. Have you forgot the Duke of
Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not
forgot

Which ne'er I did remember; to my
knowledge,

I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now;
this is the Duke. 40

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my
service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and
be sure 45

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.
My heart this covenant makes, my hand
thus seals it. 50

North. How far is it to Berkeley? And
what stir

Keeps good old York there with his men of
war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon
tuft of trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have
heard;

And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley,
and Seymour— 55

None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and
Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your
love pursues

A banish'd traitor. All my treasury 60
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more

enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most
noble lord.

Willoughby. And far surmounts our labour to
attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer
of the poor; 65

Which, till my infant fortune comes to
years,

Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I
guess.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my mess-
is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—
Lancaster';

And I am come to seek that name
England;

And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis
my meaning

To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come—what lord
will—

From the most gracious regent of this la-
The Duke of York, to know what pri-

you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-bo-

arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport
words by you;

Here comes his Grace in person. My no-
uncle! [Kne

York. Show me thy humble heart, a-
not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—
York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no un-
I am no traitor's uncle; and that w-

'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbid-
legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of Englan-
ground?

But then more 'why?'—why have th-
dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with w-

And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed King

hence?
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behi-

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now lord of such hot youth

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, a-
myself

Rescued the Black Prince, that young M-
of men,

From forth the ranks of many thous-
French,

O, then how quickly should this arm-
mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise the
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me kn-
my fault;

On what condition stands it and where-
York. Even in condition of the wo-
degree—
In gross rebellion and detested treason.

What, are there no posts dispatch'd for
Ireland?

How shall we do for mooney for these wars?

Come, sister—cousin, I would say—pray,
pardon me.

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some
carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.

[Exit Servingman.]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If I know how or which way to order these
affairs

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen.

T'one is my sovereign, whom both my
oath

And duty bids defend; t'other again

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath
wroog'd,

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to
right.

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come,
cousin,

I'll dispose of you, Gentlemen, go muster
up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkeley.

Green. Alas, poor Duke! the task he
undertakes

Is numb'ring sands and drinking oceans
dry.

Where one on his side fights, thousands
will fly.

Farewell at once—for once, for all, and
ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Gloucestershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBER-
LAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to
Berkeley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.

These high wild hills and rough uneven
ways

Draws out our miles, and makes them
wearisome;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as
sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

Lies in their purses; and whose empties
them,

By so much fills their hearts with deadly
hate.

Bushy. Wherein the King stands gener-
ally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so
do we.

By sight of what I have, your noble com-
pany.

Boling. Of much less value is my com-
pany

Than your good words. But who comes
here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat
back Bolingbroke.

Percy. Because your
claimed traitor.

ACT THREE

SCENE I. *Bolingbroke's camp at Bristol.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, ROSS, WILLOUGHBY, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—

Since presently your souls must part your bodies—

With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood

From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths:
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,

By you unhappied and disfigured clean;
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes by your
foul wrongs;

Myself—a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, and near in love

Till you did make him misinterpret me—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign
clouds,

Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Disparke'd my parks and fell'd my forest
woods,

From my own windows torn my household
coat,

Raz'd out my imprese, leaving me no sign
Save men's opinions and my living blood
To show the world I am a gentleman.

This and much more, much more than
twice all this,

Condemns you to the death. See them
delivered over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of
death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, fare-
well.

Green. My comfort is that heaven will
take our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see
them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland, and others,*
with the prisoners.]

Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated.
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be delivered.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dis-
patch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come,
lords, away,

To fight with Glendower and his complices.
Awhile to work, and after holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*

Drums. Flourish and colours. Enter the
KING, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE
and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they
this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your
Grace the air

After your late tossing on the breaking
seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well. I weep
for joy

To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their
horses' hoofs,

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in
meeting,

So weeping-smiling greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favours with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle
earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous
sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample
thee;

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a
flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal
touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords.
This earth shall have a feeling, and these
stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power that
made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be
embrac'd

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse.
The proffered means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too
remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Tt

Bc

In

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given
away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I

down, 116
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a
father
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the
bay,

And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a
subject,

And I challenge law—attorneys are denied
me;

And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent, 136

North. The noble Duke hath been too
much abused.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do
him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are
made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell
you this: 140

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,

away.

York. It may be I will go with you; but
yet I'll pause,

SCENE IV. A camp in Wales.

Enter EARL OF SALISBURY and a Welsh
Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have

Farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty
Welshman;

The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead; we
will not stay.

The bay trees in our country are all
wither'd,

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the
earth, 10

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
change;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and
leap—

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,

be: 145

As well assur'd Richard their King is dead.
147

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
 Against thy seat: both young and old
 rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to
 tell.
 K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a
 tale so ill.
 Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is
 Bagot?
 What is become of Busby? Where is
 Green?
 That they have let the dangerous enemy
 Measure our confines with such peaceful
 steps?
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant they have made peace with
 Bolingbroke.
 Scroop. Peace have they made with him
 indeed, my lord.
 K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd with-
 out redemption!
 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! 130
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that
 sting my heart!
 Three Judases, each one thrice worse than
 Judas!
 Would they make peace? Terrible hell
 make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
 Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his
 property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate. 135
 Again uncurse their souls; their peace is
 made
 With heads, and not with hands; those
 whom you curse
 have felt the worst of death's destroying
 wound
 and lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
 Aum. Is Busby, Green, and the Earl of
 Wiltshire dead?
 Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristow lost
 their heads.
 Aum. Where is the Duke my father with
 his power?
 K. Rich. No matter where—of comfort
 no man speak.
 talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
 dust our paper, and with rainy
 eyes
 sorrow on the bosom of the earth. 146
 choose executors and talk of wills;
 get not so—for what can we bequeath
 our deposed bodies to the ground? 150
 and, our lives, and all, are Boling-
 broke's.
 thing can we call our own but death
 at small model of the barren earth
 serves as paste and cover to our
 bones.
 's sake let us sit upon the ground 154
 and sad stories of the death of kings:
 we have been depos'd, some slain
 in war,

Some haunted by the ghosts th
 depos'd,
 Some poison'd by their wives, som
 ing kill'd,
 All murder'd—for within the hollow
 That rounds the mortal temples of
 Keeps Death his court; and there th
 sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his p
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill
 looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conce
 As if this flesh which walls about our l
 Were brass impregnable; and, humo
 thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and farew
 king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh a
 blood
 With solemn reverence; throw awa
 respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
 For you have but mistook me all this while
 I live with bread like you, feel want, 172
 Taste grief, need friends; subjected thus,
 How can you say to me I am a king?
 Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail
 their woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth
 strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your
 foe, 180
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear and be slain—no worse can come to
 fight;
 And fight and die is death destroying death,
 Where fearing dying pays death servile
 breath. 185
 Aum. My father hath a power; inquire
 of him,
 And learn to make a body of a limb.
 K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well. Proud
 Bolingbroke, I come
 To change blows with thee for our day of
 doom.
 This ague fit of fear is over-blown; 190
 An easy task it is to win our own.
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his
 power?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be
 sour.
 Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of
 the sky
 The state and inclination of the day; 195
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 I play the torturer, by small and small
 To lengthen out the worst that must be
 spoken:
 Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke; 199
 And all your northern castles yielded

Grows strong and great in substance and in
power. 35

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty
thousand men

unseen

39

you are.

82

Rich. I had forgot myself; am I not
King?
thou coward majesty! thou
sleepest.

none,

Is not the King's name twenty thousand

So when this thief, this traitor, Boling-
broke,

York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But

The deputy elected by the Lord.

care;

93

guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your
power?

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, and decay—
The worst is death, and death will have his
day.

Scroop Glad am I that your Highness is
so arm'd

thy state;

For all the Welshmeo, hearing thou wert
dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and
fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege, why looks your
Grace so pale? 95

voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female
joints

In stiff unweildy arms against thy crown,
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their
bows

Of double-fatal yew against thy state; 11'

March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Enter on the walls, the KING, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP and SALISBURY.

See, King Richard doth himself appear, doth the blushing discontented sun come out the fiery portal of the east, when he perceives the envious clouds are bent

to dim his glory and to stain the track of his bright passage to the occident. York. Yet looks he like a king. Behold, his eye,

as bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe, that any harm should stain so fair a show! K. Rich. [To Northumberland] We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood

to watch the fearful bending of thy knee, because we thought ourself thy lawful king; and if we he, how dare thy joints forget to pay their awful duty to our presence? We be not, show us the hand of God that hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;

for well we know no hand of blood and bone can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, unless he do profane, steal, or usurp. And though you think that all, as you have done, have torn their souls by turning them from us,

and we are barren and bereft of friends, yet know—my master, God omnipotent, musterling in his clouds on our behalf, smites of pestilence; and they shall strike our children yet unborn and unbegot, that lift your vassal hands against my head and thrust the glory of my precious crown. Well Bolingbroke, for you methinks he stands,

that every stride he makes upon my land is dangerous treason; he is come to open his purple testament of bleeding war; but ere the crown he looks for live in peace, ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons

shall become the flower of England's face, change the complexion of her mald-pale peace

to scarlet indignation, and bedew her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King

should do with civil and uncivil arms be rush'd upon I. Thy thrice noble cousin, Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;

And by the honourable tomb he swears That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,

And by the royalties of both your bloods, Currents that spring from one most gracious head,

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt, And by the worth and honour of himself, Comprising all that may be sworn or said, His coming hither hath no further scope Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg enfranchisement immediate on his knees; Which on thy royal party granted once, His glittering arms he will commend to rust, His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart To faithful service of your Majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just; And as I am a gentleman I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the King returns:

His noble cousin is right welcome hither; And all the number of his fair demands Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.

With all the gracious utterance thou hast Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends. [To Aumerle] We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not;

To look so poorly and to speak so fair? Shall we call back Northumberland, and send defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God I that e'er this tongue of mine

That laid the sentence of dread banishment On you proud man should take it off again With words of sooth I O that I were as great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name I Or that I could forget what I have been I Or not remember what I must be now I Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the King do now? Must he submit?

The King shall do it. Must he be depos'd? The King shall be contented. Must he lose The name of king? A God's name, let it go. I'll give my jewels for a set of heads,

My gorgeous palace for a hermitage, My gay apparel for an almsman's gown, My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood, My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff, My subjects for a pair of carved saluts, And my large kingdom for a little grave, A little little grave, an obscure grave—

And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
[*To Aumerle*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which
didst lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in to despair! 205
What say you now? What comfort have
we now?

Discharge my followers; let them hence
away,
tongue. 216

Discharge my followers; let them hence
away,

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLING-
BROKE, YORK, NORTHU-
MBERLAND.*

Boling. So that by this
learn
The Welshmen are dispers
bury

Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this
coast.

North. The new
my lord.
Richard not far
head.

York. It would beseem the Lord North-
umberland
To say 'King Richard'. Alack the heavy
day

When such a sacred king should hide his
head!

North. Your Grace mistakes; only to be
brief. 210

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than
you should. 215

York. Take not, good cousin, further than
you should,
Lest you mistake. The heavens are over
our heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
myself

Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle
yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my

Boling. [To Northumberland] Noble lord,
Go to the rude sibs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath

hand,

blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughtered
Yorkishmen.

land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. 220

[*Northumberland advances to the
Castle, with a trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threat'n-
ing drum,

shock
At meeting tears the cloudy checks of
heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I

rain 225
My waters—on the earth, and not on heaven.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees. 25
My wretchedness unto a row of pines,
They will talk of state, for every one doth so
Against a change : woe is forerun with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire.]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling
apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal
weight ; 31
Give some supportance to the bending
twigs.

Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government. 36
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds which without profit
suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a
pale, 40

Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole
land,

Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit trees all unprun'd, her hedges
ruin'd, 45

Her knots disordered, and her wholesome
herbs

Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf ;
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves
did shelter, 50

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Boling-
broke—

I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead ?
Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. O, what pity
is it 55

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his
land

As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our
fruit trees,

Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself ; 60
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to
taste

Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live ;
Had he done so, himself had borne the
crown, 65

Which waste of idle hours hath quite
thrown down.

Serv. What, think you the King shall
deposed ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and
pos'd

'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came
night

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death that
want of speaking !

[Coming forward]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress
garden,

How dares thy harsh rude tongue speak
this displeasing news ?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggest'd
thee

To make a second fall of cursed man ?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed ?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing
earth,

Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when,
and how,

Cam'st thou by this ill tidings ? Say,
thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam ; little
have I

To breathe this news ; yet what I speak
true.

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes both
weigh'd.

In your lord's scale is nothing but his
And some few vanities that make him
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke

Besides himself, are all the English peers
And with that odds he weighs King Richard
down.

Post you to London, and you will find
I speak no more than every one doth know

Queen. Nimble mischance, that
light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me
And am I last that knows it ? O, how
thinkest

To serve me last, that I may longest
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies

To meet at London London's king in
What, was I born to this, that my sad
Should grace the triumph of great Boling-
broke ?

Gard'ner, for telling me these news of
Pray God the plants thou graft'st
never grow !

[Exit Queen and Ladies]

Gard. Poor Queen, so that thy
might be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy
Here did she fall a tear ; here in this
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace

Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall
seen,

In the remembrance of a weeping queen
[Exit]

head;

For on my heart they tread now whilst
I live,

And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted
cousin!

We'll make foul weather with despised
tears;

Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer
corn

And make a dearth in this revolting land.

lies

Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with
ing eyes,

Would not this ill do well? Well,
see

I talk but idly, and you laugh at me
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumber-
land,

What says King Bolingbroke? Will his
Majesty

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay

North. My lord, in the base court he doth
attend

To speak with you; may it please you to
come down?

K. Rich. Down, down I come, like
glust'ring Phaethon,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings

grow base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them
grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down,

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his Majesty.

[He kneels down.

My gracious lord—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your
princely knee

To make the base earth proud with kissing
it.

Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am
yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most re-
doubted lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve. They well
deserve to have

That know the strong'st and surest way to
get.

Uncle, give me your hands; nay, dry your

too;

SCENE IV. *The Duke of York's garden.*

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here
in this garden

To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world
is full of ribs

And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in
delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in
grief;

Therefore no dancing, girl; some other
sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do
you good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping
do me good,

And never borrow any tear of the

That Norfolk lies. Here do I throw down
this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour. 85
Boling. These differences shall all rest
under gage
All Norfolk be repeal'd—repeal'd he shall
be
And, through mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories. When he
is return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Car. That honourable day shall never be
seen. 91
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Breaching the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toll'd with works of war, retir'd
himself 96
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, Blshop, is Norfolk dead?
Car. As surely as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet
soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage 103
I'll we assign you to your days of trial.
Enter YORK, attended.
York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come
to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with
willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand. 110
Ascend his throne, descending now from
him—
And long live Henry, fourth of that name! I
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the
regal throne.
Car. Marry, God forbid! 114
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! Then true noblesse
would 119
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's
subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to
hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty, 125
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbend
it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refin'd 130

Should show so heinous, black, obscene a
deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his
king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call
king, 134
Is a soul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy—
The blood of English shall manure the
ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind
confound; 141
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove 146
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you
woe.
North. Well have you argued, sir; and,
for your pains, 150
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the
commons' suit?
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in
common view 155
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.
Boling. Lords, you that here sit under
our arrest,
Procure your snreties for your days of
answer.
Little are we beholding to your love, 160
And little look'd for at your helping hands.
Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and
Officers bearing the regalia.
K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a
king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have
learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my
knee. 165
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men. Were they not
mine?
Did they not sometime cry 'All hail!' to
me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve
thousand, none. 171
God save the King! Will no man say
amen?

Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,

An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty. 267

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a
looking-glass. [Exit an Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper while the
glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torments me ere I
come to hell. 270

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord North-
umberland.

North. The commons will not, then, be
satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied. I'll read
enough,

When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's
myself. 275

Re-enter Attendant with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow
struck

So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds? O flatt'ring
glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity, 280
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the
face

That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the
face

That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Is this the face which fac'd so many follies
That was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?

A brittle glory shineth in this face; 287
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my
face. 291

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath
destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see.
'Tis very true: my grief lies all within; 295
And these external manner of laments

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.

There lies the substance; and I thank thee,
king, 299

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than
a king; 303

For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a
subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from
your sights. 315

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to
the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey! Conveyers
are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[Exit King Richard, some Lords,
and a Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly
set down 319

Our coronation. Lords, prepare yourselves.
[Exit all but the Abbot of West-
minster, the Bishop of Carlisle,
and Auwerle.

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here
beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet
unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as
thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no
plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? 325
Abbot. My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise. 330

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of
tears.

Come home with me to supper; I will
lay

A plot shall show us all a merry day.
[Exit.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. London. A street leading to the
Tower.

Enter the QUEEN, with her Attendants.

Queen. This way the King will come;
this is the way

To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord

Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen. 5

Enter KING RICHARD and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither. Yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,

Am I both priest and clerk? Well then,
amen. 173

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat
to sit.

The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke. 180

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here,
cousin, seize the crown.
Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side
thine.

These accusations, and these grievous
crimes

Committed by your person and your
followers 184

Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

N. Rich. Your cares set up do not push
my cares down. 195

My care is loss of care, by old care done;

whilst that my wickedness hath done
myself,

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your

crown? 200

K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must
nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:

articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears; I
cannot see,

And yet salt water blinds them not so
much 205

state,
With mine own breath release all duteous
oaths; 210

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny.

N. Rich. No more of time, thou haught
insulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no
title—

No, not that name was given me at the
font—

At such the heavy day
winters out,
t name to call

ng of snow, 260
t Bolingbroke
ater drops

letter far off than near, be ne'er the near.
So, count thy way with sighs; I mine
with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the
longest moans. 90

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan,
the way being short,

and piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
since, wedding it, there is such length in
grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly
part; 95

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere
no good part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
that I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this
fond delay.

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
[Exit.]

SCENE II. The Duke of York's palace.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would
tell the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins' coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned hands from
windows' tops 5
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's
head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great
Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his
course, 10

Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee,
Bolingbroke!'

You would have thought the very windows
spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring
eyes

Upon his visage; and that all the walls 15
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Boling-
broke!'

Whilst he, from the one side to the other
turning,

Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's
neck,

Bespake them thus, 'I thank you, country-
men'. 20

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode
he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men

After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage
Are idly bent on him that enters next, 25
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;

Even so, or with much more contempt,
men's eyes

Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried
'God save him!'

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome
home; 29

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and
smiles,

The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose,
steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have
melted, 35

And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm
contents.

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow. 40

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland
now.

I am in Parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king. 45

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the
violets now

That strew the green lap of the new come
spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly
care not.

God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new
spring of time, 50

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to
prime.

What news from Oxford? Do these justs
and triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they
do.

York. You will be there, I know. 54

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs with-
out thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the
writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who see it.
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon
me; 60

It is a matter of small consequence
Which for some reasons I would not have
seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I
mean to see.

And wash him fresh again with true-love
tears.

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did
stand;

Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's
tomb,

And not King Richard; thou most
beauteous inn,

Why should I kneel from out of thee?

Why should I kneel from out of thee?

do not so,

To make my end too sudden. Learn, good
soul,

To think of some desperate happy deed

sweet,

To calm these passions and to end

down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in
shape and mind

Transform'd and weak'n'd? Hath Boling-
broke depos'd

Thine intellect? Hath he been in thy
heart?

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with

rage

To be o'erpow'r'd; and wilt thou, pupil-
like,

takest,

As from my death-bed, thy last living
leave.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire

With good old folks, and let them tell thee
tales

Of woeful ages long ago betid;

And ere thou bid good night, to quit their
griefs

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their

beds;

For why the senseless hands will sym-
pathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-
black,

For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke
is chang'd;

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-
black,

For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke
is chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.

ay to

wherewith

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my
throne,

Though he divide the realm and give thee

throne.

The love of wicked men converts to fear;

That fear to hate; and hate turns one or
both

To worthy danger and deserved death

North. My guilt be on my head, and there
an end.

Take leave, and part; for you must part
forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, you
violate

A twofold marriage—'twixt my crown and

in pomp.

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Halloween or short'st of day

Queen. And must we be divided? Must
we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love,
and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the King
with me.

North. That were some love, but little
policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes thither let
me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make
one wee.

Weep thou for me in France, I

Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,

That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like. 30
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a
beggar,

And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king; 35
Then am I king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But whate'er
I be,

Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be
eas'd 40

With being nothing.

The music plays.

Music do I hear?

Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music
is

When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear 45
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste
me;

For now hath time made me his numb'ring
clock: 50

My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs
they jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the out-
ward watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from
tears.

Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour
it is 55

Are clamorous groans which strike upon my
heart,

Which is the bell. So sighs, and tears, and
groans,

Show minutes, times, and hours; but my
time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack of the
clock. 60

This music mads me. Let it sound no more;
For though it have help madmen to their
wits,

In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard

Is a strange brooch in this all-hating w

Enter a Groom of the stable.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble p

The cheapest of us is, ten groats too de

What art thou? and how comest
hither,

Where no man never comes but that
dog

That brings me food to make misfor
live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy st
King,

When thou wert king; who, travel
towards York,

With much ado at length have gotten l
To look upon my sometimes royal mas
face.

O, how it ern'd my heart, when I behel
In London streets, that coronation-da

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barba
That horse that thou so often hast bes

That horse that I so carefully have dres

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell
gentle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd
ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke
on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my r
hand;

This hand hath made him proud with
ping him.

Would he not stumble? would he not
down,

Since pride must have a fall, and break
neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his ba
Forgiveness, horse! Why do I rail on t

Since thou, created to be aw'd by ma
Wast born to bear? I was not ma

horse;

And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd, by jaun

Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper with meat.

Keeper. Fellow, give place; here is
longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time t
wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not,
my heart shall say. 11

Keeper. My lord, will't please you to fal

K. Rich. Taste of it first as thou art v
to do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pier
Exton,

Who lately came from the King, comm
the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of l
caster and thee!

I fear, I fear—

Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he
ent'red into

For my apparel (which the Duke had)

York. Away fond woman! were he

Treason,

Duch.

York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon
his horse;

Contentment and rest hath he, him to sit, 'tis

troth,

I—

matter, Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no
more

Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto
the King.

His Man enters with his boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy
thou art amaz'd.

Hence, villain! never more come in
sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Tastle.

PERCY, and

Boling. Can no man tell me of my
unthrifty son?

'Tis full three months since I did see him
last

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be
found.

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns
there,

For there they haunt, both day and night

And beat our watch and rob our passengers,

time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine
age

And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacra-

the Prince,

And told him of those triumphs held at
Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the
stews,

And from the common'st creature pluck a
glove

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<p>KING HENRY THE FOURTH. HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, } PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, } <i>sons of</i> EARL OF WESTMORELAND, } <i>Henry IV.</i> SIR WALTER BLUNT, } <i>friends of the</i> THOMAS PERCY, EARL OF WORCESTER. } <i>King.</i> HENRY PERCY, EARL OF NORTHUMBER- LAND. HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son. EDMUND MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH. ARCHIBALD, EARL OF DOUGLAS. SCROOP, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. SIR MICHAEL, friend of the Archbishop. OWEN GLENDOWER. SIR RICHARD VERNON.</p>	<p>SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, } POINS, } <i>irregular</i> BARDOLPH, } <i>humorists.</i> PETO, GADSHILL, LADY PERCY, wife of Hotspur and sister Mortimer. LADY MORTIMER, wife of Mortimer and daughter of Glendower. HOSTESS QUICKLY, of the Boar's Head Eastcheap. Lords, Officers, Attendants, Sheriff, Vin- ner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carrier, Travellers.</p>
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THE SCENE : *England and Wales.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I: *London. The palace.*

Enter the KING, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 Find we a time for frighted peace to pant
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
 To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes
 Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks
 March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore,
 friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ—
 Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight—
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,

Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
 To chase these pagans in those holy fields
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were
 nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose now is twelvemonth
 old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go ;
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me
 hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our Council did decree
 In forwarding this dear expedience.
West. My liege, this haste was hot
 question
 And many limits of the charge set down ;
 But yesternight, when all aflow'ard they
 came
 A post from Wales laden with heavy news
 Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman
 taken,
 A thousand of his people butchered ;
 Upon whose dead corpse there was such
 misuse,
 Such beastly shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
 Without much shame re-told or spoken of
King. It seems then that the tidings of
 this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land
West. This match'd with other did, my
 gracious Lord ;

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Help, help, help

The murderers, EXTON and BELVAINS, ¹⁰⁰
in, armed.

K. Rich. How now! What means death
in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's
instrument.

[Snatching a weapon and killing one.]

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy
fierce hand

Hath with the King's blood stain'd the
King's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on
high;

we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceter in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we
hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

What is the news?

And to thy worth will add
gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent
to London

forget;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of
Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy

Choose out some secret place, some
reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy
life;

So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from
strife;

Boing. They love not poison that do
poison need.

Nor do I thee. Though I did wish him
dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy
labour,

But neither my word nor princely

That blood should conklike me to make me
what I do lament,

here
In weeping after this untimely bier

[Exit.]

moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most absolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Pal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a huff Jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Pal. How now, how now, mad wag! What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a huff Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Pal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning; many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Pal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Pal. Yea, and so w'd it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus subb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Pal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge!

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Pal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as walking in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Pal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Shlood, I am as melancholy as a gill cat or a lugg'd bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Pal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor Ditch?

Pal. Thou hast the most unsavoury smiles, and art indeed the most comparative, rascallest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the Council

rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I mark'd him not; and yet talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Pal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint! Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal: God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By thy Lord, an I do not I am a villain! I'll damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Pal. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad: I'll make one. An I do not, call me villain and handle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee—from praying to purse-taking.

Pal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

Poins.—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? 'Tis in the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack, how agree the devil and thee about thy soul; that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cut of Madelra and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word—the devil shall have his bargain; for he will never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock early, at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap. We may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

For more uneven and unwelcome news ³⁰ | To his own use he keeps; and sends me
 Came from the north, and thus it did | word,

At Holmedon met, ⁵⁵ | up
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody | The crest of youth against your dignity.
 hour; | King. But I have sent for him to answer

Stain'd horse,
 with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ⁶⁵ | SCENE II London. The Prince's lodging.
 ours; | Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and SIR JOHN
 And he hath brought us smooth and | FALSTAFF
 Fal. Now, Ha!, what time of day is it,

On ^{see} Holmedon's plains; of prisoners, ⁷⁰ | demand that truly which thou wouldest
 truly know. What a devil hast thou to do
 with the time of the day? Unless hours

Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil?
 A gallant price? Ha, cousin, is it not?
 West, in faith, | day,

Who is ^{plant;} sweet Fortune's minion and her ^{pride;} | will serve to be prologue to an egg and

lay, | men of the shade, minions of the moon;

And that same greatness too which our own hands

Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord—

King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see 15

Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,

And majesty might never yet endure

The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us; when we need 20

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Worcester.*]

You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took, were, as he says, not with such strength denied 25

As is delivered to your Majesty. Either envy, therefore, or misprision

Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember when the fight was done, when I was dry with rage and extreme toll, 31

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home. 35

He was perfum'd like a milliner, and 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon he gave his nose and took't away again;

Who therewith angry, when it next came there, 40

Took it in snuff—and still he smil'd and talk'd—

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, he call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse betwixt the wind and his nobility. 45

With many holiday and lady terms he questioned me: amongst the rest, demanded

My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf. I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,

To be so pest' red with a poplnjay, out of my grief and my impatience

Answer'd neglectingly I know not what—He should, or he should not—for he made me mad

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman 55

Of guns, and drums, and wounds—Go save the mark!—

And telling me the sovereignest thing o' earth

Was parmaceti for an inward bruise; And that it was great pity, so it was, This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd 6

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd

So cowardly; and but for these vile gun He would himself have been a soldier. This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord, 6

I answered indirectly, as I said; And I beseech you, let not his report Come current for an accusation

Betwixt my love and your high Majesty. *Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my lord, 71

Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said To such a person, and in such a place, At such a time, with all the rest re-told, May reasonably die, and never rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach 72

What then he said, so he unsay it now. *King.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,

But with proviso and exception— That we at our own charge shall ransom straight 79

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer; Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd The lives of those that he did lead to fight

Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower, Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then, 85

Be emptied to redeem a traitor home? Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears, When they have lost and forfeit themselves?

No, on the barren mountains let him starve; For I shall never hold that man my friend Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost 91

To ransom home revolted Mortimer. *Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege, But by the chance of war; to prove that true, 95

Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds, Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank, In single opposition hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an hour 100

In changing hardiment with great Glendower. Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at
and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Points. You will, chops? 157

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who?—I rob, I a thief? Not I,
my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood,
good fellowship in thee, nor thou
st not of the blood royal, if thou
not stand for ten shillings. 158

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll
a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry
home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then,
art king. 159

Prince. I care not.

Points. Sir John, I prithee, leave the
Prince and me alone; I
much reasons for this a
shall go.

Fal. Well, God give
persuasion, and hum the
that what thou speakest

shall find me in Eastcheap. 161

Prince. Farewell, thou letter spring!
Farewell, All-hallow summer!

setting forth?

Points. Why, we will set forth before or
after them, and appoint them a place of
meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to
fall; and then will they adventure upon
the exploit themselves; which they shall
have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon
them. 162

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will
know us by our horses, by our habits, and
by every other appointment,
selves.

Points. Tut! our horses they
see—I'll tie them in the wood;
we will change after we leave them; and,
sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the
nonce, to unmask our noted outward
garments. 163

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be
too hard for us.

Points. Well, for two of them, I know

them to be as true-bred cowards as ever
turn'd back; and for the thurd, if he fight
longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear
arms. The virtue of this jest will be the
incomprehensible lies that this same fat
rogue will tell us when we meet at supper:
how thirty, at least, he fought with; what
wards, what blows, what extremities he
endured; and in the reproof of this lives
the jest. 164

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee. Provide
us all things necessary, and meet me to-
morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup.
Farewell. 165

Points. Farewell, my lord. [Exit Points.

Prince. I knew you all, and will awhile
uphold

The unyox'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun. 166

for come, 169

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off

SCENE III. London. The palace.

Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WOR-
CESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
with Others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and
temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly

young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the
proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign lege, little
deserves

The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it—

As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim.

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs 197

To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap 201

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drown'd honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear 206

Without corrival all her dignities.

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here, 209

But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not. 215

I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep, 221
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer', and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion. 226

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince
of Wales— 230

But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance—

I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend. 235

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt
scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, where hear

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time—what do you call
place?—

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire
'Twas where the madcap duke his un
kept—

His uncle York—where I first bow'd
knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke
'Sblood!

When you and he came back from Rav
purgh—

North. At Berkeley Castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did pro
me!

'Look when his infant fortune came
age'

And 'gentle Harry Percy' and 'k
cousin'—

O, the devil take such cozeners!
forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale—I have done

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, if fa

Wor. Then once more to your Scot
prisoners:

Deliver them up without their rans
straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only m
For powers in Scotland; which, for div
reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assu
Will easily be granted. [*To North*] You,
lord,

Your son in Scotland being thus employ
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristow, the L
Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I kr
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it. Upon my life, it will
well.

North. Before the game is afoot th
still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be
noble plot.

And then the power of Scotland and
York

To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor.

And so they sh

Who then, affrighted with their bloody
looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds;¹⁰⁵
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant com-
batants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such
wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer

He never did encounter with Glendower,
I tell thee¹¹⁵
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, hence-
forth
I'll not here speak of Mortimer.

North. He was: I heard the proclama-
tion;
And then it was when the unhappy King—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set
forth

That wish'd him on the barren mountains
starve.
But shall it be that you that set the crown
161

Proclaim my brother, Edmund Mortimer,
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it,
Hol. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
king.

That wish'd him on the barren mountains
starve.
But shall it be that you that set the crown
161

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hol. Speak of Mortimer!¹³⁰
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my
soul

rose,¹²⁵
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolling-
broke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further
spoken

gone?
Hol. He will, forsooth, have all my
prisoners;¹⁴⁰
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd
pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of
death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer
Wor, I cannot blame him: was not he
proclaim'd¹⁴⁵
The Richard that dead is the next of blood?

tempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and
night
To answer all the debt he owes to you¹⁵⁵
Even with the bloody payment of your
deaths.
Therefore I say—
Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dan-
gerous of peril and adventurous

which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot landrakers, no long-staff six-penny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hu'd malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. And yet, zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? Will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Ciam. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The highway, near Gadshill.

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins! And be hang'd!

Poins. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accus'd to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd. It could not be else: I have drunk medicines.

Poins! Hal! A plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three-score and ten mile afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not beamine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest: thou art not colted; thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Hang thyself in thine own heir apparent garters. If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made of you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is set forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH and PETO with him.

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou need'st him,

Hof. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us
speed,

To save our he:
For, bear ourse
The King will
debt,

And think we

Till he hath fou

And can already know the death

First Car. What, ostler! come away, and
be hang'd; come away.

deed as drink to break the pate on
I am a very villain. Come, and be
Hast no faith in thee? 30

Enter GADSHILL.

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

Good morrow, carriers. What's
o'clock?

short
Till fields and blows and
our sport!

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you
mean to come to London? 41

ACT TWO

great charge. [Exeunt Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [Within] At hand, quoth pick-
purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand,

SCENE I. Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most
villainous house in all London road for

Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck. 46
Cham. No, I'll none of it; I pray thee

And given my treasures and my rights of
 thee 42
 To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melan-
 choly ?
 In thy falst slumbers I by thee have
 watch'd,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars ;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding
 steed ; 46
 Cry ' Courage ! To the field ! ' And thou
 hast talk'd
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, 50
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the currents of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy
 brow 55
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream ;
 And in thy face strange motions have
 appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their
 breath
 On some great sudden hest. O, what
 portents are these ? 59
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.
 Hot. What, ho !

Enter a Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?
 Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.
 Hol. Hath Butler brought those horses
 from the sheriff ?
 Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought
 even now. 65
 Hol. What horse ? A roan, a crop-car, is
 it not ?
 Serv. It is, my lord.
 Hol. That roan shall be my throne.
 Well, I will back him straight. O esperance!
 Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord. 70
 Hol. What say'st thou, my lady ?
 Lady. What is it carries you away ?
 Hol. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
 Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape !
 A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen 75
 As you are toss'd with. In faith,
 I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
 I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
 About his title and hath sent for you 79
 To linc his enterprise ; but if you go—
 Hol. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
 Lady. Come, come, you paraquito,
 answer me
 Directly unto this question that I ask.
 In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
 An If thou wilt not tell me all things true.
 Hol. Away. 86
 Away, you rissler ! Love, I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate ; this is no worl
 To play with mammets and to tilt with lips
 We must have bloody noses and crack'
 crowns, 5
 And pass them current too. God's me, m'
 horse !
 What say'st thou, Kate ? what would
 thou have with me ?
 Lady. Do you not love me ? Do you not
 indeed ?
 Well, do not, then ; for since you love m
 not, 9
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?
 Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
 Hol. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?
 And when I am o' horseback, I will swea
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate
 I must not have you henceforth question
 me 104
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts.
 Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate
 I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
 Than Harry Percy's wife ; constant you
 are, 105
 But yet a woman ; and for secrecy,
 No lady closer ; for I well believe
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not
 know,
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
 Lady. How, so far ? 110
 Hol. Not an inch further. But hark you,
 Kate :
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
 Will this content you, Kate ?
 Lady. It must, of force. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. Eastcheap. The Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter the PRINCE, and POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that
 fat room and lend me thy hand to laugh
 a little.
 Poins. Where hast been, Hal ?
 Prince. With three or four loggerheads
 amongst three or fourscore hogsheds. I
 have sounded the very base-string of
 humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a
 leash of drawers and can call them all by
 their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and
 Francis. They take it already upon their
 salvation that though I be but Prince of
 Wales yet I am the king of courtesy ; and
 tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like
 Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle,
 a good boy—by the Lord, so they call me—
 and when I am King of England I shall
 command all the good lads in Eastcheap.
 They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet ;
 and when you breathe in your watering,
 they cry ' hem ! ' and bid you play it off.
 To conclude, I am so good a proficient in

there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince. [Aside to Poins] Ned, where are

SCENE III. Warkworth Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR solus, reading a letter.

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there. in

First Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy (take is dangerous)—why, that's certain:

villains' thro,
pillars! bacon
youth. Down

Trav. O, w
ours for ever!

Fal. Hang

undone? No,

store were her'

knaves! young men must live,

grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure

[Here they rob them

them. Exeunt.

Re-enter the PRINCE and POINS
in buckram.

Prince. The thieves have bound
men. Now, could thou and I
thieves and go merrily to London,
be argument for a' week, laugh
rooeth, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close: I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and
then to horse before day. An the Prince
and Poins be not two arrant cowa
there's no equity stirring. There's
more valour in that Poins than in a
duck

[As they are sharing, the Prince
Poins set upon them.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

month, and are they not some of them set
forward already? What a pagan rascal is
this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now,
in very sincerity of fear and cold heart,

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within
these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus
alone?

So strongly that they dare not meet each
other;

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden
sleep?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks. 113]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's? If thou didst, then behold that compound. 116

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too! There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die wheu thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat and grows old. God help the while! A bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still. 127

Prince. How now, woolsack! What mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales! 132

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? Answer me to that—and Poin's there? 136

Poin's. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders—you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drunk to-day. 145

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All is one for that. [He drinks] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter? 150

Fal. What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us. 155

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet,

four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man—all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness. 161

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound. 170

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and they come in the other. 171

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, there am I no two-legg'd creature. 181

Prince. Pray God you have not murd'ered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have paid—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me— 185

Prince. What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poin's. Ay, ay, be said four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus. 191

Prince. Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poin's. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. [Aside to Poin's] Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon. 201

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of— 205

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poin's. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid. 211

quarter of an hour that I can drink
 my fingers in his own treatment.

Fran. My lord?

65

Prince. With these and other things.

Outside. A knocking & talking.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into
 the Pomgarret, Ralph.

36

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve,
 Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much
 as to—

40

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a lone

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then
 open the door. [Exit Vintner] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of
 the thieves are at the door. Shall we be
 merry?

85

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But
 hark ye: what cunning match have you
 made with this jest of the drawer? Come,
 what's the issue?

85

Prince. I am now of all humours that

he.

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my

some six or seven dozen of Scots at a
 breakfast, washes his hands, and says to

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis;
 but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o'
 Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou
 wilt. But, Francis—

[Enter FALSTAFF, CAUDLEY, and
 POINS; followed by FRANCIS with

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where ha'
 been?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend ?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter. 316

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast ! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee ? 319

Fal. My own knee ! When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist : I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad. Here was Sir John Bracy from your father : you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him ?

Poins. O, Glendower. 330

Fal. Owen, Owen—the same ; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular— 334

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying ?

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him ; he will not run. 340

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running !

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo ; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct. 345

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stol'n away to-night ; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news ; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mack'rel. 350

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred. 353

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true : it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard. Thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that sprit Percy, and that devil Glendower ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? Doth not thy blood thrill at it ? 360

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith ; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-

morrow when thou comest to thy father. thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, a examine me upon the particulars of my li-

Fal. Shall I ? Content ! This chair sh be my state, this dagger my sceptre, a this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a join stool, thy golden sceptre for a lead dagger, and thy precious rich crown fo pitiful bald crown !

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be quite out of thee, now shalt thou be move Give me a cup of sack to make my cy look red, that it may be thought I ha wept ; for I must speak in passion, and will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand as nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, faith !

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for tricki tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds countenance !

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey n trustful queen ;

For tears do stop the floodgates of her ey

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one these harlotry players as ever I see !

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot ; peace, go ticke-brain.—Harry, I do not only mar where thou spendest thy time, but also lo thou art accompanied ; for though t camemile, the more it is trodden on t faster it grows, yet youth, the more it wasted the sooner it wears. That thou a my son I have partly thy mother's wor partly my own opinion, but chiefly villainous trick of thine eye, and a scell hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warra me. If then thou be son to me, here l the point : why, being son to me, art th so pointed at ? Shall the blessed sun heaven prove a micher and eat bla berries ? A question not to be ask'd. Sh the son of England prove a thief and ta purses ? A question to be ask'd. There a thing, Harry, which thou hast oft heard of, and it is known to many in e land by the name of pitch. This pitch, ancient writers do report, doth defile ; doth the company thou keepest ; for, Har now I do not speak to thee in drink, but tears ; not in pleasure, but in passion ; n in words only, but in woes also. And y there is a virtuous man whom I have oft noted in thy company, but I know not l name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it li your Majesty ?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and corpulent ; of a cheerful look, a pleas

Prince. These lies are like their father
 that begets them—gross as a mountain,
 open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd
 But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have
 the money. Hostess, clap to the doors.
 Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants,

this?
Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your

Enter Hostess.

In base comparisons, hear me speak but
 this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four,
 and bound them and were masters of their
 wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall
 upon instant; you will not touch the true
 prince; no, fie!
Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others
 run.
Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest,
 how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

or any thing he shall be charg'd withal ;
 and so let me entreat you leave the house.
Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
 have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.
Prince. It may be so ; if he have robb'd these men
 e shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.
Sher. Good night, my noble lord. 505
Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not ?
Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.
Prince. This oily rascal is known as well ; Paul's. Go, call him forth. 509
Peto. Falstaff ! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.
Prince. Hark how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certain papers] What hast thou found ?
Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord. 515
Prince. Let's see what they be : read them.
Peto. [Reads]
 tem, A capon - - - - 2s. 2d.
 tem, Sauce - - - - 4d.
 tem, Sack, two gallons - - 5s. 8d.
 tem, Anchovies and sack after supper - - - - 2s. 6d.
 tem, Bread - - - - ob.
Prince. O monstrous ! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack ! What there is else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this at rogue a charge of foot ; and I know his leath will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so, good morrow, Peto. 530
Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Wales. Glendower's castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.
Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
 And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
 Will you sit down ?
 And uncle Worcester—a plague upon it ! I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is.
 Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
 For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
 A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10
Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears
 Owen Glendower spoke of.
Glend. I cannot blame him : at my nativity
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
 Of burning cressets ; and at my birth 15
 The frame and huge foundation of the earth
 Shaked like a coward.
Hot. Why, so it would have done
 at the same season if your mother's cat had
 but kitten'd, though yourself had never
 been born. 20
Glend. I say the earth did shake when I
 was born.
Hot. And I say the earth was not of my
 mind,
 If you suppose as fearing you it shook.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the
 earth did tremble.
Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the
 heavens on fire, 25
 And not in fear of your nativity.
 Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
 In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth
 Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
 By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30
 Within her womb ; which, for enlargement
 striving,
 Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples
 down
 Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your
 birth,
 Our grandam earth, having this distemp'ra-
 ture,
 In passion shook.
Glend. Cousin, of many men 35
 I do not bear these crossings. Give me
 leave
 To tell you once again that at my birth
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the
 herds
 Were strangely clamorous to the frightened
 fields. 40
 These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
 And all the courses of my life do show
 I am not in the roll of common men.
 Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
 That chides the banks of England, Scot-
 land, Wales, 45
 Which calls me pupil or hath read to me ?
 And bring him out that is but woman's son
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
 And hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think there's no man speaks better
 Welsh. I'll to dinner. 51
Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will
 make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty
 deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man ;

eye, and a most noble carriage; an
 think, his age some fifty, or, by
 inclining to three-score. And now
 member me, his name is Falstaff.

Peto,
 ut, for
 alstaff,
 staff—

Fal. And here I stand. Judge, my
 masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are
 grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.
 Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, I
 faith.

Prince. Swarest thou, ungracious boy?
 Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art

ALL LEAVE AND REVERENCE

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord! 469

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides
 upon a fiddle-stick; what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are
 at the door; they are come to search the
 house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a
 true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art
 essentially made, without seeming so. 476

Prince. And thou a natural coward;

beastliness, that swell'n parcel of dropsies,
 that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd

plague on my blinging up; I hope
 shall as soon be strang'd with a halter as
 another. 481

bearded Satan.

Hath followed certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men? 491

Sher. One of them is well known, my
 gracious lord—

A gross fat man

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not

loy'd

495

thee

?

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal ;
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen ⁵⁰¹
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so ; if he have robb'd these men

He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

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Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.

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Prince. Hark how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certain papers] What hast thou found ?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord. ⁵¹⁵
Prince. Let's see what they be : read them.

Peto. [Reads]

Item, A capon	-	-	-	2s.	2d.
Item, Sauce	-	-	-	-	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons	-	-	-	5s.	8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper	-	-	-	2s.	6d.
Item, Bread	-	-	-	-	ob.

Prince. O monstrous ! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack ! What there is else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so, good morrow, Peto. ⁵³⁰

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

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Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him : at my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shap Of burning cressets ; and at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have do at the same season if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity. Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming ear Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind Within her womb ; which, for enlargement

striving, Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemp'rance,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth The front of heaven was full of fiery shap

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightful fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men. Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,

Which calls me pupil or hath read to me And bring him out that is but woman's sense

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vast deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man

But will they come when you do call for them ?	55	<i>Hot.</i> Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,	
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.		up,	101
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,	60	And here the smug and silver Trent shall run	
And I'll be sworn I have power him hence		In a new channel, fair and evenly ;	ident
O, while you live, tell truth, and s devil !			105
<i>Morf.</i> Come, come, no more of this un- profitable chat.		<i>Morf.</i> Yea, but	you
<i>Glend.</i> Three times hath Henry Bohg- broke made head		Mark how he bears his course and runs me up	
Against my power; th of Wye		With like a d'vantage on the other side,	
And sandy-bottom'd ! hum			
And all the fertile land within that bound, To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you	75	as you,	
The remnant northward lying off from Trent,		For I was train'd up in the English court ; Where, being hut young, I framed to the harp	
To meet your father and the Scottish power,	85	Many an English ditty lovely well, And gave the tongue a helpful ornament— tue that was never seen in you.	126
		Marry,	
		I am glad of it with all my heart ! rather be a kitten and cry mew one of these same metre ballad- mongers ;	130
		I had rather hear a brazen canstick turo'd, Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ; And that ere it eat out teeth nothing on	
no leave ; For there will be a world of water shed Upon the parting of your wives and you.	95	<i>Glend.</i> The moon shines fair ; you may away by night ; I'll haste the writer, and withal	me, 140 we be

Break with your wives of your departure
hence.

I am afraid my daughter will run mad, ¹⁴⁵
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross
my father!

Hol. I cannot choose. Sometime he
angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the
ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish, ¹⁵¹

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what:

He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names

That were his lackeys. I cried 'hum' and
'well, go to'

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as
tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife; ¹⁶⁰
Worse than a smoky house; I had rather
live

With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited ¹⁶⁶

In strange concealments; valiant as a
lion,

And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect, ¹⁷⁰
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour; faith,
he does.

I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have
done ¹⁷⁴

Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
blame;

And since your coming hither have done
enough

To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this
fault; ¹⁸⁰

Though sometimes it show greatness,
courage, blood—

And that's the dearest grace it renders
you—

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,

Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a
stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation. ¹⁸⁹

Hol. Well, I am school'd: good manners
be your speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our
leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with LADY MORTIMER
and LADY PERCY.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers
me:

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: 'she'll not
part with you; ¹⁹⁴

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and
my aunt Percy

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and
she answers him in the same.

Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish,
self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion
can do good upon.

[The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks: that
pretty Welsh ²⁰⁰

Which thou pourest down from these
swelling heavens

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[The Lady speaks again in Welsh.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation; ²⁰⁶

But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learnt thy language; for thy
tongue.

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly
penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bow'r,
With ravishing division, to her lute. ²¹⁰

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she
run mad.

[The Lady speaks again in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton
rushes lay you down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth
you, ²¹⁶

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,

Making such difference 'twixt wake and
sleep

As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd
team ²²⁰

Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear
her sing;

By that time will our book, I think, be
drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from
hence, ²²⁶

And straight they shall be here; sit, and
attend.

But will they come when you do call for them? 53

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land

broke made I
Against my power;
of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd
lum

Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

And on this north side win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will it. 115

It will not have it all' red.

Will not you?

'So, nor you shall not.

Who shall say me nay?

Why, that will I.

me not understand you, then;

Welsh. 120

can speak English, lord, as well

as you,

shore, 76
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward lying off from Trent.

For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp

Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament—

A virtue that was never seen in you 126

O Marry,

I am glad of it with all my heart!

I rather be a kitten and cry mew
one of these same metre ballad-mongers; 130

To meet your father and the Scottish power, 83

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on

me,

140

we be

no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your waves and you. 93

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may
away by night.

I'll haste the water, and withal

Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical, 56
Ne'er seen but wond'ring at, and so my
state,

Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash havin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his
state,

Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools;
Had his great name profaned with their
scorns,

And gave his countenance, against his
name, 65

To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;

Grew a companion to the common streets,
Encoff'd himself to popularity;

That, being daily swallowed by men's
eyes, 70

They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a
little

More than a little is by much too much.

So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo in June, 75
Heard, not regarded, seen, but with such
eyes

As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80
But rather drowz'd and hung their eyelids
down,

Slept in his face, and rend'ring such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutt'd, gorg'd, and
full. 84

And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege

With vile participation. Not an eye
But is awear'y of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee
more;

Which now doth that I would not have
it do— 90

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice-
gracious lord,

Be more myself.

King. For all the world

As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravens-
purgh; 95

And even as I was then is Percy now.

Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;

For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;

And, being no more in debt to years than
thou,

Leads ancient lords and reverend bish
on

To bloody battles and to bruising arms.

What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose h
deeds,

Whose hot incursions, and great name
arms,

Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital

Through all the kingdoms that acknowle
Christ.

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swa
ling clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en h
once,

Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up

And shake the peace and safety of c
throne.

And what say you to this? Percy, Nor
umberland,

The Archbishop's Grace of York, Dougl
Mortimer,

Capitulate against us and are up.

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my nearest and dearest enem
Thou that art like enough, through vas
fear,

Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frow
To show how much thou art degenerate

Prince. Do not think so; you shall
find it so;

And God forgive them that so much ha
sway'd

Your Majesty's good thoughts away fr
me!

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day

Be bold to tell you that I am your son,
When I will wear a garment all of blood,

And stain my favours in a bloody mask
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my sha
with it;

And that shall be the day, when'er
lights,

That this same child of honour and reno
This gallant Hotspur, this all-prai
knight,

And your unthought-of Harry chance
meet.

For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on
head

My shames redoubled! For the time v
come

That I shall make this northern yo
exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,

Hol. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in | I know not whether God will have it so,
Enter Kate Come, Kate, thou art perfect in | I know not whether God will have it so,

Hol. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hol. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. No, God bless the child!

heart?

240 *Prince.* So please your Majesty, I would
I could

I could

SCENE II. London. The palace.

*Enter the KING, the PRINCE OF WALES
and Lords.*

King. Lords, give us leave;
of Wales and I

Must have some private conference; but be
near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

is he';
Others would say 'Where, which is

hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their
mouths,

Even in the presence of the crowned King.

Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical, 56
Ne'er seen but wond'ring at, and so my
state,

Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his
state,

Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools;
Had his great name profaned with their
scorns,

And gave his countenance, against his
name, 65

To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;

Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enscoff'd himself to popularity;

That, being daily swallowed by men's
eyes, 70

They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a
little

More than a little is by much too much.

So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June, 75

Heard, not regarded, seen, but with such
eyes

As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80

But rather drowz'd and hung their eyelids
down,

Slept in his face, and rend'ring such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,

Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and
full. 84

And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege

With vile participation. Not an eye
But is awear' of thy common sight,

Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee
more;

Which now doth that I would not have
it do— 90

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice-
gracious lord,

Be more myself.

King. For all the world

As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravens-
purgh; 95

And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,

He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;

For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;

Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than
thou,

Leads ancient lords and reverend bishop
on

To bloody battles and to bruising arms. 105

What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high
deeds,

Whose hot incursions, and great name in
arms,

Holds from all soldiers chief majority

And military title capital 110

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ.

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathe
ling clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him
once,

Enlarged him and made a friend of him, 115

To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our
throne.

And what say you to this? Percy, North-
umberland,

The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas
Mortimer,

Capitulate against us and are up. 120

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my nearest and dearest enemy
Thou that art like enough, through vast
fear,

Base inclination, and the start of spleen, 125

To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frown

To show how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Do not think so; you shall not
find it so;

And God forgive them that so much have
sway'd 130

Your Majesty's good thoughts away from
me!

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And in the closing of some glorious day

Be bold to tell you that I am your son,

When I will wear a garment all of blood, 135

And stain my favours in a bloody mask,

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame
with it;

And that shall be the day, whene'er
lights,

That this same child of honour and renown

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised
knight, 140

And your unthought-of Harry chance to
meet.

For every honour sitting on his helm,

Would they were multitudes, and on my
head

My shames redoubled! For the time will
come

That I shall make this northern youth
exchange 145

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,

villanous
of me. to
fretful you

sing me a

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

He

to speak of.

no harm.

forward;

On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our
meeting

Is Bridgenorth. And, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which ac-

273
darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill
in the night to catch my horse, if I did not
think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a
ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in

Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fall'n away
wilely since this last action? Do I not
bate? Do I not dwindle? Why, my skin
hangs about me like an old lady's loose

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in
your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure
to be heart-burnt. 30

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! Have

Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
 My presence, like a robe pontifical, 56
 Ne'er seen but wond'ring at, and so my
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 Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast
 And won by rareness such solemnity.
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 My shames redoubled! For the time w
 come
 That I shall make this northern you
 exchange 1
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,

150 beseech your Majesty may save 155 virtuous enough, were little, and not

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt! Thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt, So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

meeting

Is Bridgenorth. And, Harry, you shall march Through Gloucestershire; by which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business. Let's away. Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.

Exit.

SCENE III. Eastcheap. The Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-

think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yeats with fire any time this two and thirty years, God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! Have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was hav'd and lost many a hair, and I'll be worn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you're a woman, go. 60

Host. Who, I? No, I defy thee. God's ight, I was never call'd so in mine own ouse before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough. 63

Host. No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe ne money, Sir John; and now you pick a uarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a ouden of shirts to your back. 67

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas! I have given hem away to bakers' wives; they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, olland of eight shillings an ell. You owe noney here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? Alas, he is poor; he hath nothing. 75

Fal. How! poor? Look upon his face: what call you rich? Let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark. 81

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup. 'Sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so. 86

Enter the PRINCE marching, with PETO; and Falstaff meets him, playing upon his truncheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad! Is the wind in that door, i' faith? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you hear me. 90

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Jack? 98

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket pick'd; this house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack? 100

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? Three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-

mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood, in me else. 112

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go. 115

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! Why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so. 121

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside; thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! Why, an otter. 125

Prince. An otter, Sir John! Why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh: a man knows not where to have her. 128

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound. 134

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! A million. Thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph? 140

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper. Darest thou be as good as thy word now? 144

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break. 152

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine—it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of

of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come
to speak of.

the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you
no harm.

I make as good

doth of a death's

I never see thy

flame, and Dives

If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever off' red foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set
forth to-day,

that lived in purple; for there he is in his
robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any

way given to virtue, I would swear by thy
face: my oath should be 'By this fire,

God's angel'. But thou art alto-

gether given over, and wert indeed, but for

light in thy face, the son of utter

darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill

On Thursday we ourselves will march

count,

Our business valued, some twelve days
hence

Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall
meet.

Our hands are full of business. Let's away.
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III. Eastcheap. The Boar's Head
Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fall'n away
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an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast

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torches, walking with thee in the night

betwixt tavern and tavern, but the sack
that thou hast drunk we would have

bought me lights as good cheap at the
dearest chandler's in Europe. I have main-

tained that salamander of yours with me
any time this two and thirty years. God

reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in
your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure
to be heart-burnt

Enter Hostess

let the hen! Have
sick'd my pocket?

what do you think,
nik I keep thieves in

each'd, I have in-
band, man by man,

servant. The tithe

That with our small conjunction we should
on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us ;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim
to us.

Hol. A perillous gash, a very limb lopp'd
off.

And yet, in faith, it is not. His present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it
good

To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast ? To set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good ; for therein should we
read

The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet reversion.

We may boldly spend upon the hope of
what

Is to come in.
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hol. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had
been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from
hence ;

And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause ;
For well you know we of the off'ring side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from
whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a
curtain

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hol. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use :
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here ; for men must
think,

If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are
whole.

Doug. As heart can think ; there is not
such a word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hol. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my
soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth
welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand
strong,

Is marching hitherwards ; with him Prince
John.

Hol. No harm ; what more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd
The King himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hol. He shall be welcome too. Where is
his son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales
And his comrades that dash'd the world aside
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms
All plum'd like estridges, that with the
wind

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;

As full of spirit as the month of May
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young
bulls.

I saw young Harry with his heaver on,
His cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd
Rise from the ground like feathered
Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the cloud
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horseman-
ship.

Hol. No more, no more ; worse than the
sun in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them
come.

They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-cy'd maid of smoky war

All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh

And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my
horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down
corse.

O that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen
days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that
hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frost
sound.

bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth

ACT FOUR

Prince. It appears so by the story. 169
Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go make

By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver

back again.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord. 174
Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a

not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord, he is
grievous sick.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John
of Lancaster,

To my brother John; this to my Lord of
Westmoreland. [Exit Bardolph.]

Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-
time. [Exit Peto.]

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple
Hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon; 192
There shalt thou know thy charge, and

bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I
set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians

Wor I would the state of time had first
been whole 25

Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than
now.

Hot. Sick now I droop now! This sickness
doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess,
my breakfast, come I 201

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

[Exit.] So soon be drawn; nor did he think it
meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own. 25

[Exit.] Yet doth he give us bold advertisement

Doug. You give him, then, advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hol. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hol. Ills is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd, stir not to-night. 5

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas; by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honour bid me on, 10

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives;

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content. 15

Hol. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day; 21

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hol. So are the horses of the enemy 25

In general, journey-bated and brought low;

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours.

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King, 30

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hol. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality, 36

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed majesty! 40

But, to my charge. The King hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace

206

Such bold hostility, teaching his dutiful land

Audacious cruelty. If that the King

Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs, and with a speed

You shall have your desires with interest

And pardon absolute for yourself and the
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hol. The King is kind; and well we know
the King

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears

And when he was not six and twenty

strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,

My father gave him welcome to the shore

And when he heard him swear and vow to God

He came hut to be Duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery and beg his peace,

With tears of innocency and terms of zeal

My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,

Swore him assistance, and perform'd it to

Now when the lords and barons of the realm

Percelv'd Northumberland did lean to him

The more and less came in with cap and knee;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;

Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,

Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him the oaths,

Gave him their helms as pages, followed him

Even at the heels in golden multitudes.

He presently—as greatness knows itself—

Steps me a little higher than his vow

Made to my father, while his blood was poor,

Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg; and now,

forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strange decrees

That he too heavy on the commonwealth
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep

Over his country's wrongs; and by the face,

This seeming brow of justice, did he win

The hearts of all that he did angle for;

Proceeded further: cut me off the heads

Of all the favourites that the absent King

In deputation left behind him here,

When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hol. Then to the point

In short time after, he depos'd the King;

Soon after that depriv'd him of his life;

And in the neck of that, task'd the whole

state;

Hot. What must the King's whole battle [Enter] [Exit]

half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A public road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! What a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?

none but good householders, yeomen's sons,

Prince. I did never see such pitiful

my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies—slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs

ness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers in the ribs bare. But, [Exit]

[*Exit.*]

shall

[*Exit.*]

begin-

[*Exit.*]

ucus-

GLAS,

press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor.

It may not be.

And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent 20
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
 Wor. Hear me, my liege:
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours; for I protest 25
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.
 King. You have not sought it! How
 comes it then?
 Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he
 found it.
 Prince. Peace, chawet, peace!
 Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn
 your looks 30
 Of favour from myself and all our house;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your
 friends.
 For you my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time, and posted day and
 night 35
 To meet you on the way and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did
 outdare 40
 The dangers of the time. You swore to us—
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster—
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the
 state,
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n
 right, 44
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster;
 To this we swore our aid. But in short
 space
 It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your
 head;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
 What with our help, what with the absent
 King.
 What with the Injuries of a wanton time, 50
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious winds that held the
 King
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars
 That all in England did repute him dead;
 And from this swarm of fair advantages 55
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand;
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 And being fed by us you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60
 Useth the sparrow—did oppress our nest,
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
 That even our love durst not come near
 your sight
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble
 wing
 We were enforce'd, for safety sake, to fly 65
 Out of your sight, and raise this present
 head;
 Whereby we stand oppos'd by such means
 68

As you yourself have forg'd against your-
 self,
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth 70
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.
 King. These things, indeed, you have
 articulate,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in
 churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour that may please the
 eye 75
 Of sickle changelings and poor discontents,
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation;
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause, 80
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellinell havoc and confusion.
 Prince. In both your armies there is many
 a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
 world 85
 In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
 This present enterprise set off his head,
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active-valliant or more valiant-young
 More daring or more bold, is now alive 90
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so I hear he doth account me too. 95
 Yet this before my father's majesty—
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation,
 And will, to save the blood on either side
 Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100
 King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we
 venture thee,
 Albeit considerations infinite
 Do make against it. No, good Worcester
 no,
 We love our people well; even those we
 love 105
 That are misled upon your cousin's part
 And wile they take the offer of our grace
 Both he and they and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word 110
 What he will do. But if he will not yield
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone
 We will not now be troubled with reply
 We offer fair; take it advisedly.
 [Exeunt Worcester and Vernon
 Prince. It will not be accepted, on my
 life: 115
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.
 King. Hence, therefore, every leader to
 his charge;
 For, on their answer, will we set on them

To make that worse, suff'ring his kinsman
March—

Who is it that hath done this deed?
[Enter Sir Mordake, Vernon, and Lord Harry Percy.]

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon,
Lord Harry Percy.

nd a
35
King

King?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw
awhile.

Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again.
Ar.
Br.

And many more corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be
well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to
fear;

And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael,
speed;

For if I find Percy there, not pass the river.

Hot. And may be so we shall,
Blunt. Pray God you do.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. York. The Archbishop's palace
Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and SIR
MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this
sealed brief

Therefore make haste. I must go write
again.

To other friends; and so farewell, Sir
Michael. [Exeunt severally.]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I The King's camp near Shrewsbury

Enter the KING, the PRINCE OF WALES,
PRINCE HUNTERDO, BUCKINGHAM, SIR WALTER
BLUNT, and SIR MICHAEL.

the sun begins to

The day looks pale

As I am truly given to understand,
The King with mighty and quick-raised
power
Meets with Lord Harry; and I fear, Sir
Michael,

For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[The trumpet sounds.]

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'Tis not

should meet upon such

You have deceiv'd our

If he outlive the envy of this day, 67
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies. Never did I hear 71
Of any prince so wild a liberty.

But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy. 75
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows,
Soldiers, friends,

Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of
tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you. 80
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too
long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour. 85
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with
us!

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the King comes
on apace. 90

Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from
my tale,

For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best. And here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day. 96

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy. 101

[They embrace. The trumpets sound.
Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A plain between the camps.

The KING passes across with his power.
Alarm to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS
and SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle
thus
Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou
seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus

Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true. 6

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day
hath bought

Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King
Harry,

This sword hath ended him. So shall it
thee,

Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou
proud Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at
Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. 15
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breath-
less lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? No: I know this
face full well;

A gallant knight he was, his name was
Blunt;

Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul whither
it goes!

A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear;
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a
king?

Hot. The King hath many marching in
his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all
his coats; 25

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[Exeunt.]

Alarm. Enter FALSTAFF, solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at
London, I fear the shot here: here's no
scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are
you? Sir Walter Blunt. There's honour for
you! Here's no vanity! I am as hot as
molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep
lead out of me! I need no more weight
than mine own bowels. I have led my
ragamuffins where they are pepper'd;
there's not three of my hundred and fifty
left alive, and they are for the town's end,
to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here?
Lend me thy sword.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff 40
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I
prithee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee give me leave to
breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did
such deeds in arms as I have done this day.
I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and Falstaff.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friends' farewell.

Fal. I would all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath

to see him before his day. What need I be

away the grief of a wound? No, honour

is a better sword than any that I have

yet. I will not be so much as to be

loath to see him before his day. What need I be

away the grief of a wound? No, honour

is a better sword than any that I have

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yet. I will not be so much as to be

loath to see him before his day. What need I be

away the grief of a wound? No, honour

is a better sword than any that I have

yet. I will not be so much as to be

loath to see him before his day. What need I be

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,

In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.

Here comes your cousin.

[*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS.*]

Hot. My cousin, I have been

with the King, and he hath

offer'd me a great reward

if I will but do him some

service. I have refused it

because I will not be

buy'd with money. I will

fight for my own honour

and for my country. I will

not be bought with money.

I will fight for my own

honour and for my country.

I will not be bought with

money. I will fight for my

own honour and for my

country. I will not be

bought with money. I will

fight for my own honour

and for my country. I will

not be bought with money.

I will fight for my own

honour and for my country.

I will not be bought with

money. I will fight for my

own honour and for my

country. I will not be

bought with money. I will

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and for my country. I will

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country. I will not be

bought with money. I will

fight for my own honour

and for my country. I will

not be bought with money.

I will fight for my own

honour and for my country.

I will not be bought with

money. I will fight for my

own honour and for my

country. I will not be

bought with money. I will

fight for my own honour

and for my country. I will

not be bought with money.

I will fight for my own

honour and for my country.

Honour is a mere scutcheon. And so ends
my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The rebel camp.*

[*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know,
Sir Richard,

that I have been with the King,

and he hath offer'd me a great

reward if I will but do him some

service. I have refused it

because I will not be

buy'd with money. I will

fight for my own honour

and for my country. I will

not be bought with money.

I will fight for my own

honour and for my country.

I will not be bought with

money. I will fight for my

own honour and for my

country. I will not be

bought with money. I will

fight for my own honour

and for my country. I will

not be bought with money.

I will fight for my own

honour and for my country.

I will not be bought with

money. I will fight for my

own honour and for my

have thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth—

And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did

bear it—

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly

on

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth

before the King,

and he hath offer'd me a great

reward if I will but do him some

service. I have refused it

because I will not be

buy'd with money. I will

fight for my own honour

and for my country. I will

not be bought with money.

I will fight for my own

honour and for my country.

I will not be bought with

money. I will fight for my

own honour and for my

country. I will not be

bought with money. I will

fight for my own honour

and for my country. I will

not be bought with money.

I will fight for my own

honour and for my country.

I will not be bought with

money. I will fight for my

own honour and for my

For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, never so tame, so cherish'd, and
lock'd up,

will bite the hand that feeds him.

I will not be so much as to be

loath to see him before his day. What need I be

away the grief of a wound? No, honour

is a better sword than any that I have

yet. I will not be so much as to be

loath to see him before his day. What need I be

away the grief of a wound? No, honour

is a better sword than any that I have

yet. I will not be so much as to be

loath to see him before his day. What need I be

away the grief of a wound? No, honour

is a better sword than any that I have

Ver. No, by my soul, I never in my life

Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,

Unless a brother should a brother dare

to match against the proof of arms.

I will not be so much as to be

loath to see him before his day. What need I be

away the grief of a wound? No, honour

is a better sword than any that I have

yet. I will not be so much as to be

loath to see him before his day. What need I be

away the grief of a wound? No, honour

is a better sword than any that I have

yet. I will not be so much as to be

loath to see him before his day. What need I be

away the grief of a wound? No, honour

is a better sword than any that I have

spleen.

grace

to share with me in glory any more.
Two stars keep not their motion in one
sphere, 65
nor can one England brook a double reign
of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is
come
to end the one of us; and would to God
thy name in arms were now as great as
mine! 70
Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part
from thee,
and all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
{They fight.

Ruler FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.
Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with Falstaff,
who falls down as if he were dead; Douglas
withdraws. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.
Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of
my youth! 77
better brook the loss of fittle life
than those proud titles thou hast won of
me;
they would my thoughts worse than thy
sword my flesh;
but thoughts, the slaves of life, and life,
thine's fool, 81
and time, that takes survey of all the world,
must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
but that the earthy and cold hand of death
lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art
dust 85
and food for— {Dies.
Prince. For worms, brave Percy. Fare
thee well, great heart!
Well-wear'd ambition, how much art thou
shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound; 90
but now two paces of the vilest earth
is room enough. This earth that bears thee
dead
years not alive so stout a gentleman.
{Thou wert sensible of courtesy, 91
should not make so dear a show of zeal;
but let my labours hide thy mangled face,
and, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
for doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to
heaven!
Thy greatness sleep with thee in the grave,
but not rememb'rd in thy epitaph! 100
{He spits Falstaff on the ground.
What, old acquaintance! Could not all this
flesh
keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee, 105

112

If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by; 105
I'll then in blood by noble Percy lie. {Exit.
Fal. {Rising up} Embowell'd! If thou
embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to
powder me and eat me too to-morrow.
'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that
hot terringant Scot had paid me scot and
lot too. Counterfeit I, I lie, I am no
counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit;
for he is but the counterfeit of a man who
hath not the life of a man; but to counter-
feit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to
be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect
image of life indeed. The better part of
valour is discretion; in the which better
part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am
afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he
be dead; how if he should counterfeit too,
and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he
would prove the better counterfeit. There-
fore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear
I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well
as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and
nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah {slabbing
him}, with a new wound in your thigh,
come you along with me. 128

{He takes up Hotspur on his back.
Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES and PRINCE
JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John, full bravely
hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.
P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art
thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eye-
sight? 131
I prithee speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou
seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a
double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff,
then am I a Jack. There is Percy {throwing
the body down}; if your father will do me
any honour, so; if not, let him kill the
next Percy himself. I look to be either earl
or duke, I can assure you. 141
Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and
saw thee dead.
Fal. Dost thou? Lord, Lord, how this
world is given to lying! I grant you I was
down and out of breath, and so was he;
but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long hour by Shrewsbury clove. If I may
be believ'd, so; if not, let them that should
reward valour bear the sin upon their own
heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave
him this wound in the thigh; if the man

Prince. He is, indeed, and living to kill thee. I prithee lend me thy sword. 47

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me. What, is it in the case? 50

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot 'tis hot: there's the

no

hit

do

me

gri
me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, the PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND.

King. I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleedest too much;

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help; 59

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

The Prince of Wales

this,
Where stain'd nobility

And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland, 55

Our duty thus way lies; for God's sake, come.

[Exit Prince John and Westmoreland

Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster!

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit. Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John.

But now I do respect thee as my soul.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

With justier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy

Leads mettle to us all! [Exit.

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! They grow like Hydra's heads. 25

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colours on them. What art thou,

That count'st self the

30

And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a

king;

But mine I am sure thou art, who'er thou

be,

And thus I win thee.

[They fight, the King being in danger.

Re-enter the PRINCE.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or

thou art like

Never to hold it up again. The spirits 40

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in

injury

And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my

life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God, they did me too much

injury

end 55

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And sav'd the treacherous labour of your

son

King. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir

Nicholas Gawsey [Exit.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry

Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny

my name. 60

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not,

Percy,

were alive, and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;

when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt the Prince and Prince John of Lancaster.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:

SCENE V. Another part of the field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the KING, the PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. Ill-spirited Worcester I did not we send grace,

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. John. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy, Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains—that we divide out power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed

and the prelate

in arms.

you, will towards

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<p>RUMOUR, <i>the Presenter.</i> KING HENRY THE FOURTH. PRINCE OF WALES, <i>afterwards Henry V.</i> PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER. PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER. THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, BISHOP OF YORK. JOHN MOWBRAY, EARL OF HASTINGS, EARL OF BARDOLPH, JOHN COLVILLE, JOHN DEVEREUX, <i>retainers of</i> HERTFORD, <i>Northumberland.</i></p>	<p>} sons of Henry IV. } opposites against King Henry IV. } of the King's party.</p>	<p>SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, EDWARD POINS, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, PETO, Page, <i>to Falstaff.</i> ROBERT SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY, <i>servant to Shallow.</i> FANG, SNARE, } <i>Sheriff's officers.</i> RALPH MOULDY, SIMON SHADOW, THOMAS WART, FRANCIS FEEBLE, PETER BULLCALF, FRANCIS, <i>a drawer.</i></p>	<p>} <i>irregular</i> <i>Humourists.</i> } country Justices. } country soldiers.</p>
<p>EARL OF WARWICK, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, EARL OF SURREY, EARL OF KENT, JOHN DE WER, JOHN DE BOURCHOURT, JOHN DE MONT, JOHN DE CHIEF JUSTICE. Servant, <i>to Lord Chief Justice.</i></p>		<p>LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY, <i>Percy's widow.</i> HOSTESS QUICKLY, <i>of the Boar's Head,</i> <i>Eastcheap.</i> DOLL TEARSHEET. Lords, Attendants, Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, Servants.</p>	

THE SCENE : *England.*

INDUCTION

Northampton. *Before Northumberland's castle.*

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of tongues.*

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop the vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?

From the orient to the drooping west, striking the wind my post-horse, still unfold the acts commenced on this ball of earth. Upon my tongues continual slanders ride, the which in every language I pronounce, stuffing the ears of men with false reports. I speak of peace while covert enmity, under the smile of safety, wounds the world;

And who but Rumour, who but only I, make fearful musters and prepar'd defence, while the big year, swoln with some other grief,

thought with child by the stern tyrant war,

and no such matter? Rumour is a pipe

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures, And of so easy and so plain a stop That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,

The still-discordant wav'ring multitude, Can play upon it. But what need I thus show My well-known body to anatomize Among my household? Why is Rumour here?

I run before King Harry's victory, Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury, Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I

To speak so true at first? My office is To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword, And that the King before the Douglas' rage Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death. This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns

Between that royal field of Shrewsbury And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,

Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learnt of me. From
Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse
than true wrongs. [Exit.]

ACT ONE

SCENE I. Warkworth. Before Northumberland's castle.

Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?
The Porter opens the gate.
Where is the Earl?

And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. How comes the Earl?

North. What news,
Every minute

Should be the father of some stirring news.
The times are wild; contention, like a
horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke
loose

and have down all before him.

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young
Prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the
field;

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the bulk
Sir John,

Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day, so
So fought, so followed, and so fairly
won,

Came not till now to dignify the times,

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely rend' red me these news for true.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Here comes my servant Travers,
whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the
way;

And he is come back with no good news.

North. What news?

L. Bard. He is come back with no good news.

North. What news?

L. Bard. He is come back with no good news.

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North. What news?

L. Bard. He is come back with no good news.

North. What news?

from

zoble

65

Where hateful death put on his ugliest
mask
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy
cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, so
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night
And would have told him half his Troy was
burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st
it. 73
This thou wouldst say: 'Your son did
thus and thus;
Your brother thus; so fought the noble
Douglas'—
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold
deeds;
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all, are
dead'. 75
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother,
yet;
But for my lord your son—
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not
know 75
Hath by instinct knowledge from others'
eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet
speak, Morton;
Tell thou an ear his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me such
wroug. 79
Mor. You are too great to be by me
gainsaid;
Your spirit is too true, your fears too
certain.
North. Yet, for all this, say not that
Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye;
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear
or sin 93
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not that reports his
death;
And he doth sin that doth baffle the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Rememb'ring tolling a departing friend.
L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your
son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry I should force you to
believe 105
That which I would to God I had not
seen;

But these mine eyes saw him in blood
state,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out
breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath
beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 11
From whence with life he never more
sprung up.
In few, his death—whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp—
Being bruited once, took fire and heat
away
From the best-temper'd courage in his
troops;
For from his metal was his party steeled
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy
lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself 11
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with
their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward the
aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at the
safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble
Worcester 12
Too soon taken prisoner; and that furlow
Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labour'd
sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the
King,
Can veil his stomach and did grace the
shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and hid
his flight, 13
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the King hath won, and hath sent
out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news a
full. 13
North. For this I shall have time enough
to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news
Having been well, that would have made
me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me
well;
And as the wretch whose fever-weakness
joins, 14
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs
Weak'ned with grief, being now enrag'd
with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore
thou nice crutch! 14
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel

Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learnt of me. From
Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse
than true wrongs. [Exit.]

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *Warkworth. Before Northumberland's castle.*

Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The Porter opens the gate.

Where is the Earl?

And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the Earl.

(Exit Porter.)

North. What news, Lord Bardolph?

Every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem.

The times are wild; contention, like a

horse

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke

loose

And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble Earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

And Harry Monmouth's hrawn, the hulk
Sir John,

Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so followed, and so fairly
won.

Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Caesar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? Came you from
Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that
came from thence;

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely rend'ed me these news for true.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Here comes my servant Travers,
whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the
way;

me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better
hors'd,

Out-rode me. After him came spurring
hard

With that he gave his able horse the head
And, bending forward, struck his armed
heels

Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,

He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was
cold?

Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met all luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the
day,

Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give you horses. Never talk of it

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a
title-leaf,

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume
So looks the strand whereon the imperious
flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation

Say, Morton, didst thou come from
Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble
lord;

o judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now; but I will inset you either in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel—the juvenal, the Prince our master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. Will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one off his neck; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet. He may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet 't'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Commelton about the satin for my short oak and my slops? 28

Page. He said, sir, you should procure me better assurance than Bardolph. He would not take his hand and yours; he asked not the security. 31

Fal. Let him be damn'd, like the Glutton; pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson chitopher! A rascal-yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking-up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put their sbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I look'd 'a should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph? 45

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy our worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield. An I could get me out a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, curs'd, and wiv'd. 50

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Justice. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the abb'ry? 56

Serv. He, my lord; but he hath since done one good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again. 60

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him. 66

Serv. Sir John!

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the King lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir. 74

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so. 77

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man. 81

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter. Hence! Avaunt! 85

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad. I heard say your lordship was sick; I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury. 96

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty. You would not come when I sent for you. 100

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fall'n into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you let me speak with you. 104

Fal. This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling. 107

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? Be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief,

Must glove this hand; and hence, thou
sickly colf!

Mor. 'Tis more than time. And, my most
noble lord,

The ragged'st hour that time a-
bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd
land!

Let heaven kiss earth! ?
Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order
die!

As men drink potions; that their weapons
only
Seem'd on our side, but for their spirits and
souls
This word 'rebellion'—it had froze them
up,

wrong, my lord.
Mor. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom
from your honour,
The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you
give o'er

mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pemfret
stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his
cause;

surmise
That in the dole of blows your son might
drop.
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an
edge,

This present grief had wip'd it from my
mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge.
Get posts and letters, and make friends
with speed—
Never so few, and never yet more need. 215
[Exit.]

Would lift him where most trade of danger
rang'd;
Yet did you say 'Go forth'; and none
of this, 175
Though strongly apprehended, could re-
strain
The stiff-borne action. What hath then
befall'n.

SCENE II. London. A street.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page
bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the
doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a
good healthy water; but for the party

And since we are o'erset, venture again. 185
Come you will all out forth his hand and words

put thee into my service for a other
reason than to set me off a bit of

with a rust than to be scoured to nothing
with perpetual motion. 207

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest;
and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a
thousand pound to furnish me forth? 211

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you
are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you
well. Commend me to my cousin Westmore-
land. [*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man
beetle. A man can no more separate age
and covetousness than 'a can part young
limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the
one, and the pox pinches the other; and
so both the degrees prevent my curses.
Boy!

Page. Sir? 220

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this
consumption of the purse; borrowing only
lingers and lingers it out, but the disease
is incurable. Go bear this letter to my
Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince;
this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this
to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly
sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first
white hair of my chin. About it; you
know where to find me. [*Exit Page*] A pox
of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for
the one or the other plays the rogue with
my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt;
I have the wars for my colour, and my
pension shall seem the more reasonable. A
good wit will make use of anything. I will
turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. York. The Archbishop's palace.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP, THOMAS MOWBRAY
the Earl Marshal, LORD HASTINGS
and LORD BARDOLPH.*

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and
known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes—
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our
arms;

But gladly would be better satisfied
How, in our means, we should advance
ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the
file

To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom
burns

With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hast-
ings, standeth thus:

Whether our present five and twent
thousand

May hold up head without Northumb
land?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point
But if without him we be thought to
feeble,

My judgment is we should not step to
far

Till we had his assistance by the hand;

For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids incertain, should not be admitted

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; fo
indeed

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'
himself with hope,

Eating the air and promise of supply,
Flatt'ring himself in project of a power

Much smaller than the smallest of hi
thoughts;

And so, with great imagination

Proper to madmen, led his powers to death

And, winking, leapt into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet di
hurt

To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope

L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality o
war—

Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot—
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring

We see th' appearing buds; which to prov
fruit

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean

to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw th
model;

And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection

Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the mode

In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this grea

work—

Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up—should we survey

The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,

Question surveyors, know our own estate
How able such a work to undergo—

To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,

Using the names of men instead of men
Like one that draws the model of a house

Beyond his power to build it; who, hal
through,

Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds

And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes—yet likely
of fair birth—

from study, and perturbation of the brain.
I have read the cause of his effects in
Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

will take me without weighing. And yet in
some respects, I grant, I cannot go—I
cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in

... youth
only
and
sand

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices. 39

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? What's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph. Cut me off the villain's head. Throw the quean in the channel. 45

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastarding rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honeysuckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller and a woman-queller. 51

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wot, wot thou! thou wot, wot ta? Do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Page. Away, you scullion! you rumpallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe. 55

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and his Men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? Keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me. 61

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.

Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou upon him? 65

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum? 69

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all—all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his. But I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee a nights like the mare. 74

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? And what man of good temper would Of great tumult of exclamation? Are

burns to enforce a poor widow with an incensed fire of wrath, by her own?

Bard. The question then, that I owe ings, standeth thus: 81

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whceson week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? Coming in to horrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and hid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy hook-oath. Deny it, if thou canst. 95

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them. 100

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practis'd upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person. 110

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance. 115

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable holdness impudent sauciness; if a man will make curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty rememb'ed, I will not be your suitor. I say to you I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs. 120

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in th' effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither hostess. 125

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Should be still-horn, and that we now
possess'd

The utmost man of expectation, 63
I think we are so a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

L. Bard. What, is the King hut five and
twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much,
Lord Bardolph;

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70
Are in three heads: one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower; perforce a
third

Must take up us. So is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness, 75

Arch. That he should draw his several
strengths together

After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke, 105
Crest now 'O earth, yield us that king
again,

And take thou this! 'O thoughts of men
accurs'd!

Past and to come seems best; things
present, worst.

Mouh. Shall we go draw our numbers,
and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time
hids he gone. [Exeunt.]

ACT TWO

SCENE I. London. A street.

*Enter Hostess with two officers, FANG and
SNARE.*

Host. Master Fang, have you ent'red the

CHOICE;

Which you mean to buy with your gold?

That I will sell thee any devil, he will

buy thee for a man, woman, nor child. 17

And close with him, I care not

for thee; I neither; I'll be at your

service, but fist him once; an 'a

scap.

'A comes continually to Pie-

corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a

saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the

Lubber's Head in Lambert Street, to

Master Smooth's the silkman. I pray you,

since my exion is ent'red, and my case so

openly known to the world, let him be

up,

up,

up,

up,

up,

up,

up,

up,

up,

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up,

out, he will sell thee any devil, he will

buy thee for a man, woman, nor child. 17

And close with him, I care not

for thee; I neither; I'll be at your

service, but fist him once; an 'a

scap.

'A comes continually to Pie-

corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a

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Master Smooth's the silkman. I pray you,

since my exion is ent'red, and my case so

openly known to the world, let him be

up,

up,

up,

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up,

that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend—I could be sad and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow. 47

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep? 50

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so? 57

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee. 60

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears. The worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph. 66

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff. 'A had him from me Christian; and look if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Bard. God save your Grace! 70

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Poins. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead? 75

Page. 'A calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window. At last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and so peep'd through. 80

Prince. Has not the boy proflited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy? 84

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamt she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream. 87

Prince. A crown's worth of good pretation. There 'tis, boy. [Giving a crown.]

Poins. O that this blossom could be from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have work.

Prince. And how doth thy man Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of Grace's coming to town. There's a word for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good respect. how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part is a physician; but that moves not. Though that he sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he shall sit in his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins. [Reads] 'John Falstaff, knight. Every man must know that as oft as he takes occasion to name himself, even like the words that are kin to the King; for they prick their finger but they say 'The King's blood spilt'. 'How comes that?' says he that takes upon him to conceive. The answer is as ready as the borrower's cap: 'I am the King's cousin, sir'.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to you, they will fetch it from Japhet. But let me hear the letter: [Reads] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting'.

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace! [Reads] 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.'—

Poins. He sure means brevity in brevity, short-winded.

Prince. [Reads] 'I commend me to you, I commend thee, and I leave thee. But thou art too familiar with Poins; for he misuses favours so much that he swears thou shalt marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle words as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no—which is as much as to say as thou art his—JACK FALSTAFF, my familiars, JOHN with all his brothers and sisters, and all the King's children with all Europe.'

Poins. My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat the words of his words. But do you use me thus? Must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise mock us. Is your man here in London?

Gow. The King, my lord, and Harry
Prince of Wales
Are near at hand. The rest the paper tells.

[Gives a letter.

Fal. As I am a gentleman!

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman! Come, no

long, being you are to take soldiers up in
counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master
Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you
these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me

in me.

lord;

thee!

action. Come,
honour with me;
Come, come, I
this

Host. Pray th
twenty nobles;
my plate, so Ge

Fal. Let it al

You'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I
pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to
supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? [To Bardolph] Go, with
her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet

hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancas-
ter,
Against Northumberland and the
bishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from
my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters
presently.

Come, go along with me, good
Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entre
with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my goo
here, I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter he

whether those that bawl out the ruins of
thy line shall inherit his kingdom; but
the midwives say the children are not in

He was so suff'ed ; so came I a widow ;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as
heaven, 60

For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis
with my mind

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither
way.

Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop, 65
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland. There am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Boar's Head
Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter FRANCIS and another Drawer.

Francis. What the devil hast thou brought
here—apple-johns ? Thou knowest Sir
John cannot endure an apple-john. 3

2 Draw. Mass, thou say'st true. The
Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before
him, and told him there were five more
like John ; and, putting off his hat, said
I will now take my leave of these six dry,
pale, old, withered knights'. It ang'red
him to the heart ; but he hath forgot that.

Francis. Why, then, cover and set them
down ; and see if thou canst find out
the leak's noise ; Mistress Tearsheet would
in hear some music.

Enter third Drawer.

3 Draw. Dispatch ! The room where
you supp'd is too hot ; they'll come in
in aught. 14

Francis. Sirrah, here will be the Prince
and Master Poin's anon ; and they will put
two of our jerkins and aprons ; and Sir
John must not know of it. *Bardolph* hath
said word.

Draw. By the mass, here will be old
John ; it will be an excellent stratagem. 20

Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exeunt second and third Drawers.*]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now
you are in an excellent good temperality.
Your pulside beats as extraordinarily as
you would desire ; and your colour, I
warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good
health ! But, I'faith, you have drunk
such canaries ; and that's a marvel-
purchasing wine, and it perfumes the
air ere one can say 'What's this ?'
to you now ?

Doll. Better than I was—hem. 30

Host. Why, that's well said ; a good heart's
gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [*Singing*] 'When Arthur first
court'—Empty the jordan. [*Exit Fran-*
—[*Singing*] 'And was a worthy king
How now, Mistress Doll !

Host. Sick of a calm ; yea, good faith
Fal. So is all her sect ; an they be on
in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. A pox damn you, you muddy rascal.
Is that all the comfort you give me ?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress De
Doll. I make them ! Gluttony at
diseases make them : I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the
gluttony, you help to make the disease.
Doll. We catch of you, Doll, we catch of
you ; grant that, my poor 'virtue, grant
that.

Doll. Yea, joy, our chains and our
jewels.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches.'
For to serve bravely is to come halting off ;
you know, to come off the breach with his
pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely ;
to venture upon the charg'd chambers
bravely— 51

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger,
hang yourself !

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion ;
you two never meet but you fall to some
discord. You are both, I'good truth, as
rheumatic as two dry toasts ; you cannot
one bear with another's confirmities. What
the good-year ! one must bear, and that
must be you. You are the weaker vessel, as
they say, the emptier vessel. 58

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such
a huge full hog'shead ? There's a whole
merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in
him ; you have not seen a hulk better
stuff'd in the hold. Come, I'll be friends
with thee, Jack. Thou art going to the
wars ; and whether I shall ever see thee
again or no, there is nobody cares. 64

Re-enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below and
would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal ! Let
him not come hither ; it is the foul-
mouth'dst rogue in England. 68

Host. If he swagger, let him not come
here. No, by my faith ! I must live among
my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers. I am
in good name and fame with the very best.
Shut the door. There comes no swaggerers
here ; I have not liv'd all this while to
have swaggering now. Shut the door, I
pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ? 73

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John ;
there comes no swaggerers here

Fal. Dost thou

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups be? Doth the old
boar feed in the old frank? 149

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in
Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old
church.

Prince. ...

Prince. ...

Prince. ...

Prince. ...

kinswoman of my master's. 149

Prince. Even such kin as the parish
helpers are to the town bull. Shall we steal
upon them, Ned, at supper?

Pains. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll
follow you.

Prince. Surrah, you boy, and Bardolph,

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When your own Percy, when my heart's
dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his
father

Bring up his powers; but he did long in
vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and
your son's. 15

For your the God of heaven's sake, 16

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...

Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the
glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress them-
selves.

He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his

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Bardolph and Page This Doll Tearsheet
she did be some good

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SCENE

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word, 20
When you were more endear'd to it than
now;

loves, 25
First let them try themselves. So did your
son;

Come we to full points here, and are
etceteras nothings ?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet. 175

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf. What!
we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. For God's sake thrust him down
stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian
ascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! Know we
not Galloway nags? 181

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a
shove-groat shilling. Nay, an 'a do nothing
but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs. 185

Pist. What! shall we have incision?
Shall we imbrue?

[Snatching up his sword.

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my
doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping
wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come,
Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward! 190

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do
not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing and driving Pistol out.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll for-
swear keeping house afore I'll be in these
ttrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant
now. Alas, alas! 'put up your naked
weapons, put up your naked weapons. 197

[Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the
rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little
villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' th' groin?
Methought 'a made a shrewd thrust at your
belly. 201

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out a doors?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk. You
have hurt him, sir, i' th' shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me! 205

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you!
Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come,
let me wipe thy face. Come on, you
whoreson chops. Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love
thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of
Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten
times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah,
villain! 211

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the
rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, an thou dar'st for thy heart.
An thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a
pair of sheets. 215

Enter Musicians.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on

my knee; Doll. A rascal bragging sla
The rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him
a church. Thou whoreson little t
Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt th
leave fighting a days and foining a night
and begin to patch up thine old body
heaven?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and POIN
disguised as drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! Do not speak
a death's-head; do not bid me remem
mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour 's the Pri
of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow.
would have made a good pantler; 'a wo
ha' chipp'd bread well.

Doll. They say Poin's has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit! hang him, babo
His wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustar
there's no more conceit in him than is i
mallet.

Doll. Why does the Prince love him
then?

Fal. Because their legs are both o
bigness, and 'a plays at quoits well, a
eats conger and fennel, and drinks
candles' ends for flap-dragons, and ri
the wild mare with the boys, and jum
upon join'd-stools, and swears with a ge
grace, and wears his boots very smoo
like unto the sign of the Leg, and bre
no bate with telling of discreet storie
and such other gambol faculties 'a h
that show a weak mind and an able bo
for the which the Prince admits him. For
Prince himself is such another; the wei
of a hair will turn the scales between th
avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wh
have his ears cut off?

Poin's. Let's beat him before his wh

Prince. Look whe'er the wither'd cl
hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poin's. Is it not strange that desire sho
so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year
conjunction! What says th' almanac
that?

Poin's. And look whether the fi
Trigon, his man, be not lispng to
master's old tables, his note-book,
counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buss

Doll. By my troth, I kiss thee with
most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love c
a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle o
I shall receive money a Thursday. Sh

receive. Receive' says he 'no swaggering | captain | hang him, rogue! He lives upon

'twere an aspen leaf. I cannot abide | here? 252
swagg'ners.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and PACE.

Pist. God save you, Sir John! 254

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol! 255

Pist. | 253

do | 254

with two bullets, | 259

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall | And Troiant Greeks? Nay, rather damn
| 260

will charge you. | these are

| Bard. Be gone, good ancient; this will

shoulder | 265
Pist. God let me not live but I will | Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, be
murder your ruff for this. | thou there. [Laying down his sword.

A dozen captains stay at door for you. 359
Fal. [To the Page] Pay the musicians, sirrah.—Farewell; hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go. 365
Doll. I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to burst! Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.
 [Exeunt *Falstaff* and *Bardolph*.]
Host. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man—well, fare thee well. 371
Bard. [Within] Mistress Tearsheet!
Host. What's the matter?
Bard. [Within] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master. 375
Host. O, run Doll, run, good Doll. Come. [To *Bardolph*] She comes blubber'd.—Yea, will you come, Doll? [Exeunt.]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. Westminster. The palace.

Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a Page.
King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
 But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters
 And well consider of them. Make good speed. [Exit Page.]
 How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, 10
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile 15
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge, 20

And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hang
 them
 With deafing clamour in the slipper
 clouds,
 That with the hurly death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And in the calmest and most stillest night
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie
 down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.
War. Many good morrows to your Majesty!
King. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
King. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
 How foul it is; what rank diseases grow
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd
 Which to his former strength may be restored
 With good advice and little medicine.
 My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
 And see the revolution of the times
 Make mountains level, and the continent
 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
 Into the sea; and other times to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chance
 mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors! O, if this were seen
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress
 through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
 Would shut the book and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years gone
 Since Richard and Northumberland, great
 friends,
 Did feast together, and in two years after
 Were they at wars. It is but eight years
 since
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
 And laid his love and life under my foot;
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of
 Richard
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was
 by—

draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve
By my troth, welcome to L
the Lord bless that sweet face
Jesu, are you come from W:

Fal. Thou whorson mad compound of howl.
majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt

Host. All vict'ers do so. What's a joint

how vilely did you speak of me even now
before this honest, virtuous, civil gentle-
woman!

Enter *PETO*

Prince *Peto*, how now! What news?
P. The King your father is at West-
minster.

knew I was at your back, and spoke it on
purpose to try my patience.

there are twenty weak and wearied
posts
from the north, and as I came
along

Fal. No, no, no, no, no, I did not think

I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bearded sweating knocking at the

— And down upon our bare unarmed heads

in a Gaunt loved him well, and betted such money on his head. Dead! 'A would have clapp'd i' th' clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehead shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be—a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds. 50

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH and One with him.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow? 55

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire of this county, and one of the King's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff—a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader. 61

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good backward man. How doth the good knight? May I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife. 66

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. 'Better accommodated'! It is good; yea, indeed, is it. Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. 'Accommodated'! It comes of accommodo. Very good; a good phrase. 71

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. 'Phrase' call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is being—whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing. 79

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John. 84

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace. 90

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather. Gentle-

men, have you provided me here half dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so—so—yea, marry, sir. Rafe Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you. 11

Shal. What think you, Sir John? A good limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you. 12

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith Things that are mouldy lack use. Very singular good! In faith, well said, Sir John very well said.

Fal. Prick him. 13

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone. My old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I. 14

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside know you where you are? For th' other Sir John—let me see. Simon Shadow! 15

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to spend under. He's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir. 16

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! Like enough and thy father's shadow. So the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so indeed; but much of the father's substance! 17

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer. Prick him; for we have a number of shadows fill up the muster-book. 18

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart. 19

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparatus is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins. Prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! You can do it, sir you can do it. I commend you well Francis Feeble! 20

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

[To Warwick] You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
 When Richard, with his eye brim full of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
 'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne—
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent
 But that necessity so bow'd the state
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss—
 'The time shall come—
 it—
 'The time will come that
 head,

And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.
 [Exit.]

SCENE II. Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting;
 MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE,
 BULLCALP, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir; give me your hand, sir. An early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morning, justice Shallow.

SHALLOW

SIL. YOU WERE CALLED A RUSTY SHALLOW THEN,

NESS;

SO WE KNEW WHERE THE HONORABLES WERE, AND

allow. Here's Wart; you see
 gged appearance it is. 'A shall
 ou and discharge you with the
 of a pewterer's hammer, come off
 swifter than he that gibbets on the
 br. Ar's bucket. And this same half-fac'd
 fellow, Shadow—give me this man. He
 presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-
 man may with as great aim level at the
 edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat—
 how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's
 tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men,
 and spare me the great ones. Put me a
 callver into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 263

Bard. Hold, Wart. Traverse—thus, thus,
 thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your callver. So
 —very well. Go to; very good; exceeding
 good. O, give me always a little, lean, old,
 chopt, bald shot. Well said, i' falth, Wart;
 th'art a good scab. Hold, there's a tester
 for thee. 269

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he
 doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-
 end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn—
 I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show—
 there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a
 would manage you his piece thus; and 'a
 would about and about, and come you in
 and come you in. 'Rah, tah, tah!' would
 'a say; 'Bounce!' would 'a say; and
 away again would 'a go, and again would 'a
 come. I shall ne'er see such a fellow. 276

Fal. These fellows will do well. Master
 Shallow, God keep you! Master Silence, I
 will not use many words with you: Fare
 you well! Gentlemen both, I thank you.
 I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph,
 give the soldiers coats. 283

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you; God
 prosper your affairs; God send us peace!
 At your return, visit our house; let our
 old acquaintance be renewed. Peradventure
 I will walk ye to the court. 287

Fal. Fore God, would you would.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word.
 God keep you. 290

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.
 [Exeunt Justices] On, Bardolph; lead the
 men away. [Exeunt all but Falstaff] As I
 return, I will fetch off these justices. I do
 see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord,
 Lord, how subject we old men are to this
 vice of lying! This same starv'd Justice
 hath done nothing but prate to me of the
 wildness of his youth and the feats he hath
 done about Turnbull Street; and every
 third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer
 than the Turk's tribute. I do remember
 him at Clement's Inn, like a man made
 after supper of a cheese-paring. When 'a
 was naked, he was for all the world like a
 fork'd radish, with a head fantastically
 carved upon it with a knife. 'A was so

forlorn that his dimensions to any thi
 sight were invisible. 'A was the ve
 genius of famine; yet lecherous as
 monkey, and the whores call'd him ma
 drake. 'A came ever in the rearward
 the fashion, and sung those tunes to t
 overscutch'd huswives that he heard t
 carmen whistle, and sware that they were l
 fancies or his good-nights. And now is t
 Vice's dagger become a squire, and ta
 as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he ha
 been sworn brother to him; and I'll
 sworn 'a ne'er saw him but once in the T
 yard; and then he burst his head f
 crowding among the marshal's men. I sa
 it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his ov
 name; for you might have thrust him at
 all his apparel into an eel-skin; the ca
 of a treble hautboy was a mansion for hi
 a court—and now has he land and beeve
 Well, I'll be acquainted with him if
 return; and't shall go hard but I'll ma
 him a philosopher's two stones to me.
 the young dace be a bait for the old pik
 I see no reason in the law of nature but
 may suap at him. Let time shape, ar
 there an end. [Ex

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. Yorkshire. Within the Forest
 Gaultree.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWB
 RASTINGS, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't sha
 please your Grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords, and ser
 discoverers forth

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well don

My friends and brethren in these gre
 affairs,

I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
 New-dated letters from Northumberland
 Their cold intent, tenour, and substance
 thus:

Here doth he wish his person, with suc
 powers

As might hold sortauce with his quality,
 'The which he could not levy; where
 upon

He is retir'd, to ripe his growling fortune
 To Scotland; and concludes in heart
 prayers

That your attempts may overlive th
 hazard

And fearful meeting of their opposit.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in hi
 touch ground

And dash themselves to pieces.

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' prick'd you—
thou make as many holes in an
battle as thou hast done in a
petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir;

choose but be old; certain she's old; and
had Robin Nightwork, by old Nightwork,
before I came to Clement's Inn.

soldier, that is the leader of so many
thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible
Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee,

Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' th' green

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Builc

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Fore God, a likely fellow

go. And yet, for mine own part, sir, I do
not care; but rather because I am un-
willing and, for mine own part, have a
desire to stay with my friends; else, sir,

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can

Either from the King or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories, 111
Your noble and right well-rememb'rd
father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my
father lost

That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the state stood
then, 115

Was force perforce compell'd to banish him,
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roused in their
seats,

Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers
down, 120

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights
of steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them to-
gether—

Then, then, when there was nothing could
have stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the King did throw his warder
down— 125

His own life hung upon the staff he threw—
Then threw he down himself, and all their
lives

That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now
you know not what. 130

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman.
Who knows on whom fortune would then
have smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry; 135
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers
and love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd and grac'd indeed more than
the King.

But this is mere digression from my
purpose. 140

Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his
Grace

That he will give you audience; and
wherein

It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, everything set off 145
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel
this offer;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take
it so. 149

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken our army lies—
Upon mine honour, all too confident

To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours
Our men more perfect in the use of arms, 1
Our armour all as strong, our cause the
best;

Then reason will our hearts should be a
good.

Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit
no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your
offence: 1

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full com-
mission,

In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine

Of what conditions we shall stand upon

West. That is intended in the general
name. 1

I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmore-
land, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances.

Each several article herein redress'd, 17

All members of our cause, both here and
hence,

That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,

And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confin'd— 17

We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace

West. This will I show the general. Please
you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet
And either end in peace—which God's
frame!— 18

Or to the place of difference call the sword
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so
[Exit Westmoreland]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom
tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stand
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make
our peace 18

Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky
mountains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be
such 18

That every slight and false-derived cause
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action;

That, were our royal faith's martyrs in love
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as
chaff, 19

And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this: the
King is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances;

number

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.
Moult. The just proportion that we gave
 them out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts
 us here?

Moult. I think it is my Lord of West-

stop

Our very veins of life. Hear me more
 plainly.

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what
 wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our
 offences.

We see which way the stream of time doth
 run

Th-

What doth concern your coming.

West. Then, my lord,
 Unto your Grace do I in chief address
 The substance of my speech. If that

our griefs,

We are denied access unto his person,
 Even by those men that most have done us
 wrong.

bishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
 touch'd,

Whose learning and good letters peace hath
 tutor'd,

denied;

Wherein have you been galled by the King;
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on
 you

That you should seal this lawless bloody
 book

war;

Turning your books to graves, your ink to
 blood,

Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? So the
 question stands.

West. There is no act of any such
 redress;

Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Moult. Why not to him in part, and to us
 all

That feel the bruises of the days before,
 And suffer the condition of these times
 To lay a heavy and unconstant hand

ray,

And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning and authority.
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed
 redress'd ;
 Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please
 you,
 Discharge your powers unto their several
 counties,
 As we will ours ; and here, between the
 armies,
 Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens
 home
 Of our restored love and amity. 65
 Arch. I take your princely word for these
 redresses.
 P. John. I give it you, and will maintain
 my word ;
 And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.
 Hast. Go, Captain, and deliver to the
 army
 This news of peace. Let them have pay,
 and part. 70
 I know it will well please them. Hie thee,
 Captain. [Exit Officer.
 Arch. To you, my noble Lord of West-
 moreland.
 West. I pledge your Grace ; and if you
 knew what pains
 I have bestow'd to breed this present
 peace,
 You would drink freely ; but my love to ye
 Shall show itself more openly hereafter. 75
 Arch. I do not doubt you.
 West. I am glad of it.
 Health to my lord and gentle cousin,
 Mowbray.
 Mowb. You wish me health in very happy
 season,
 For I am on the sudden something ill. 80
 Arch. Against ill chances men are ever
 merry ;
 But heaviness foreruns the good event.
 West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since
 sudden sorrow
 Serves to say thus, ' Some good thing comes
 to-morrow ' .
 Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in
 spirit. 85
 Mowb. So much the worse, if your own
 rule be true. [Shouts within.
 P. John. The word of peace is rend' red.
 Hark, how they shout !
 Mowb. This had been cheerful after
 victory.
 Arch. A peace is of the nature of a
 conquest ;
 For then both parties nobly are subdu'd, 90
 And neither party loser.
 P. John. Go, my lord,
 And let our army be discharged too.
 [Exit Westmoreland.
 And, good my lord, so please you let our
 trains

March by us, that we may peruse the mo
 We should have cop'd withal.
 Arch. Go, good Lord Hasting
 And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march
 by. [Exit Hasting
 P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-
 night together.
 Re-enter WESTMORELAND.
 Now, cousin, wherefore stands our arm
 still ?
 West. The leaders, having charge fro
 you to stand,
 Will not go off until they hear you spea
 P. John. They know their duties.
 Re-enter HASTINGS.
 Hast. My lord, our army is dispers
 already.
 Like youthful steers unyok'd, they tal
 their courses
 East, west, north, south ; or like a scho
 broke up,
 Each hurries toward his home and spor
 ing-place.
 West. Good tidings, my Lord Hasting
 for the which
 I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason ;
 And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lo
 Mowbray,
 Of capital treason I attach you both.
 Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honou
 able ?
 West. Is your assembly so ?
 Arch. Will you thus break your faith ?
 P. John. I pawn'd thee non
 I promis'd you redress of these san
 grievances
 Whereof you did complain ; which, I
 mine honour,
 I will perform with a most Christian car
 But for you, rebels—look to taste the d
 Meet for rebellion and such acts as you
 Most shallowly did you these arms cor
 mence,
 Fondly brought here, and foolishly se
 hence.
 Strike up our drums, pursue the scatt'r
 stray.
 God, and not we, hath safely fought to-da
 Some guard these traitors to the block
 death,
 Treason's true bed and yielder-up of brea
 [Exit
 SCENE III. Another part of the forest.
 Alarm ; excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and
 COLVILLE, meeting.
 Fal. What's your name, sir ? Of wh
 condition are you, and of what place,
 pray ?
 Col. I am a knight sir ; and my nar
 is Colville of the Dale.

For he hath found to end one doubt by death
That man that sits within a monarch's heart
opens in the sunshine of his favour,
he abuse the countenance of the king.

knows
what mischiefs might be set abroad
dow of such greatness! With you,
Lord Bishop,

up,

Arch. 'Tis very true
And therefore be assur'd, my good
Marshal,

ARCHIEP WESTMORELAND.

form

lord, we come.

[Exeunt

With grant of our most just and right
desires;And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our
fortunes

To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,

SCENE II. Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, attended,
afterwards, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS,
and Others: from the other side, PRINCE
JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND,
Officers and Others.

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to
death.

them well;

And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistake.

limble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood; which before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extremes. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up with this reinue, doth any deed of courage—and his valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere board of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is vallant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of driniding good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and vallant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be to forswear thln potations, and to addict themselves to sack. 522

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph!

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fai. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire. I have him already temp'ring between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter the KING, PRINCE THOMAS OF CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors, We will our youth lead on to higher fields, And draw no swords but what are sanctified. Our navy is address'd, our power collected, Our substitutes in absence well invested, 6 And everything lies level to our wish. Only we want a little personal strength; And pause us till these rebels, now afoot, Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty 11

Shall soon enjoy.

540

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester, Where is the Prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him? 15

P. Humph. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Cl. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.

Thou hast a better place in his affection Than all thy brothers; cherish it, my boy,

And noble offices thou mayst effect Of mediation, after I am dead, 25

Between his greatness and thy other brethren.

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love, Nor lose the good advantage of his grace

By seeming cold or careless of his will; For he is gracious if he be observ'd. 30

He hath a tear for pity and a hand Open as day for melting charity;

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he is flint;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden As flaws congealed in the spring of day. 35

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently, When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;

But, being moody, give him line and scope Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40

Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,

A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in, That the united vessel of their blood,

Mingled with venom of suggestion— 45

As, force perforce, the age will pour it in— Shall never leak, though it do work as strong

As acoultum or rash gunpowder.

Cl. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas? 50

Cl. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Cl. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth, 55

Fal. Well then, Colville is your name, a knight is your degree, and Dale. Colville shall be still traitor your degree, and the place—a place deep enough; be still Colville of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes out general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and Others.

P. John. The heat is past; follow no further now.

will.

P. John. Is thy name Colville? 60

Col. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Col. I am, my lord, but as my betters are that led me hither. Had they been rul'd by me,

You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit? West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colville, with his con-

a particular ballad else, with mine own they marry, they get wenches. They are

SCENE V. Westminster. Another chamber.

the KING lying on a bed; CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clare. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clare. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! Rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the King?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.

P. Humph. He art'ed much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet Prince, speak low;

The King your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Clare. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the King.

[Exit all but the Prince.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet

As he whose brow with homely biggen bound

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day

That scald'st with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not.

Did he expire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord!

my father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep

That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due from me

Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness, Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.

My due from thee is this imperial crown,

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. [Putting on the crown]

Lo where it sits— Which God shall guard; and put the world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me. This from thee

Will I to mine leave as 'tis left to me.

[Exit.

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE.

Clare. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? How fares your Grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clare. We left the Prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? Let me see him.

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence. Go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit Warwick.] This part of his conjoins with my disease

And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises;

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower

The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,

We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Is overspread with them; therefore my
grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart when I do
shape,

together,

him quite.
The Prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the
language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learnt; which once
attain'd,

Your Highness knows, comes to no further
use

But to be known and hated. So, like gross
terms,

The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,

Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bed doth
leave her tomb
In the dead cartion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new
happiness

Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your
Grace's hand.

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and
all,

Are brought to the correction of your law
There is not now a rebel's sword un-
sheath'd,

But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been
borne

Here at more leisure may your Highness
read,

Enter HARCOURT.

Look here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your
Majesty;

And, when they stand against you, may
they fall

As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord
Bardolph,

news make me sick?

Fortune never come with both hands
full,

write her fair words still in foulest
letters?

She either gives a stomach and no food—
Such are the poor, in health—or else a
feast,

And takes away the stomach—such are the
rich

That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;

And now my sight fails, and my brain is
giddy.

O me! come near me now I am much ill.

P. Humph. Comfort, your Majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up
yourself, look up

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know
these fits

Are with his Highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air, he'll straight
be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out
these pangs.

Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine
it in

So thin that life looks through, and will
break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they
do observe

Unfather'd heels and loathly births of
nature.

The seasons change their manners, as the
year

Had found some months asleep, and leapt
them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
between;

And the old folk, Time's dotting chronicles,
tick'd

the King

P. Humph. This prophecy will certain be
his end.

King. I pray you take me up, and bear
me hence
Into some other chamber. Softly, pray.

Bnt thou, most fine, most honour'd, most
renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up'. Thus, my most
royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head, 166
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murd'ed my
father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of
pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head, 175
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy
father's love, 180
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my
son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd
ways 185
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes 190
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous
hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-
shed, 195
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold
fears
Thou seest with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the mood; for what in me was
purchas'd 200
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than
I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are
green;
And all my friends, which thou must make
thy friends, 205
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en
out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a
fear
To be again displac'd; which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now 210
To lead out many to the Holy Land.

Lest rest and lying still might make the
look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, I
Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence
borne out,
May waste the memory of the former day;
More would I, but my lungs are wasted;
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd
me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive
And grant it may with thee in true peace
live!
Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession
be;
Which I with more than with a common
pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully main-
tain.
Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WAR-
WICK, Lords, and Others.
King. Look, look, here comes my John
of Lancaster.
P. John. Health, peace, and happiness,
my royal father!
King. Thou bring'st me happiness and
peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings
flown
From this bare wither'd trunk. Upon thy
sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?
Prince. My Lord of Warwick.
King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble
lord.
King. Laud be to God! Even there my
life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I
lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exit

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. Gloucestershire. Shallow's house

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and
Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not
away to-night. What, Davy, I say!
Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert
Shallow.
Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall
not be excus'd; excuses shall not be
admitted; there is no excuse shall serve
you shall not be excus'd. Why, Davy!

Yields his engrossments to the father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

With such a deep demeanour in great

sorrow,

That tyrannous blood,

Would, by the

With gentle

hither,

King. But wherefore did he take away

the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE

Lo where he comes,

Harry.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to

my tears,

unto my speech,

is dear and deep rebuke

had spoke and I had

so far. There is your

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What, canst thou not forbear me half an

hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave

thyself;

The noble change that I have purposed

Coming to look on you, thinking you

dead—

And dead almost, my hege, to think you

were—

Give that which gave thee life unto the

worms.

Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,

Preserving life in medicine potable;

night, sir?

Shal. Yea, friend I' th' lo purse. L they are arr;

Davy. No bitten, sir; linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy—about thy

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet God forbid, sir, but a

a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine

Where are you, Sir John? Come, come.

Master Shallow.

[Exit.

SCENE II Westminster. The palace.
Warwick, severally, WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice; whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him.

The service that I truly did his life Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself

To welcome the condition of the time, Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others

War. Here come the heavy issue of Harry.

O that the living Harry had the tem

beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cablleros about London. 58

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy!

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together—ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee. The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. 'A will not out, 'a; 'tis true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir. 67

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry. [One knocks at door] Look who's at door there, ho! Who knocks?

[Exit Davy.]

Fal. [To Silence, who has drunk a bumper] Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing] Do me right,
And dub me knight.

Samingo.

Is't not so? 75

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? Let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you! 83

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be, but Goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff! 90

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee; And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys, 94 And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A fortra for the world and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? 100

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [Singing] And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Hellcons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. 105

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not you breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take there's but two ways—either to utter them or conceal them. I am, sir, under the King in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth—or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A fourtra for thine office

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is King Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like the bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door. The things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What, I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt—I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol, Away, Bardolph! [Exit Bardolph] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal, devise something to do thyself good. Boo boot, Master Shallow! I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

'Where is the life that late I led?' say they.

Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days! [Exit]

SCENE IV. London. A street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in HOSTESS QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would not God that I might die, that I might have thee hang'd. Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

I Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Com

Till then I banish thee, on pain of death, 64
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mille.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to
evils;

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and
qualities, 70
Give you advancement. Be it your charge,
my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [Exeunt the King and his train.]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a
thousand pound. 74

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I
beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow.
Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent
for in private to him. Look you, he must
seem thus to the world. Fear not your
advancements; I will be the man yet that
shall make you great. 81

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless
you give me your doublet, and stuff me
out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir
John, let me have five hundred of my
thousand. 85

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word.
This that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in,
Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to
dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come,
Bardolph. I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the LORD CHIEF
JUSTICE, with Officers.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to
the Fleet; 92

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak. I will hear
you soon.

Take them away. 96

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me
contenta.

[Exeunt all but Prince John and
the Lord Chief Justice.]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the
King's.

He hath intent his wonted followers
shall all be very well provided for; 100

But all are banish'd till their conversations
appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The King hath call'd his parli-
ment, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds that, ere the
year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the
King.

Come, will you hence? [Exeunt]

EPILOGUE

First my fear, then my curtsy, last my
speech. My fear, is your displeasure; my
curtsy, my duty; and my speech, to be
your pardons. If you look for a good speech
now, you undo me; for what I have to say
is of mine own making; and what, indeed,
I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own
marring. But to the purpose, and so to the
venture. Be it known to you, as it is ve-
ry well, I was lately here in the end of a
displeasing play, to pray your patience for
it and to promise you a better. I mean
indeed, to pay you with this; which
like an ill venture it come unluckily home
I break, and you, my gentle creditors, be-
lieve I promis'd you I would be, and he-
re I commit my body to your mercies. Be-
lieve me some, and I will pay you some, and,
most debtors do, promise you infinitely
and so I kneel down before you—be-
lieve indeed, to pray for the Queen.

If my tongue cannot entreat you
acquaint me, will you command me to use my
legs? And yet that were but light payme-
nt—to dance out of your debt. But a good
conscience will make any possible satisfac-
tion, and so would I. All the gentlemen
here have forgiven me. If the gentlemen
will not, then the gentlemen do not agree
with the gentlewomen, which was never
seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you
be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our
humble author will continue the story
with Sir John in it, and make you merry
with fair Katharine of France; where, for
anything I know, Falstaff shall die of
sweat, unless already 'a be kill'd with your
hard opinions; for Oldcastle died
martyr and this is not the man. My
tongue is weary; when my legs are too
weary will bid you good night.

come! He would make this a bloody day to
somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her
wor

I
of c
now
for
beat

Fal. But to stand stained with travel,
and sweating with desire to see him;

to a justice.

rascal!

1 Bead Very well.

[Exeunt. 30

SCENE V. Westminster Near the Abbey.

Enter Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes!

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded
twice.

3 Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they
come from the coronation. Dispatch,
dispatch. [Exeunt

Fal. I will deliver her.

39

[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-
clangor sounds.

Enter the KING and his Train, the LORD
CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

Fal. God save thy Grace, King Hal; my
royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep,
most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

44

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to
that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? Know
you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to the
my heart!

of you. But
doth better;
to see him.

Shal. It do

Fal. It sh
tion—

wast,

Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's
reign

Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd
But that the scrambling and inquiet time
Did push it out of farther question. 5

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist
It now?

Cam. It must be thought on. If it pass
against us,

We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands which men
devout

By testament have given to the church 10
Would they strip from us; being valu'd
thus—

As much as would maintain, to the King's
honour,

Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred
knights,

Six thousand and two hundred good
esquires;

And, to relief of lazars and weak age, 15
Of indigent sad souls, past corporal toll,
A hundred alms-houses right well supplied;

And to the coffers of the King, bestide,
A thousand pounds by th' year: thus runs
the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cam. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cam. The King is full of grace and fair
regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Cam. The courses of his youth promis'd
it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, morfill'd in him, 20
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very
moment,

Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of
him,

Leaving his body as a paradise 30
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits,
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring
faults;

Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness 35
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cam. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a
prelate;

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his
study;

List his discourse of war, and you shall
hear

A fearful battle rend'ring you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy, 45
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his garter; that, when
speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's
ears

To steal his sweet and honey'd sentence
So that the art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoretic;

Which is a wonder how his Grace should
clean it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets,
sports;

And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath
the nettle,

And wholesome berries thrive and rip
best

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the vell of wildness; which,

doubt,

Grew like the summer grass, fastest
in
night,

Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

Cam. It must be so; for miracles are
ceas'd;

And therefore we must needs admit that
means

How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,

How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the Commons? Doth his Majesty
incline to it, or no?

Cam. He seems indifferent
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us
For I have made an offer to his Majesty
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large
As touching France—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd
my lord?

Cam. With good acceptance of his
Majesty;

Save that there was not time enough
hear,

As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have
done,

The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat
France,

Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grand
father.

Ely. What was th' impediment that bro'
this off?

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CHORUS.		Boy.
KING HENRY THE FIFTH.		A Herald.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } <i>brothers to the</i>	DUKE OF BEDFORD, } <i>King.</i>	CHARLES THE SIXTH, <i>King of France.</i>
DUKE OF EXETER, <i>uncle to the King.</i>	DUKE OF YORK, <i>cousin to the King.</i>	LEWIS, <i>the Dauphin.</i>
EARL OF SALISBURY.	EARL OF WESTMORELAND.	DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
EARL OF WARWICK.	ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.	DUKE OF ORLEANS.
BISHOP OF ELY.	EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, } <i>conspirators against</i>	DUKE OF BRITAINNE.
LORD SCROOP, } <i>the King</i>	SIR THOMAS GREY, } <i>officers in the</i>	DUKE OF BOURBON.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, } <i>King's army.</i>	GOWER, } <i>soldiers in the</i>	The Constable of France.
FLUELLEN, } <i>King's army.</i>	MACNORRIS, } <i>soldiers in the</i>	RAMBURES, } <i>French lords.</i>
JAMY, } <i>soldiers in the</i>	BATES, } <i>King's army.</i>	GRANDPRÉ, } <i>Governor of Harfleur.</i>
COURT, } <i>soldiers in the</i>	WILLIAMS, } <i>King's army.</i>	MONTJOY, <i>a French herald.</i>
NYM, } <i>soldiers in the</i>	BAROOLPH, } <i>King's army.</i>	Ambassadors to the King of England.
PISTOL, } <i>soldiers in the</i>		ISAAEL, <i>Queen of France.</i>

THE SCENE: *England and France.*

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would
ascend

The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder,
Piece out our imperfections with your
thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary püssance; 25

Crouch for employment. But pardon,

Turning th' accomplishment of many years

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY.

Canf. My lord, I'll tell you: that self
bill is urg'd

Though in pure truth it was corrupt and
naught—
Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' Lady
Lingare, 74
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the
Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience, 79
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of
Lorraine ;
By the which marriage the line of Charles
the Great
Was re-united to the Crown of France. 85
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female ;
So do the kings of France unto this day, 90
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique
law
To bar your Highness claiming from the
female ;
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors. 95
King. May I with right and conscience
make this claim ?
Cant. The sin upon my head, dread
sovereign !
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody
flag, 101
Look back into your mighty ancestors.
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grand-
sire's tomb,
From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike
spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black
Prince, 105
Who on the French ground play'd a
tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forge in blood of French nobility. 110
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of
France,
And let another half stand laughing hy,
All out of work and cold for action !
Ely. Awake remembrance of these
valiant dead, 115
And with your puissant arm renew their
feats.
You are their heir ; you sit upon their
throne ;
The blood and courage that renowned them

Runs in your veins ; and my thrice
puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs
of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse
yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your Grace hath cause
and means and might— 125
So hath your Highness ; never King of
England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in
England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their hodies follow, my dear
liege, 130
With blood and sword and fire to win your
right !
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty
sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors. 135
King. We must not only arm t' invade
the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon
us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious
sovereign, 140
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
King. We do not mean the coursing
snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to
us ; 145
For you shall read that my great-grand
father
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd
kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach
With ample and brim fullness of li-
force, 150
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and
towns ;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neigh-
hourhood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd
than harm'd, my liege ; 155
For hear her but exempl'd by herself :
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray 160
The King of Scots ; whom she did send to
France,

Scene 1]

<p>C</p> <p>Cra</p> <p>To</p> <p>E</p> <p>Canl. Then go we in, to know his embassy: 95</p>	<p>Canl. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers, your lives, and</p> <p>There is no bar 33 Highness' claim to</p>
--	--

SCENE II. London. The Presence Chamber in the King's palace. | But this, which they produce from Pharamond:

<p>Enter the KING OF FRANCE, HENRY EXETER, and Attend</p> <p>King. Who</p> <p>Canl.</p> <p>Exc. Not h</p> <p>King.</p> <p>West. Shal</p> <p>my li</p> <p>King. Not</p> <p>resolv'd.</p>	<p>In terram Salicam mulieres ne succed-</p>
---	--

<p>Before we hear him, of some things of weight 5</p> <p>That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.</p>	<p>the Saxons, There left behind and settled certain French; Who, holding in disdain the German women</p>
--	---

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY. | For some dishonest manners of their life, Establish'd then this law: to wit, no female 50

<p>Canl. God and his angels guard your sacred throne, And make you long become it!</p>	<p>Should be inheritrix in Salique land; Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,</p>
--	--

<p>heed;</p> <p>For never two such kingdoms did contend Without much fall of blood; whose guilt- less drops 25</p> <p>Are every one a woe, a sore complaint, 'Gainst him whose wrongs gives edge unto the swords</p>	<p>France.</p> <p>Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male 70</p> <p>Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great, To find his title with some shows of truth—</p>
--	---

Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

King. What treasure, uncle ?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

King. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us ;

His present and your pains we thank you for. 260

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,

We will in France, by God's grace, play a set

Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd 265

With chaces. And we understand him well,

How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,

Not measuring what use we made of them.

We never valu'd this poor seat of England ;

And therefore, living hence, did give ourself

To barbarous licence ; as 'tis ever common

That men are merriest when they are from home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,

Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,

When I do rouse me in my throne of France ; 275

For that I have laid by my majesty

And plodded like a man for working-days ;

But I will rise there with so full a glory

That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,

Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.

And tell the pleasant Prince this mock of his 281

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance

That shall fly with them ; for many a thousand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ; 285

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;

And some are yet ungotten and unborn

That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God, 289

To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,

Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,

To venge me as I may and to put forth

My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.

So get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin

His jest will savour but of shallow wit, 295

When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.

Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sender blunder at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour

That may give furth'rance to our expectation ;

For we have now no thought in us but France,

Save those to God, that run before our business.

Therefore let our proportions for these wars

Be soon collected, and all things thought upon 3

That may with reasonable swiftness add

More feathers to our wings ; for, God before

We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

Therefore let every man now task his thought 3

That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt*]

ACT TWO

PROLOGUE

Flourish. Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.

Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ;

Following the mirror of all Christian kings

With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

For now sits Expectation in the air,

And hides a sword from hilts unto the point

With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets

Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

The French, advis'd by good intelligence

Of this most dreadful preparation,

Shake in their fear and with pale policy

Seek to divert the English purposes.

O England ! model to thy inward greatness

Like little body with a mighty heart,

What mightst thou do that honour would thee do,

Were all thy children kind and natural !

But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills

With treacherous crowns ; and thus corrupted men—

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and thy second,

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and thy third,

Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,

Have, for the gilt of France—O gentlemen !—

indeed !—

Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France

And by their hands this grace of kings murder'd—

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her
 esponse. 25
 have, and I will hold, the quondam
 Quickly
 for the only she; and—pauca, there's
 enough.
 So to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to
 my master; and your hostess—he is very
 sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph,
 put thy face between his sheets, and do the
 office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue. 83

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow
 n puddling one of these days: the King
 has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come
 home presently. [Exeunt Hostess and Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two
 friends? We must to France together;
 why the devil should we keep knives to cut
 one another's throats? 89

Pist. Let blood o'erswell, and fiends for
 food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I
 won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the
 humour of it. 94

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push
 home. [Pistol and Nym draw.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the
 first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I
 will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must
 have their course.

[Sheathes his sword.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be
 friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why
 then be enemies with me too. Prithee
 pat up. 101

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I
 won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and
 present pay;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee, 105
 And friendship shall combine, and brother-
 hood.

I'll live by Nym and Nym shall live by
 me.

Is not this just? For I shall sutler be
 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand. 110

Nym. [Sheathing his sword] I shall have
 my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. [Shaking hands] Well, then, that's
 the humour of't. 113

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you come of women, come
 in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart I
 he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian

tertian that it is most lamentable to behold.
 Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours
 on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; 120
 His heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good king, but it
 must be as it may; he passes some
 humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for,
 lambkins, we will live. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Southampton. A council-
 chamber.

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORE-
 LAND.*

Bed. Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust
 these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and
 by.

West. How smooth and even they do
 bear themselves,

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
 Crowned with faith and constant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they
 intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his
 bedfellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with
 precious favours—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
 His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpets sound. Enter the KING, SCHOOP,
 CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and Attendants.*

King. Now sits the wheel fair, and we will
 aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord
 of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your
 thoughts.

Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with
 us 15

Will cut their passage through the force of
 France,

Doing the execution and the act
 For which we have in head assembled them?

Schoop. No doubt, my liege, if each man
 do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well
 persuaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence
 That grows not in a fair consent with ours;

Nor leave not one behind that doth not
 wish

Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd
 and lov'd 25

Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think,
 a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
 Under the sweet shade of your government.

If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France—and in South-
ampton.

30

Nym. How now, mine host Pistol!
Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear I scorn the

And thence to France shall we convey you
safe

adultery and murder committed. 36
Bard. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal,

SCENE I. London. Before the Boar's Head
Tavern, Eastcheap.

vile! 44
The 'solus' in thy most marvelous face;

The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,
perdy!

Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant
BARDOLPH.

And, which is worse, within thy nasty
mouth!

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bar-

out mine iron. It is a simple one; but

rapier, as I may, in fair terms; if you

brothers to France. Let't be so, good
Corporal Nym.

32

The grave doth gape and doting death is
near; 39

Enter PISTOL and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his
wife. Good Corporal, be patient here.

No; to the spiral go,
And from the powd'ring tuh of info
Fetch forth the larva kite of Cressid!

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her
 espouse. 75
 I have, and I will hold, the quondam
 Quickly
 For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's
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 wish

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Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd
 and lov'd 25

Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think,
 a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
 Under the sweet shad

Grey. True: those that were your
father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do
serve you

So much complexion? Look ye how
change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what
you there

sinews toil,
Scroop. That's mercy, but too
security.
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, les
ample
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a
kind.

King. O, let us yet be merciful!

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet

of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults proceeding on distemper
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd,
and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that
man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in
their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord.

Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

King. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
there is yours:

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and,
Sir Knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is
yours.

Read them, and know I know your worthi-
ness,

but late
your own counsel is suppress'd and
kill'd
I must not dare, for shame, to talk of
mercy;
your own reasons turn into your
bosoms

conspir'd,
And

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou
cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature?
Thou that didst bear the key of all my
counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into
gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy
use—
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of
evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so
strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as
gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely
see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's
purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them;
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst
bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder;

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her
 espouse. 75
 I have, and I will hold, the quondam
 Quickly
 For the only she; and—pauca, there's
 enough.
 Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to
 my master; and your hostess—he is very
 sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph,
 put thy face between his sheets, and do the
 office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue. 83

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow
 a pudding one of these days: the King
 has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come
 home presently. [*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two
 friends? We must to France together;
 why the devil should we keep knives to cut
 one another's throats? 89

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for
 food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I
 won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the
 humour of it. 94

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push
 home. [*Pistol and Nym draw.*]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the
 first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I
 will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must
 have their course.

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be
 friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why
 then be enemies with me too. Prithee
 put up. 101

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I
 won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and
 present pay;
 And liquor likewise will I give to thee, 105
 And friendship shall combine, and brother-
 hood.

I'll live by Nym and Nym shall live by
 me.

Is not this just? For I shall sutler be
 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
 Give me thy hand. 110

Nym. [*Sheathing his sword*] I shall have
 my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. [*Shaking hands*] Well, then, that's
 the humour of't. 113

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you come of women, come
 in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart!
 he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian

tertian that it is most lamentable to behold
 Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors
 on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
 His heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good king, but
 must be as it may; he passes so
 humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for
 lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. Southampton. A council-
 chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORLAND.

Bed. Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust
 these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by a
 by.

West. How smooth and even they
 bear themselves,

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
 Crowned with faith and constant loyalty

Bed. The King hath note of all that they
 intend,

By interception which they dream not
 of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was
 bedfellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with
 gracious favours—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so
 His sovereign's life to death and treacher

*Trumpets sound. Enter the KING, SCROOP,
 CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and Attendants.*

King. Now sits the wind fair, and we will
 aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord
 of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your
 thoughts.

Think you not that the powers we bear with
 us

Will cut their passage through the force
 of France,

Doing the execution and the act
 For which we have in head assembled the

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man
 do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are
 persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence
 That grows not in a fair consent with ours

Nor leave not one behind that doth not
 wish

Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was monarch better feared
 and lov'd

Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think,
 a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
 Under the sweet shade of your government

Grey. True; those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness.

So much complexion? Look ye how change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what you there
That have so coward'd and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your times innocent courses

but late
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kull'd.
I must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
your own reasons turn into your basoms

Scroop. That's mercy, but too security.
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, less ample
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such kind.

You know how apt our love was to accord

King. O, let us yet be merciful!
Cam. So may your Highness, and

our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now in our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldest thou have practis'd on me for thy use—
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's

Cam. I one, my lord.
Y—
there is yours:

Read them, and know I know your worthiness.

bring in
Wunder to wait on treason and on murder;

With patches, colours, and with forms,
 being fetch'd
 From glist'ring semblances of piety ;
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand
 up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst
 do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of
 traitor. 120
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee
 thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole
 world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions ' I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's '. 125
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men
 dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and
 learned ?
 Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble
 family ?
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious ?
 Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare
 in diet, 131
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or
 anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the
 blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest comple-
 ment,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting
 neither ? 136
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem ;
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
 To mark the full-fraught man and best
 indued 139
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 fall of man. Their faults are open.
 Let them to the answer of the law ;
 And God acquit them of their practices !
 Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the
 name of Richard Earl of Cambridge. 146
 I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.
 I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.
 Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath
 discover'd, 151
 And I repent my fault more than my death ;
 Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.
 Cam. For me, the gold of France did not
 seduce, 155
 Although I did admit it as a motive
 The sooner to effect what I intended ;
 But God be thanked for prevention,
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160
 Grey. Never did faithful subject more
 rejoice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprise.
 My fault, but not my body, pardon,
 sovereign. 161
 King. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear
 your sentence.
 You have conspir'd against our royal
 person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from
 his coffers
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to
 slaughter, 170
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 Touching our person seek we no revenge ;
 But we our kingdom's safety must see
 tender, 172
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her
 laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore
 hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death ;
 The taste whereof God of his mercy give
 You patience to endure, and true repent-
 ance 180
 Of all your dear offences. Bear them hence.
 [Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and
 Grey, guarded.]
 Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise
 whereof
 Shall be to you as us like glorious.
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to
 light 185
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
 To hinder our beginnings ; we doubt not
 now
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen ; let us
 deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God, 190
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance
 No king of England, if not king of France.
 [Flourish. Exeunt]

SCENE III. *Eastcheap. Before the Boar's
 Head tavern.*
 Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH,
 and Boy.
 Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let
 me bring thee to Staines.
 Pist. No ; for my manly heart doth carn
 Bardolph, be blithe ; Nym, rouse thy
 vaunting veins ;
 Boy, bristle thy courage up. For Falstaf
 he is dead,
 And we must earn therefore.
 Bard. Would I were with him, where-
 some'er he is, either in heaven or in hell !

Grey. True; those that were your
father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do
serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
King. We therefore have great cause of

So much complexion? Look ye how
change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what
you there
That have so coward'd and chas'd your
blood

snews toll,

but late

your own counsel is suppress'd and
kild.

must not dare, for shame, to talk of
mercy;

your own reasons turn into your
bosoms

Scroop. That's mercy, hut too
security.
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, let
ample
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such
kind.

King. O, let us yet be merciful!

Cam. So may your Highness, and
punish too.

Grey. Sir,

You show great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care
of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults proceeding on distemper

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd,
and digested,

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that
man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in
their dear care

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our

French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord.

And sworn unto the practises of France
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which
This knight, no less for houny bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.

But, O,

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou
cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature?
Thou that didst bear the key of all my
counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into

gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy

use—
May it be possible that foreign hire

Could out of thee extract one spark of
evil

That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so
strange

That, though the truth of it stands off as

rely

r, 105
her's

iem;
didst

109

Read them, and know I know your worth—

bring in

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you,
good yeomen, ²⁵
Whose limbs were made in England, show
us here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding—which
I doubt not;

For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. ³⁰
I see you stand like greybounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint
George!'

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II. *Before Harfleur.*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach,
to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, Corporal, stay; the
knocks are too hot, and for mine own part
I have not a case of lives. The humour of
it is too hot; that is the very plain-song
of it. ⁵

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for
humours do abound.
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop
and die;

And sword and shield
In bloody field

Doth win immortal fame. ¹⁰

Boy. Would I were in an alchouse in
London! I would give all my fame for a
pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me, ¹⁵
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs!
Avant, you cullions! ²⁰

[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of
mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke.
Good bawcock, bate thy rage. Use lenity,
sweet chuck.

Nym. These be good humours. Your
honour wins bad humours. ²⁶

[*Exeunt all but Boy.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd
these three swashers. I am boy to them
all three; but all they three, though they
would serve me, could not be man to me;
for indeed three such antics do not amount
to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-
liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means

whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For
Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and
quiet sword; by the means whereof
breaks words and keeps whole weapon.
For Nym, he hath heard that men of fe
words are the best men, and therefore
scorns to say his prayers lest 'a should
thought a coward; but his few bad wo
are match'd with as few good deeds; for
never broke any man's bead but his ow
and that was against a post when he wa
drunk. They will steal anything, and ca
it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-cas
bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for thr
halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are swor
brothers in filching, and in Calais they sto
a fire-shovel; I knew by that piece
service the men would carry coals. The
would have me as familiar with men
pockets as their gloves or their han
kerchers; which makes much against m
manhood, if I should take from another
pocket to put into mine; for it is pla
pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave the
and seek some better service; their villain
goes against my weak stomach, and ther
fore I must cast it up. [*Exi*]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must com
presently to the mines; the Duke
Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the Duk
it is not so good to come to the mines; fo
look you, the mines is not according to th
disciplines of the war; the concavities
It is not sufficient. For, look you, th
athversary—you may discuss unto th
Duke, look you—is digt himself four yar
under the countermines; by Cheshu,
think 'a will plow up all, if there is n
better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom
the order of the siege is given, is altogeth
directed by an Irishman—a very valian
gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not
Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in th
world: I will verify as much in his beard
he has no more directions in the tru
disciplines of the wars, look you, of th
Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Sco
captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellou
falous gentleman, that is certain, and
great expedition and knowledge in th
aunchiant wars, upon my particula
knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu
he will maintain his argument as well
any military man in the world, in th

How now, says he's not to bed: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went in Arthur's bosom. 'A made a fine man and was away as it had been any Christian child: 'a passed even just between twelve and one o'clock at the ringing of the bells; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen and 'a talked of green fields. 'How now, Sir John! quoth I. 'What man, be of good cheer! So 'a cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God: I boy'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sick.
Host. Ay, that 'a did.
Bard. And of women.
Host. Nay, that 'a did not.
Boy. Yes, that 'a did, and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.
Boy. 'A said once the devil would have him about women.

Host. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was

For let me know what reports you have of the Cardinal.
Host. Bardolph's death.

Scene IV. France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us:

And more than carnality of us concerns
To answer really in our distress
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of

Burgundy,
Of Bretagne and of Orleans, shall march forth.

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all your

dispatch
To meet and new repair our trunks of war
With men of courage and with money

defendants;
For England has approached makes as sense
As waters to the rocking of a shell.

It fits us, then, to be as prevalent
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and reposed English
Upon our fields.

Dum. My root redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a

kingdom.
Though war not no known quarrel were in

question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and

collected.

Look to my chattels and my move;
Let senses rule. The word is 'Pay'.

Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's
water-cakes.

And Holdfast is the only dog, m.
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go

Let

To

they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.

embassy,
will counsel with noble counsellors,

As Gallus's do roots

That shall first spring and be mar de

Dum. Well, 'tis not so, /

Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy,
If not—why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-stratling
daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beads,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to
the walls;

Your naked infants splitt'd upon plikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls
confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of
Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughterment,
What say you? Will you yield, and this
wvold?

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?
God, our expectation hath this day an
end;

The Dauphin, whom of succours we en-
treated,

Returns us that his powers are yet not
ready

To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great
King,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft
mercy.

Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible,

King. Open your gates. [Exit Governor.
Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter Hartleu; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French;
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness proving
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Hartleu will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.
Ulourish. The King and his train
enter the town.

SCENE IV. Rouen. The French King's
palace.

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu
parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Jr te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que
j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-
vous la main en Anglais?

Alice. La main? Elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? Ma fol, j'oublie les
doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les
doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appelés de
fingres; oul, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts,
de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon
écoller; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais
vêtement. Comment appelez-vous les
ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? Nous les appelons de
nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-mol
Je parle bien; de hand, de fingres, e
de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fur
bon Anglais.

Kath. Dites-mol l'Anglais pour le
bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coule?

Alice. D'elbow.

Kath. D'elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition
de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris
dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame
comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-mol, Alice; écoutez
d'hand, de lingre, de nails, d'arm, d'
tillbow.

Alice. D'elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie
D'elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De chin. Le col, de neck; le
menton, de chin.

Alice. Oul. Sauf votre honneur, e
vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi drol
que les matifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, pa
la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce qu
je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous prompté
ment: d'hand, de fingre, de nails-

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de llbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, d'elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; d'elbow, de neck
et de chin. Comment appelez-vous le pie
et la robe?

Alice. Le foot, madame; et le count.

Kath. Le foot et le count. O Seigneur
Dieu! Ils sont mots de son mauvais
corruptible, gros, et impudique, et no
pour les dames d'honneur d'user; je n'
voudrais prononcer ces mots devant le
seigneurs de France pour tout le monde.

Poil le foot et le count! Néanmoins
je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon en
semble: d'hand, de fingre, de nail-

d'arm, d'elbow, de neck, de chin, d'
foot, le count.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; allons
nous à dîner. [Exit

SCENE V. The French King's palace.

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN
DUKE OF BRITAIN, the CONSTABLE OF
FRANCE, and Others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd th
river Somme.

disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.
Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris? Have you quit the mines? Have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la, tish ill done! The

O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war.

Mac. I will look you, partly to sat the satisfacti

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse

save me. The day and the wart, and it is no time to beseech'd, breach; ar nothing. I me, 'tis sha

by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or I'll lig i' th' grund for it; ay, or go to death. And I'll pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerty do, that is the bress and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'twecn you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, took you, under your correction. there is not

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself; so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Ah! that's a foul fault.

[A parley sounded.
Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is better opportunity to be required, you, I will be so bold as to tell you the disciplines of war; and there shall all end.

SCENE III. Before the gates of Harfleur.

Enter the Governour and some Citizens on the walls. Enter the KING and all his Train before the gates.

King Henry the Fifth

Or, like to men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,

A name that in my thoughts becomes me best, If I begin the batt'ry once again

save me. The day and the wart, and it is no time to beseech'd, breach; ar nothing. I me, 'tis sha

by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or I'll lig i' th' grund for it; ay, or go to death. And I'll pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerty do, that is the bress and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'twecn you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, took you, under your correction. there is not

Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants. What is it then to me if impious war, Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enhind'd to waste and desolation? What is't to me when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation?

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If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation?

Use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war and in the derivation of my blood

Take pity of your town and of your people, While yet my soldiers are in my comma

While yet the cool and temperate wind grace

Overblows the filthy and contagious clouds

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours.

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,

And of buxom valour, hath by cruel fate
And giddy Fortune's furlous fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless
stone—

Flu. By your patience, Anointed Pistol, Fortune is painted blind, with a murther afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and untruthful, and variable; and her foot, loath you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be—

A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,
And let not heap his whodpse suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak—the Duke will hear thy voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Anointed Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Anointed, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and sign for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The sign of Spain!

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now—a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utt'ered as brave words at the bridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself, at his return into London, under

the form of a soldier. And such fellows: perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote what services were done—at such and such a scone, at such a breach, at such a conveyance who came off bravely, who was shot, who was disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on, and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tun oaths; and what a beard of the General and a horrid suit of the camp will among foaming bottles and ale-washings is wonderful to be thought on. You must learn to know such slanders in the age, or else you may be marvellous mislook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is; I find a hole in his coat I will tell him in mind. [Drum within] Hark you, the King is coming; and I must speak with him from the bridge.

Drum and colours. Enter the KING and poor Soldiers, and GLOUCESTER.

God bless your Majesty!

King. How now, Fluellen! Can'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the bridge; the French is gone to look you, and there is gallant and many brave passages. Marry, th' adversary will have possession of the bridge; but he enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the bridge; I can tell your Majesty the Duke is a brave man.

King. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdillion of th' adversary has been very great, reasonable great; mar for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church— Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man, his face is all bubukles, and whelks, a knobs, and flames o' fire; and his blows at his nose, and it is like a coal fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red, but his nose is executed and his fire's out.

King. We would have all such offenders cut off. And we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, nor of the French upbraided or abused with disdainful language; for when lenity is cruelly play for a kingdom the gentle gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee; what shall I know of thee?